March 4, 1933

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

-SCOTT EVANS-

Don't let them Kid you

an article on Technocracy

By Roger W. Babson

Cold Trails

a Western Mystery-Romance

By Alan LeMay

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MARCH 4, 1933

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SOUNDS UNBELIEVABLE—BUT IT'S TRUE

there is a big straight 8 in the low price field

The 4-door Sedan, $695, f. o. b. Pontiac. Special equipment extra. Easy G.M.A.C. terms.

IT IS true that only a big car can give you big car performance and comfort—you know it, everybody knows it.

The difficulty has been to get these comfort and luxury features not only at a low price but at low operating costs.

This Pontiac Economy Straight 8 is a different kind of car—a new kind of car in the low price field. It's a real automobile—a *big* car. Yet it doesn't ask you to sacrifice economy. Rather, it gives you all the big car comfort you've wanted for years, with the average operating economy you are getting now.

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*Curb weight of the 4-door Sedan

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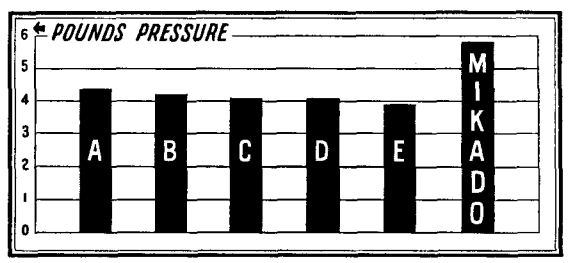

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Proved First in Point Strength by New York Testing Laboratories

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Six hundred separate tests pile up conclusive proof that the points of the Eagle MIKADO pencil in all five degrees of lead average 34% stronger than its nearest competitor.

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1. (U. S. Pat. No. 1,854,905) The wood fibres are bound together with an impregnation which locks them into a rigid, non-splitting sheath for the lead.
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The Result to You

These basic improvements and impartial tests are your guarantee that MIKADO pencils will spare you the annoyance of breaking points, save you many trips to the sharpener and many inches of lead.

Buy MIKADO and get 35 miles of smooth black line from the strongest pencil points obtainable.

5¢ each 60¢ per dozen

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THE *YELLOW* PENCIL WITH THE *RED* BAND

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THIS desert island was in the Arabian Sea. One of the Laccadive Islands, perhaps, or maybe one of the Maldive. There was no way of telling. But it was in every respect a very satisfactory island—with coco palms, fresh water and a mild and salubrious climate.

Just the sort of spot two men and a girl would pick out to be shipwrecked on. Not that there was any choice about it, of course. If there had been, either one of the men would cheerfully have dispensed with the other. As it was, jealousy reared its ugly head and threatened to ruin the party.

Some drawback there must be, we suppose, in any earthly paradise. This one will not interfere with your enjoyment of Phyllis Duganne's "Shipwreck for Three."

ON THE eve of Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration we are fortunate in being able to present an article about his beliefs and intentions by a man who has been long and intimately associated with him. As chairman of the Committee on Public Information, Mr. George Creel worked side by side with Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt throughout the war. Both during Mr. Roosevelt's campaign and since his election Mr. Creel has been in intimate contact with him. From this association he is able to tell you with authority and assurance "What Roosevelt Intends to Do."

ON HER way home from a party in Hollywood Lona Sandal, the great actress, was kidnapped. Coppy Savoldi did it; he wanted a million dollars' ransom. And anyone who knew Coppy knew that he meant to get it. The rackets were putting the finger on Hollywood.

Lona and Coppy met—two foreigners in an alien land, but one completely in the other's power. It was an eventful meeting, as Adela Rogers St. Johns tells you in "Midnight Interview."

ELEVEN years ago an actress loaned an actor twenty dollars. Nothing surprising in that. Three days later the loan was repaid. That was amazing. It made an impression on the actress—Lynn Fontanne—and on her husband—Alfred Lunt. It even impressed the actor who had received the loan—Noel Coward. The three became firm friends. John B. Kennedy relates Mr. Coward's varied and brilliant career in "Fast Worker."

DAVID GREGG, Freling Foster, Clinton W. Gilbert, Don Marquis, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Alan LeMay and others dazzlingly brighten their respective corners. With plenty of illumination left over for you.

This Week

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●

Any Week

"GREAT confusion reigns out here," writes Mr. Dick Wilson of San Francisco. "Having nothing else to do everybody has set up as an economist, whatever that is, and none knows anything about economics."

MR. M. M. MALONEY of Fort Worth, Texas, notifies us that an Amarillo farmer advertises that he will "exchange four mules and a set of farming implements, reasonable value $3.50, for one good truck." Mr. Maloney suspects that the man may want to pull the truck around himself for exercise.

MR. NEALE M. BROWN of Goodman, Missouri, is preparing to sue us. He claims that our issue of January 14th was a total loss and that we obtained his nickel by fraud. We are now looking for Mr. Brown's nickel, which we shall subject to a rigid examination before answering.

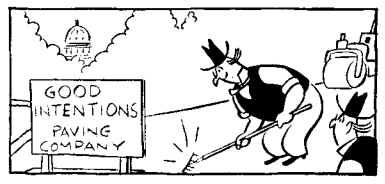
AND Mr. D. M. Todd of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been looking into the banking business. About a year ago, he reports, he was so stirred by the White House's appeals to the country to stop hoarding money that he, along with many others, let go the few dollars he had. And now he suspects that his money was in circulation just long enough for it to reach some other bank's vaults, where it now slumbers. He wouldn't be surprised to learn that the bankers weren't paying any attention to the White House.

"SOME day when you catch yourselves wondering what to do next," says Mr. John J. Kelliher of Washington, D. C., "take a good, searching look into the Veterans Administration down here. Talk about your Old Soldiers' Homes and Patronage Posts! The place is choked with Name Verifiers, Age Statisticians, Efficiency Experts and Last Words on every conceivable subject from rags to riches. After a mildly indisposed vet gets through that maze of Patronage Pets he is crippled for life. And you needn't take my word for it."

AN IDEA from Mr. John M. Quarles of Little Rock, Arkansas. He hopes that when (and if) Congress enacts a sales tax, fifty per cent of the collections will be refunded to the states to apply on property tax reductions.

MR. THOMAS O. BROWNELL of Des Moines, Iowa, wants to bet anybody that before the "so-called Domestic Allotment Bill is law it will include horse-radishes, cocker spaniels and pansies."

"WHAT is the name of that place that is alleged to be paved with good intentions?" asks Mr. Vic Kennedy of Cheyenne, Wyoming. "I've forgotten. Is it Washington?"



NATURALLY we take pride in being the first to announce publicly the identity of the corner which Prosperity has been lurking behind. Mr. Charles S. Shumaker of Youngstown, Ohio, located it in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "Twelve banks," reports he, "paid more than 22 per cent dividends in 1932, and Mr. Mellon's bank, the Union Trust Company, paid 200 per cent." It doesn't sound natural, but here's Mr. Shumaker's word for it.

JUST as we had concluded that The Solution lay in the nonresisting simplicity of the Doukhobors, those rugged Lotus Eaters in western Canada, come advices from Grand Forks, British Columbia, that one of those gentle Sons of Freedom has been caught redhanded at the old trick of counterfeiting. He raised five-dollar bills to twenties and fooled even the bank officials until he got careless.

THIS makes us share the now understandable feelings of Mrs. Ben Murdoch of Port Huron, Michigan, who laments that "every day I read or am told that something I used to believe was all right is all wrong, and the worst of it is that it is probably true."

ACCORDING to Mr. Thomas McElhone of Dayton, Ohio, the whole point of the beer discussion is lost in the shuffle. "The government is bound to get a couple hundred millions of revenue out of beer," says Mr. McElhone, "but the important thing is, think of the comfort millions of us would get out of sitting down at a table with a seidel of it in front of us talking things over. You can't settle problems with a prohibition argument, and a banana split never gave me the answer to anything."

BUT here we rest. We don't feel any too good. We've been to the dentist. We suspect he is a member of Tammany Hall.

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Here is one monthly bill you will pay willingly—your bill for security

"ONE of the frequent pleasures in my work is to have a man tell me it is a satisfaction to pay his bill for security, because the money comes back.

"You are looking ahead. So am I. Now I am going to prophesy what you will say to me some day.

"You will tell me that you did the smartest thing in your life when you arranged to buy this protection for your family and yourself. And you will say you did not see, at first, how you could do it on your income."

The Field-Man could have prophesied further. He knows of the thousands of enthusiastic letters which have come to his Company from people who have paid their final bills for security and are able to retire and enjoy their leisure. Through this means they had assured themselves of definite incomes on which they could live comfortably for the rest of their lives. Regularly, each month they receive their checks from the Company.

You may be agreeably surprised to know how much security you can now get through moderate monthly instalments. And for your convenience you can pay your bill for security to a Metropolitan Field-Man on the same day each month.

A Metropolitan Field-Man will be glad to show you how much security you are able to buy on this modern, convenient plan. Send for him. He is at your service. Or use the coupon.

Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —*create estates and incomes for families*
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The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

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Without obligation on my part, I should like to know how to buy security for my family and myself—paying for it on a monthly basis.

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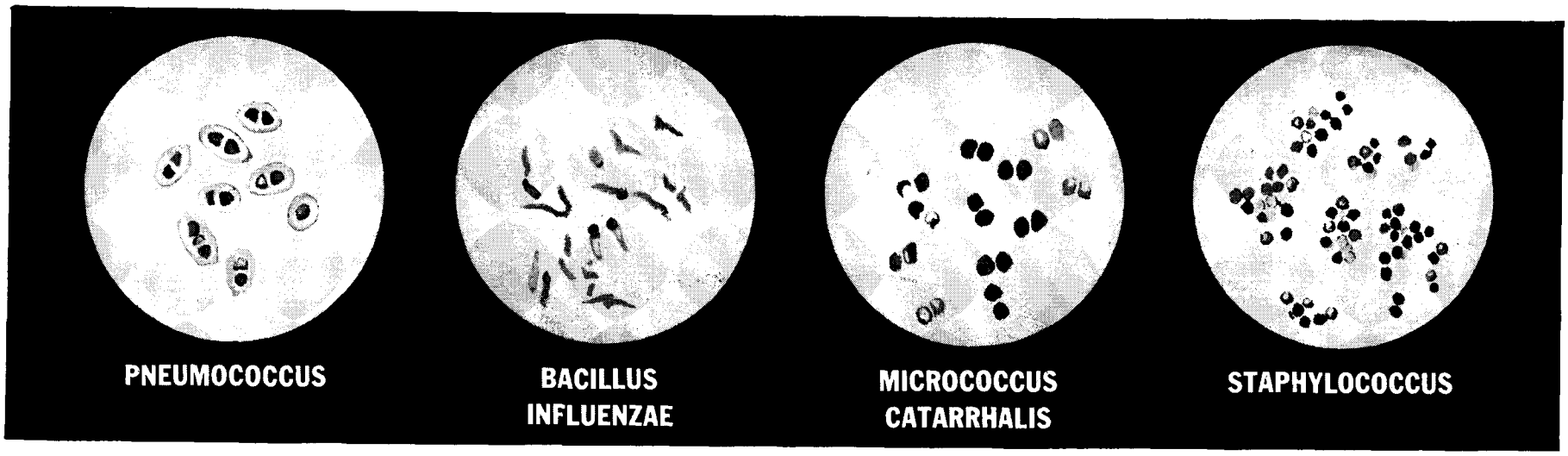
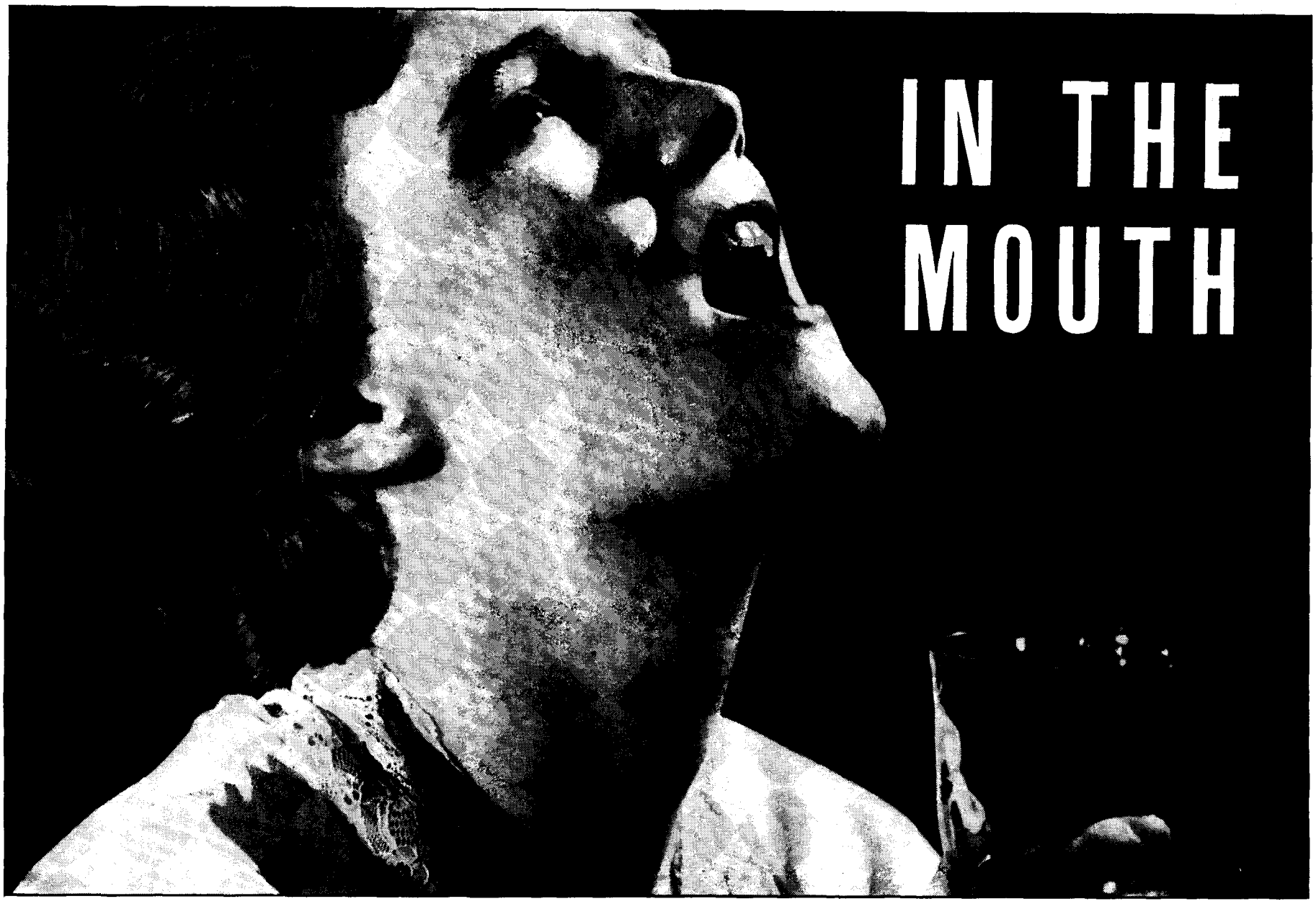


Germs associated with colds breed



the safe antiseptic

GARGLE WITH LISTERINE

What are you doing to fight the millions of disease-producing germs in your mouth and throat?

What are you doing to guard against colds, sore throat, and other dangerous infections that such germs cause?

Gargle with Listerine

Are you gambling with your health or are you gargling with Listerine? If you are not gargling, you should be. Note that we specify Listerine. New, untested mouth washes, so harsh they may do more harm than good, are to be avoided. Listerine kills germs but at the same time is safe to use. It does not irritate tissue. Its safe, germicidal action is a matter of clinical record.

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The moment full strength Listerine enters your mouth it begins to kill millions of the dangerous germs clinging to mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown bacterial reductions ranging to 99%. Think of what a safeguard such potency is!

Tens of thousands rely on Listerine to relieve simple sore throat.

Fewer colds for garglers

Actual experiments have also revealed Listerine's remarkable results in fighting colds.

These experiments have shown that those who gargled with Listerine caught cold less frequently than those who did not gargle with it. Moreover, their colds were considerably milder and of shorter duration. Make a habit of gargling with full strength Listerine every morning and night to guard against colds. And when a cold is developing, increase the frequency of the gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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"I could have killed you," he said, almost as if he were strangling

Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

Beginning a fascinating new serial: the story of a ranch of mystery, and a man and a girl who rode stirrup to stirrup through a web of dark intrigue

Marian Dunn

OF COURSE you knew," the girl said, "a man has been killed, here on the 94 range?"

Billy Wheeler turned to look at the girl who perched beside him on the corral fence, and for a moment he forgot to answer. Marian Dunn hadn't been in the desert country long enough to gather a very heavy tan. Under the shadow of her wide-brimmed hat her face reflected some of the glow of the fresh morning sunlight upon the red hills; to Billy Wheeler it seemed a fragile face, finely drawn, suggesting transparency. And her eyes were blue distance boiled down. Inescapably she looked like something from some gentler, better country, a magic come from the mysteries beyond the hills. She wore belted overalls and half boots; but she could never have been mistaken for a Westerner.

Billy Wheeler, though, could never be mistaken for anything else. The dry intermountain country, by its necessity of wide ranges and the perpetual mobility of the saddle, has set its mark upon its sons. Wheeler was young, but his weather-trimmed features showed the blast of sun and sweep of wind, and his gray eyes were visibly accustomed to distance. He was wearing summer tweeds instead of brush jacket and chaps; yet wherever he might have been he would still have suggested this land of vast, rolling flats, of desert mountains and dry rivers, sagebrush and mesquite and gaunt, red rock. And afoot or on a fence, he would still always be unmistakably a horseman.

THE girl turned her eyes to him, reminding him he was supposed to say something.

"I didn't hear much," he said. "A gas-station man told me there was a killing, as I came through Inspiration; but he didn't know much about it."

"I guess nobody does."

"Yes, but—who was killed? And when?"

"That's just it," the girl told him. "They don't know who was killed. It's the strangest thing I ever heard of. They can't even find him."

"Can't find who? The man who was killed?"

"That's it."

Billy Wheeler grinned slowly, boyishly. "Well, I'll be darned!"

"I don't think it's funny. I think it's—horrible."

"Well, yes; I guess it is," he agreed.

He looked away, estimating again the nearness of the approaching riders. John "Red Horse" Dunn, Old Man of the 94, at whose summons Wheeler had come three hundred miles, had not been on hand to receive him, having set out before daylight on an unknown mission with three of his cow hands. But they were coming in now; across the dry morning Wheeler could identify the individual riders at the half mile as they jog-trotted in, their ponies abreast.

"When did all this happen?" he asked.

"Uncle John found the sign, as he calls it, yesterday morning."

"Then he must have wired me right after that."

"I guess so."

She hadn't known, then, that her uncle had sent for him. She hadn't known that he was coming—and he hadn't known she was here. That made a difference.

"Uncle John hasn't wanted to talk about this thing—to me," the girl now

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Wheeler stared at him a moment. Then he shrugged, picked a weighted gun-belt from the wall, and strapped it on

said. "Perhaps he'll give you a different, clearer story, Billy."

They fell silent. Billy Wheeler let his eyes run over casual, familiar things—the roadster he had come in, the tall barns, the low-sprawled house, bunkhouse and grub-shack. The clapboards of the buildings were warped and cracked, blasted a paintless gray by many a sandy wind. You had to look in the horse corrals, where a big string of grain-fed ponies always loafed, to find signs of efficiency, of means and of power. But as Billy Wheeler's eyes drifted out over the vast, rolling "flats" of the plain, resting here and there on a broken, flat-topped mesa or a far upthrust mountain of gaunt red rock, all that he saw, excepting only the far peaks, was now under the dictatorship of Horse Dunn's brand—the 94.

BILLY WHEELER looked at these familiar things, but he was not thinking about them. He was thinking about the girl at his side, whom he hardly looked at at all.

Billy Wheeler had not seen Marian Dunn for two years. Had he known that she was here he would not have come here now.

Marian Dunn was Horse Dunn's niece. Once, for a couple of months two years ago, Wheeler had seen her every day. He had used every persuasion he knew of, all he had, to make this girl love him—and he had failed. Sometimes he could still hear her low, cool voice: "I'm sorry—truly sorry." The sincere regret in that was pretty hard to take.

In everything else he had succeeded. He had come up from nothing in cows, and tripled in land, and switched back to cows to double again. He had liquidated everything at the peak of cattle prices, and at twenty-seven had nothing to worry about. But in this one thing he cared most about he had met only complete, blank defeat. He would not have come here, to raise again the bitterness of that defeat, if he had known that she was here.

And now there was a certain awkwardness between them, since she inevitably knew all that too.

"I think he's going to ask a favor of you," Marian said.

"I don't know if you know this," Billy Wheeler said slowly; "but his wire made out as if he was offering me a job."

"Yes—I knew that."

"I owe a lot to old Horse Dunn," Billy Wheeler said. "He picked me up when I was fourteen years old, halfway starved and all the way maverick. He carried me along four years. If it wasn't for him, I'd be in the wild bunch—or in the pen. And he showed me my start in cattle."

"I suppose, then," Marian said, "you won't turn him down in this thing now."

"You mean you figure I'll take this job?"

"Why, yes; won't you?"

Billy Wheeler's eyes were fixed dourly on his hands, which were creasing and re-creasing a cigarette paper with meticulous care. He shook his head.

"You've made up your mind, without even talking to him?"

"Yes; just about have."

THERE was an odd little expression on the girl's quiet face as she asked, "Why, Billy?"

"I've got things to see to, Marian," he stalled. "I couldn't take on another job now."

He supposed she might know that this was not so. For the present he was out from under; he could afford to do anything he wanted to, to fill his time or to help a friend. But to take a job in which he would see this girl every day, while yet tight-cinched by the knowledge that she was not for him, and never would be—that was something else.

"If your uncle wants me to go to San Francisco for him, or Kansas City—might be I could fit that in. But if he aims to work me here at the 94—"

"It's here that he wants you," Marian told him.

They were silent again. Out on the sun-silvered levels the approaching horsemen were at the quarter mile. Behind them a giant plume of dust had risen skyward, showing that the Old Man had now spotted Wheeler's car, and had fanned his riders into a lope.

"I don't know how much he needs you," Marian said, "nor whom else he could get, instead. But I know this—he has more enemies than friends, by *three to one*."

Billy Wheeler stirred restlessly and began to build a cigarette. He knew it was true that the 94 had many enemies, few friends. Here in this dusty, mesa-broken land Horse Dunn had set out to build a cow kingdom—a kingdom on the grand scale of the old days, when a man could cut out five thousand beeves in the fall work, and five thousand again in the spring, and never miss their number. And before the great slump in cattle prices he had appeared to be near the reëstablishment of such a cow kingdom as was hardly known any more, anywhere in the intermountain country.

BUT you can't build a cow kingdom, buying up the range rights of little brand after little brand, without annoying and disturbing the brands that are left; and the bought-out brands are forever trying to edge back.

Here and there in the world were perhaps half a dozen graves commemorating the drawn-out, inevitable conflict. There had never been a general open war. But more than one lone-riding cowboy of the 94 had come to his end by the gunfire of persons unknown, and one or two others had left on the range an enemy who would force the issue no more. And at Ace Springs had died two men of four—hired gunfighters all—who had jumped Horse Dunn from ambush. The 94 could have started its own Boot Hill.

More effectual than those brief, unofficial bursts of action was the enmity of certain cooler, more wisely watchful men, like Link Bender, Pinto Halliday, Sam Caldwell—the defeated contestants for the Red Hills ranges. Nowadays the expanding 94 found itself encircled by a veritable wolf ring of enemies—a wolf ring biding its time with a malevolent optimism.

"I don't even know what the situation is," the girl went on. "But it's worrying him deeply; he can't hide that, not from me. And his first move was to turn to you."

"Oh, shucks, now, Marian . . ."

"I shouldn't like to think," the girl said oddly, as if with difficulty, "that you turned him down because I'm here."

For an instant he sat perfectly still, silent. He hadn't expected her to come out with it, direct and straight like that.

She put both hands on the rail between them and leaned toward him. "I'd never forgive myself if I thought you let Horse Dunn down on account of me. I'll—get out of here, if you want me to."

He looked straight at her—and lied. "Nothing further from my mind," he assured her. "No call to even think of such a thing."

"It shouldn't be necessary," Marian agreed slowly. "What's in the past is over with and forgotten. Neither one of us ever needs to think of it again."

"Sure," he said; "oh, sure." He paused, listening to the stampede of hoofs beyond a big barn which obscured the riders as they swung into the layout.

And now rescue came, as Horse Dunn thundered around the corner of the barn and slid his pony to a stop before them in a great up-jump of dust.

TO OLD-TIMERS John Dunn was known as "Red Horse Jack"—or more commonly as just "Horse" Dunn—partly because he was big as a horse, and partly because of the coarse, sorrel mane he had had in his youth. Nobody knew how old Horse Dunn was; they thought he must be sixty-eight at least, and his

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mustache and curly beard were at last roaned with gray. But he seemed to have an Indian medicine on him which cheated time, for he was powerful and barrel-chested yet, straight as a lodge-pole pine, and he swung his two hundred pounds in and out of saddles as lightly as a kid bronc rider.

Half an hour after his return Dunn was to be seen leaning against a post of the open gallery which ran along the front of the cook-shack; he was chewing a blade of burro grass. Said he: "We all grant a man is dead. Any of you still doubting that?" He watched the cowboys, who lounged along the open edge of the gallery floor, but none of them answered.

Breakfast had been set out by a little, withered old woman known as Tia Cara. She had fed them promptly—and they ate the same way. Horse Dunn was a man who ate enormously, but he set his mind to it, so that his cowboys learned that a meal was a horse race. And Wheeler, sitting at the table between Marian and her uncle, had had no chance to learn why the Old Man of the 94 had sent for him. It had not been long before they were trooping out of the cook-shack again.

"Look here," Dunn went on. "Look here! I'm going to ask you once more—and this is the last time. If any of you is a good enough man to have blasted a cow thief, say so now! I'll back any boy of mine that shot in defense of the brand. You know that!"

He paused and waited. Val Douglas, Dunn's thirty-year-old range boss, let mild eyes dream on a distant peak, and Tulare Callahan spat over his shoulder through his teeth.

"ALL right," the Old Man said. "I ain't doubting you, any of you. Now I'm telling you what I want you to do. You've seen the killer's trail at Short Crick—the trail of a cup-hoofed pony, long in the toe; been shod, and the shoes pulled off. We've missed out on locating that trail where it left Short Crick. Now I want you to start in and comb this range. Somewhere, somehow, we got to cut that trail. And especially we've got to find the man that's dead."

"Anybody checking back on the dead man's horse?"

"Don't you worry about the dead man's horse. There'll be plenty checking done on that horse! Tulare, you take the flat country to the south. But don't trample any more around Short Crick. Swing wide—five miles wide and search the brush for a trail hitting toward Warrior Crick, and Santiam."

"Okay."

"Gil, you sweep northwest between Short Crick and the Spotted Range," Dunn went on. "The Spotted Range is full of horse bands, and the ground is baked cruel hard; but try it, anyway. Val, you take a wider swing than Gil, and to the east. Scout the edge of the bare rock below Red Sleep Ridge. If the killer somehow got up on that rock, God knows where he come off it."

"Ain't Red Sleep a little far?"

"We better hope so. But you go look."

The cowboys waited. "Is there any guess yet," Tulare asked after a moment, "as to *who it is* we're looking for?"

Unexpectedly the Old Man flared up. "How do I know?" he roared. "And what do *you* care? You'll know him when you find him because he's dead! Ain't that enough for you? What you waiting for now? Get on with it!"

They moved off, and were presently to be seen straggling out of the layout with a deceptive appearance of leisure, their ponies at the running walk or jog. Men who must travel a long way do not jump their horses into a run.

Horse Dunn turned to Billy Wheeler. "Get your war bag. You got to get into horse pants and boots. You and I got some ridin' of our own to do, no later than now!"

Billy Wheeler jerked suitcase and saddle from his roadster and followed Horse Dunn to a room in the rambling, weathered house—the only room the old man used when he was alone. There wasn't much in it except a springless bunk with clean, folded blankets on it, some fine old saddles on racks fixed to the wall, and various guns hung on hooks and pegs. The puncheon floor, polished almost white by innumerable sandy sweepings, was very clean.

Here, while Wheeler changed to cow-country work clothes, Horse Dunn stood looking out across the range. Presently he took the white silk handkerchief from his neck, shook it out, and refolded it. Dunn was hardly ever seen without that clean white handkerchief, fresh every day. He wound it flat around his neck like a stock, and drew the ends through a black cow-horn ring under one ear. And when this was done he turned to Billy Wheeler, his big, crinkly-bearded face unreadable.

"LOOK out the window. Look over at Lost Whisky Buttes. You see a signal there?"

Wheeler obeyed. Four miles off, on a high place, he made out a thin, vertical line against the brassy sky.

"That's Steve Hurley's smoke," Horse Dunn told him. "Last night Steve was in Inspiration, checking up. This morning—he's been on that butte since before daybreak."

"What's the smoke mean, Horse?"

"It means the sheriff is on the ride—he's left Link Bender's, headed for Short Crick. Maybe you think he's getting a slow start. He is. That's the nature of the man. You ready?"

"Lead out," said Wheeler, buckling his chaps belt.

"Wait."

Horse Dunn reached down a broad cartridge belt whose holster carried a heavy six-gun, and swung this about his waist. "Pick yourself a gun," he told Wheeler.

"What's this for?" Wheeler demanded.

"In case of emergency, boy."

Wheeler hesitated. Like many a western youngster, he had played with guns all his life. But because he was young his memory did not go back to the times when a man's gun was the whole of the law; he had never carried a gun either as a defense or as a threat. He felt like a fool, arming himself as if he were some wild-eyed kid looking for trouble and likely to find it. "I don't need any gun, Horse," he said.

"I DON'T believe you'll find it makes you look unstylish," Horse Dunn told him slowly. "Styles in gents' apparel has changed a little around here since you worked this range. And maybe we'll find they've changed still more—just since yesterday. Never mind it, though, if it makes you uneasy."

Wheeler stared at him a moment more. Then he shrugged, picked a weighted gunbelt from the wall, and strapped it on.

"Bring your saddle."

At the corrals Horse Dunn pointed out a stocky buckskin pony, and when Billy Wheeler had roped and rigged this animal, Dunn led the way out of the layout. Promptly Horse Dunn pushed his own tall sorrel into a hard, lamming trot.

"I want to join up with the sheriff somewheres about Chuck Box Wash," Dunn explained. "I'm right anxious to be with him when he makes his look-see at Short Crick."

"Horse," said Billy Wheeler, "what's happened here?"

"You'll see for yourself better than I can tell you, knowing the lay of the country like you do. But I'll tell you what I know."

In abrupt sentences he told Wheeler what had happened.

Morning of the day before, Horse Dunn had been riding Short Creek in the course of making a cattle count. The range of the 94 was far-flung and broken; the first step toward a count was to read the water holes, to find out what part of the range the big bunches were frequenting. Reading sign on Short Creek, Dunn had come upon the double trail of a shod horse and an unshod horse, ridden side by side. The trail was going his way. He rode along it without attention—until he came upon blood-stained ground.

"I studied the ground very careful, tracing the trails," Dunn said. "In five minutes I knew for sure I'd come on the place where a man met his death."

"But there was no body?"

DUNN shook his head. "The dead man keeled out of the saddle as he was shot," he reported the sign. "But I guess he got stirrup hung, for he was dragged. His pony pulled him through the crick. I followed across, and found where he come loose. But the dead man was no more there."

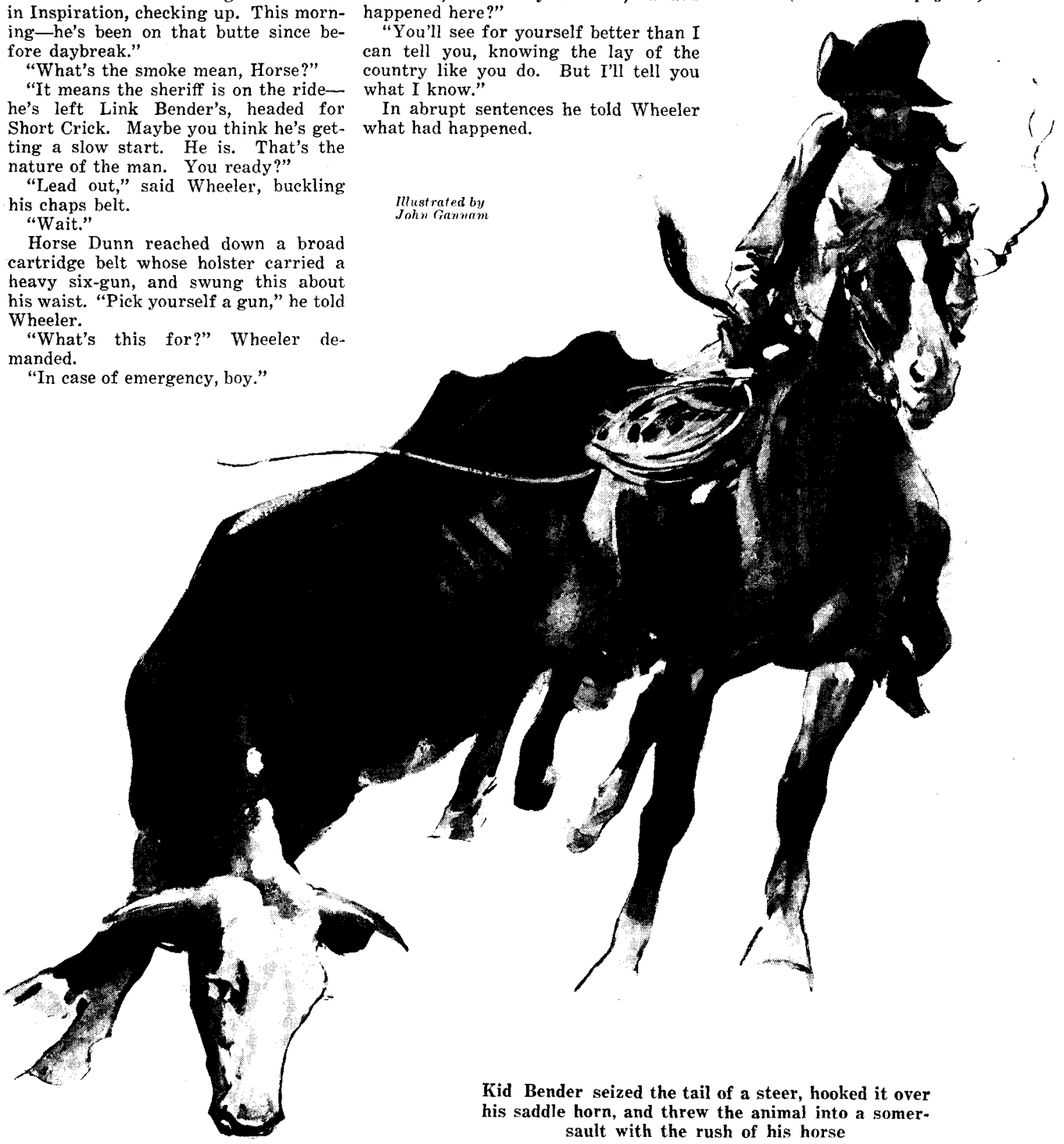
"I don't know as I get this," Wheeler said.

Dunn gave it as his opinion that the man on the other horse had followed and picked up his victim. "When I saw that," said Dunn, "I knew I was looking at the beginning of something. Maybe—at the beginning of the end."

Wheeler, sitting his pony with a deft

(Continued on page 28)

Illustrated by John Gannam



Kid Bender seized the tail of a steer, hooked it over his saddle horn, and threw the animal into a somersault with the rush of his horse

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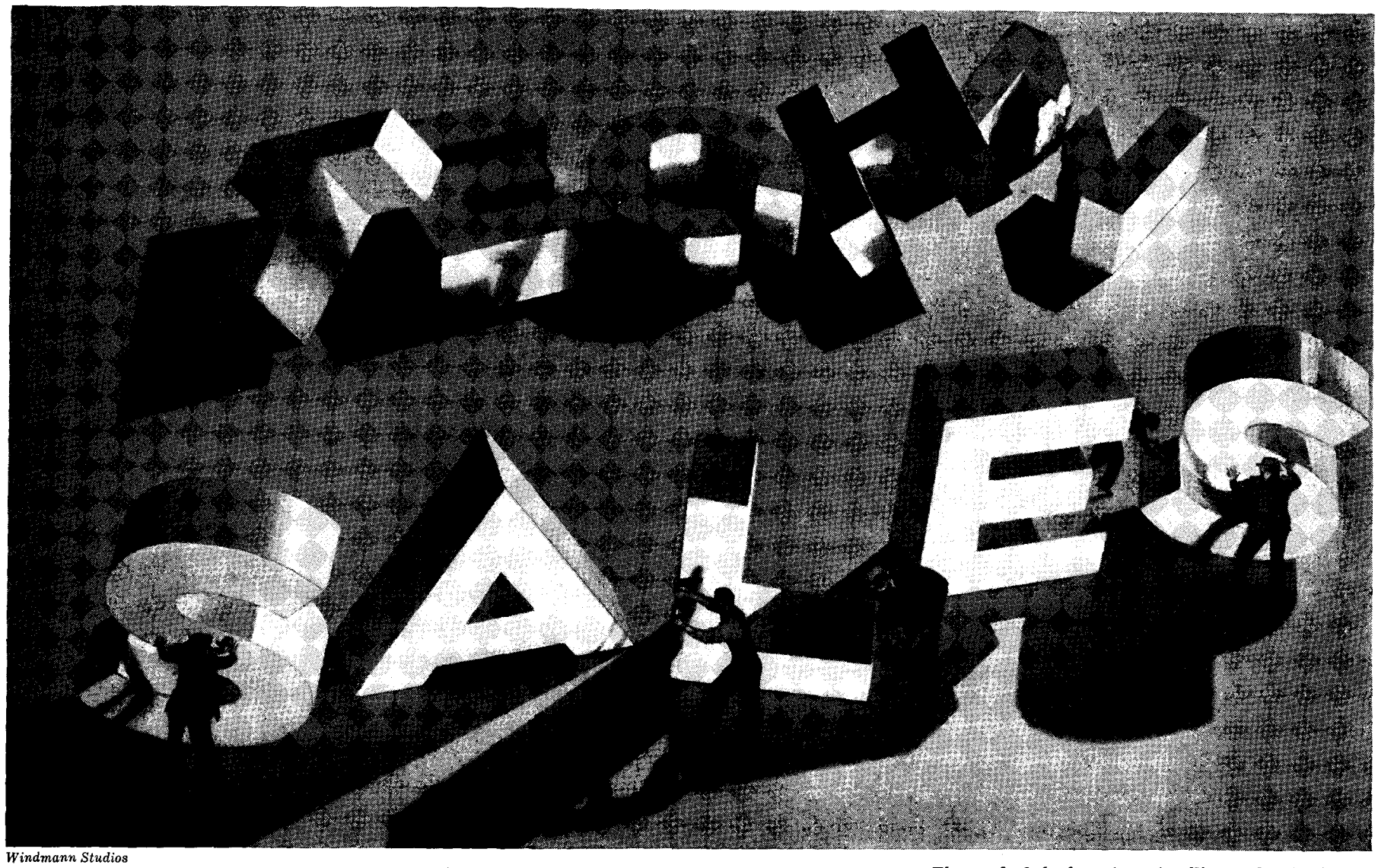

Windmann Studios

The need of the hour is an intelligent plan for better

Don't let them Kid You

By Roger W. Babson

The old patent-medicine venders are back distributing their quack economic cures. Roger W. Babson tears off the shiny new labels and exposes the ancient nostrums. The idea that our world has reached the breaking point is childish, he thinks. We've only begun to develop. What we need is more industry, intelligence and perseverance, not the new world of the Technocrats. We haven't yet learned how to distribute what we make and in this field the key to prosperity lies

HISTORY abounds with illustrations of how the American people can be swept by some economic fad or theory. The belief, backed by economists and chemists of a hundred years ago, that lead could be turned into gold was almost universally accepted. This theory, under the title "Transmutation of Metals," lasted for several decades and was supported by some of the best minds. About sixty years ago the perpetual-motion theory was formulated by a similar group of economists and scientists. If you will turn to the magazines and newspapers of that period you will find perpetual motion seriously and persuasively discussed.

Only ten years ago this same group became infatuated with the "New Era" idea and believed that high wages, installment credit and mass production would enable us to live almost without working. While the highbrows were crazy about these fads, the masses in turn had the roller-skating craze, the dancing craze, the Tom Thumb golf craze, the cross-word puzzle craze and now again the picture-puzzle craze.

When all is said and done, Washington is the greatest center for economic fads. People talk about Paris being the fashion center; perhaps it is for women's fashions, but not for economic fashions. Washington easily wins the prize for that.

During the last major depression, from 1893 to 1898, I was a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. Upon referring to my notes of those college years, I find that Congress then went through just about the same stages it is going through at this time. The same cure-alls tried for the economic ills of those days are now being offered for our present economic ills. One alibi after another was set up and knocked down, including Bryan's famous Sixteen-to-One Silver Prescription.

A War That Ended a Slump

While people were trying all these things, Nature was at work with her own cure. Debts were gradually being liquidated, prices were being adjusted so that people would venture to buy, and money was gradually returning to circulation. Then the Spanish War suddenly broke out and prosperity returned with a bang. In fact, from January, 1899, to 1903, the country enjoyed full employment, good profits and all that accompanies good times.

The most popular of all fads during a business depression is the "More Money" fad. People cannot get it through their heads that there is practically as much money available in the country during a depression as during prosperity. They fail to comprehend that the difficulty is with the circulation of this money rather than with its existence. Hence, the demand is for "More Money" or "Cheaper Money."

At the present time this fad shows itself in Washington in a demand that the government revalue the gold ounce or print up to $2,000,000,000 in paper currency, either distributing this to the public in the form of a soldiers' bonus or else using it to pay government expenses. Of course if all the people could be divided into two groups—namely, debtors and creditors—then the issuing of "Cheap Money" would be a practical form of redistributing wealth. Such a program would help debtors at the expense of creditors. But people cannot be separated into these two groups. Almost everyone is both a debtor and a creditor, and cheap money would both help and harm everyone. The wage worker and farmer would have more money, but the money would be worth less and the net result would be no gain.

The Folly of Price-Fixing

Without doubt many of our troubles today are due to abnormally low prices. Hence, there is a great movement on to "fix" prices—that is, peg them at figures above the market. Now, this fad has been tried many times. Brazil, whose principal income derives from coffee, thought that coffee was selling too low when the price was around ten cents a pound. They "fixed" it at a higher price and in fact shot the price up to about twenty-two cents. They also forbade the setting out of additional coffee plantations in Brazil, but they could not control the world. As a result, great coffee plantations were set out in other countries, the entire scheme collapsed, and coffee fell to about five and one half cents per pound, leaving the Brazilian coffee planters head over heels in debt.

Later, the same experiment was tried by England with rubber. When rubber sold at about fourteen cents per pound the rubber producers thought it was too low and so they "fixed" the price at a figure which they thought would show a profit per pound, and in fact worked it up to about $1.20 per pound. Then, however, came the collapse, and today

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distribution of goods and increased circulation of money

this same rubber is selling at three cents per pound, with the rubber people far worse off than if they had not attempted to fix the price.

Now Congress is talking about "price-fixing" for wheat, corn, hogs, cotton and tobacco. If we would let prices alone the low prices would encourage new uses for the product. These new uses with a natural reduction in production would cause prices automatically to return to normal. There can be no overproduction in the big sense. Production *as a whole* should always be encouraged. Certain few commodities are always getting out of line. Price-fixing, however, is not the cure.

It is interesting to note how Washington has turned like a flock of sheep from one cure-all to another during the present depression. The first "solution" of unemployment was to open more employment offices. Scores of bills were introduced into Congress and millions of dollars were appropriated to open and maintain employment offices. Now there is four times as much unemployment as there was in 1930 and yet we hear nothing about employment offices!

The next "solution" of unemployment was the building of public works. Every congressman went daffy to get public works started. Congress appropriated hundreds of millions of dollars for public works to "relieve" unemployment. Colonel Woods was called from New York to head a great Emergency Employment Committee which had extensive offices in Washington. This committee, backed by great Federal, state, county and municipal appropriations, used the public works cure-all. This was in 1931. Today we hear nothing about this famous committee. Congressmen themselves are convinced that this public works program was a delusion and snare. It succeeded only in putting the nation farther into debt and retarding natural recovery.

Now Congress is talking about limiting the hours of labor, staggered employment and various similar schemes for "redistributing" work. Of course it is very easy to understand how employers jump to staggered employment as a drowning man jumps for a life preserver. Staggered-employment schemes enable us employers to turn our relief over to those already employed. In other words, if we can cut down employment for those now working and put in their places those who are now out of work, we employers will be called upon for less relief money.

Such plans may be successful as methods of relief, but they will never get us out of the present business depression. Only as we all work harder and longer will we dig out of the depression. These are mere schemes for kidding ourselves and others, like "daylight saving" legislation.

Fashions in Economics

In my day there have been only two other economic fads sweeping the country comparable with the Technocracy fad so much discussed today. The first of these was the theory that gold could be secured in great quantities from sea water. It was definitely demonstrated that sea water contains gold. Chemists wrote exhaustive articles proving this fact. Economists showed how this sea-water gold could be used to pay up all debts and turn the world into a Garden of Eden.

The second of these was the theory that unlimited power could be secured from the tides and from the sun. Again newspaper and magazine articles were written on this theory and what it would mean to our health, happiness and prosperity. The arguments and conclusions of these scientists, economists and writers sounded as logical as do the claims of the Technocrats today.

The theory of the Technocrats is that machinery is the cause of present unemployment and unless units of energy are substituted for our present price system, America is headed for a total economic collapse. They claim most of us will be unemployed, leaving a few robots to operate the machines. Now, of course, if unemployment had steadily increased since Watt's development of the steam engine in 1769 the Technocrats would have some facts upon which to base their theory.

Statistics, however, clearly show that during most of the time since the invention of the steam engine employment has increased rather than decreased, due to machinery and increased available energy. Only five years ago there was a shortage of freight cars, merchandise and even labor in certain lines. Fifteen years out of every business cycle of twenty years has been a struggle for production to catch up with consumption. This has been the natural result of the increase in population, the increase in demands due to better education, and to the increase in desires due to newspapers, magazines, radio and other means of communication.

There has been practically no increase in the use of machinery during the past five years. Statistics even show that far less automatic machinery is being used during periods of unemployment than during periods of employment. The claims of the Technocrats are ninety per cent nonsense, although doubtless they get their hearing because they contain ten per cent sense.

Of course, over a long period of time, hours of labor will naturally decrease as machinery becomes more universally used. So far, however, as the claims that present unemployment is due to technological conditions are concerned, they are misleading, incorrect and fraudulent.

Did you ever figure the profit there is in keeping about twenty hens, using the house garbage and taking care of the hens yourself? It really figures out the highest rate of income on the capital invested that can be secured in any possible way. Now, if you will multiply this profit by one hundred you see what you *theoretically* can make with two thousand hens. Yet, in practice, we find that we do not make a hundred times as much money on two thousand hens as we do on twenty hens. Scores of similar illustrations could be given to show the difference between theory and practice.

The Flaw in Technocracy

But let us discuss some of the definite illustrations of the Technocrats. They claim that a hundred men working in automatic brick plants could produce all the bricks the country is now using. They further claim that this would throw out of work many thousands of men who are now engaged in brick-making. They entirely forget that these automatic plants would so reduce the price of bricks that the demand for bricks would double or triple.

The Technocrats do not tell us how they would transport to all parts of the country the bricks that are made in their two or three new automatic plants to be operated by a hundred men. Even today far more people are engaged in the delivery of bricks than in the manufacture of bricks. For every man thrown out of employment by the Technocrats' automatic brick machinery, two men would be given additional employment in connection with the transportation and delivery of these bricks.

(Continued on page 39)

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Co-eds shouldn't use Lipstick

By Brassil Fitzgerald

When a campus romance hits the ice of reality, it skids. "But," says the Professor (a diffident man, we judge), "not always. There was, for instance, that Kerrigan girl—" He'll tell you the rest of the story

FAY KERRIGAN was a ginger-haired, insolent little argument against coeducation. She bothered me and I told her so. I told her to use her eyes on her books, not on me. And to turn in some intelligent themes, or I'd flunk her.

She listened demurely. I suppose she was eighteen. Freckles on her nose and long lashes. She sat on the edge of her chair, looking hurt. When I had done, she gathered her notebooks and said in a crushed little voice, "Thank you, Professor." But, turning at the door of the office, she smiled, her big blue eyes impudent. "My friends call me Kerry," she said. Before I could think of a fitting rebuke she was gone.

After that she did turn in some good themes, and I wondered who wrote them. Somehow or other the girl passed her courses. And the boys who sat next to her didn't.

Our dean of women, Miss Withers, summed her up admirably once. "Fay Kerrigan," said the dean firmly, "is too pretty. She has neither ideals nor ambition. She doesn't know why she's in college." I wondered at the time if Miss Withers were right.

Paxton is a small college and we get to know our students. That, I have come to believe, is one of the disadvantages of the small college.

I was Fay Kerrigan's sophomore adviser and I took her in hand, tried to stir her intellectual curiosity and that sort of thing. It was all a mistake. She'd listen for ten minutes, seemingly intent, and then ask me if I believed in companionate marriage. Or would I chaperon the Kappa formal? She took away books and failed to return them, and sat on the edge of my desk swinging hiking boots. The girl had no sense of decorum. I was continually nervous lest old Dr. Mallow should come in and misunderstand.

That year Kerrigan was on and off probation twice.

She changed fraternity pins each quarter. And in the spring a football man transferred to U. S. C. to escape her.

IN JUNE, after the finals, she came in to see me, in a fluffy blue dress and a floppy hat, looking wistful and shy. She was on probation again for defying a housemother or something inane.

I advised her against coming back. There was nothing at Paxton for a girl of her interests. Her time here was wasted. She interrupted to ask if she might smoke. In my office! I had, I pointed out, exams to correct.

She tossed her unlighted cigarette out of my window and stood there, her hair beaten copper in the sun. Her eyes were very blue. "Maybe," she said softly, "a girl like me ought to marry someone older and wiser than me."

"Than I, Miss Kerrigan. I think you're quite right."

She stood there, big-eyed as a child, and smiled wickedly. "We'll both think it over," she said.

I listened to her high heels clicking down the corridor, gave a sigh of relief and went back to grade my bluebooks.

Paxton is lovely in the summer when the students are gone. The old halls drowse under the elms and the library is quiet. Through windows open to ivy comes the whir of distant lawn mowers and the sun moves across your desk.

You forget students for a while and get some work done on your thesis. And then it's September again and the town wakes to confusion. Cars honking around the oval. Radios blaring on fraternity house verandas. The shrill laughter of girls. Placement exams, faculty suppers and last year's meek little freshmen calling you Prof.

Fay Kerrigan turned up in my course on the modern novel. In the back row, between two sweat-shirted Nordics. At the end of the class I remarked in her general direction, "This is not a social hour. Anyone who has registered under that impression has leave to withdraw. That's all for today."

They were a dull lot in 72. Hardy depressed them and Meredith put them to sleep. Wayne Stevens was my one consolation. He had come to us from an eastern college. He was a senior and the son of a trustee; a fine, alert mind, impatient of platitudes. Tall and awkward, with the face of a dreamer, he was ill at ease among the co-eds. A lonely boy. We came to be friends.

COMING down the library steps one October day, we ran into Kerrigan with the wind whipping her skirts, and with an armful of books.

"You look studious," I remarked pleasantly.

"I've got a date with the dean," she explained gayly. And then she dropped a book on the steps. Stevens picked it up. She looked at him gratefully with wide blue eyes. There was a pause that grew awkward. "Coming along, Stevens?" I said brusquely.

Crossing the campus he asked, "Who was that girl, Dr. Thorne?"

"Her name," I said, "is Fay Kerrigan."

"She looks like—like a girl on a magazine cover."

"Exactly," I said. "The maples are turning. Glorious, aren't they?"

"Isn't she!" he said thoughtfully.

I had a premonition.

Before the month was over I thought it advisable to have a talk with Stevens. His work was falling off and Fay, I noticed, had deserted her Nordics.

Stevens came over to my rooms one afternoon and we had tea in front of the fire and talked books for a while. Hemingway, Joyce, his own first attempts, and presently girls.

"Have you been seeing much of Fay Kerrigan?" I asked casually.

"Why, no," he said. "That is, occasionally."

I knocked out the ashes from my brier. "Wayne," I said, "you have a future before you. Don't throw it away."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean Fay Kerrigan. You'll get nothing but disillusionment there. She's incurably frivolous."

Illustrated by George Howe

When she saw me she beamed. "Take a look at the doughnut queen, Prof; we're in business"

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He stirred in an unspoken protest. "Let me finish. If you want social contact there's the Quill and Pencil, or the Cercle Français. Have you met Elsie Eaton? Some of her verse is splendid. Pretty, too. A classic profile. Beside a girl like that, Kerrigan's charm is, well—don't get involved with Fay Kerrigan."

HE CRUSHED out his cigarette and got up, long-legged and awkward, his face troubled. "I'm not sure you're right, Dr. Thorne. I ought to see life."

I smiled at him. "At a Kappa fireside, Wayne?"

He looked obstinate. "Better there than in the library stacks. Kerry interests me. She's—different."

"I'll admit that," I said dryly.

He was too much in earnest to smile. "I went to a boys' school, Dr. Thorne. The wrong school. Back in Cambridge I was just another grind, out of everything. And vacations there was Mother and Dad. They don't trust girls." An ember snapped onto the hearth and glowed there. He stepped on it carefully. "So Kerry is an experience to me. But that's all. When I get through here Dad has promised me a year at Oxford and another on the Continent. I'll marry some day, I suppose. When I'm thirty."

"That's sensible, Wayne," I said.

He gave me a shy grin. "A fellow thinks about it, of course. I've got an ideal—you could call it a dream girl. She's not a bit like Kerry. Don't misunderstand me. Kerry's all right. But, I don't know. You don't fall really in love with a girl who sits next to you in classes and borrows your notes and makes wise-cracks."

When the boy had gone I found myself a bit sorry for Kerrigan. But then she needed a lesson.

It was in December before the midyears. One Saturday evening. There had been a game, basketball, I suppose, and Paxton, by the noise, had won. I was settling down for a quiet evening with the Hound and Horn when the phone rang. It was Miss Withers. The dean, it appeared, was concerned for her girls. Some students had gone out to Healy's and the dean feared the worst. Ours is a modest college. The gilded youth of our state go east to school. But the dean is imaginative, and suspects young men who get their tuition sweatily in the wheat fields of bacchanalian orgies. Would I take her coupé and run out to Healy's and see what was happening? I would with pleasure. I could have been dismissed for my thoughts.

Healy's is an inn on the valley road. Two dozen booths and an orchestra make it a night club and one of our problems.

The place was full of students and noise. A sandwich impaled on a toothpick, with an olive on the end of the toothpick, cost me forty cents. And the coffee was vile. I sat watching the orchestra. The musicians wore paper hats. Now and again the drummer would cry out wildly. At intervals the trombonist would rise and moan through a megaphone. His colleagues encouraged him.

FAY KERRIGAN came to my table. She was radiant. She looked—well, she's a pretty girl. But her lips were scarlet with lipstick. "Will you dance with me?" she asked, like a child at a party.

I'm not addicted to dancing, but I do dance. I keep step very well. The girl's coppery little head was against my shoulder and the music flowed through her. Gayety is contagious. I found myself laughing for no reason at all, and doing strange steps. Then the music wailed to a stop, and I was aware that I was an assistant professor with a thesis unfinished.

As we moved off the floor she gave my arm a little squeeze and looked up at me, big-eyed and laughing. "I'm crazy," she said. "And I like it."

I could think of no answer to that.

She was with a couple I didn't know, and Wayne Stevens. He, too, seemed elated. Declining to join them, I moved away and heard Fay Kerrigan's voice: "I kinda like him—no foolin'." And that girl had two years' college English.

My report to the dean was ill-taken. The place, she was sure, was iniquitous. "At any rate," I said, "I saw nothing alarming. And I decline to sniff students." That was a mistake. The dean gave me a thin-lipped good-night.

The midyears came and went with the usual number of casualties. Fay Kerrigan escaped with one grade point to spare. Wayne did poorly in his exams and stood tenth in his class. I wasn't surprised.

In January the Paxton Jester, an unnecessary student publication, printed a presumably humorous item headed Campus Sweetheart Goes Highbrow. It went on to the effect that the glamour girl of the Kappas had left her Varsity lads for the time being, and was here and there with a scholarly young senior, who would probably learn a lot before June.

I sent for Wayne. "You've seen The Jester?" I said.

He reddened, avoiding my eyes.

"The campus is amused," I said. "Go back to work, Wayne, and forget it."

His eyes were miserable. "I'll do that," he said.

He was, I observed, convalescent.

Students, unless they are invited, don't come to my rooms. But Fay Kerrigan did. She knocked on my door one Friday evening and came in dripping wet. I took her raincoat and put a log on the fire. She sat and studied me, her eyes insolent. "You must hate me," she said.

I smiled at her. "That's a childish remark, Kerry."

She said sulkily, "Well, you've queered me with Wayne."

"I doubt that. But I have advised him to devote himself to his studies and stop running around."

"With me?"

"With you."

"Why?" Her voice had the whisper of the Celt in it.

"Kerry," I said bluntly, "Stevens has no prestige on the campus. He's no athlete. He's not especially good-looking. Why don't you let him alone?"

In the light of my reading lamp the curve of her cheek was very young. "I'm crazy about him," she said sullenly. "Laugh that off."

"That doesn't amuse me, Kerry. It's too bad."

She lifted her lashes at that. "Why?"

"My dear girl, Wayne Stevens has a career ahead of him. He's slated for Oxford."

"And that lets me out?"

"Doesn't it?" I asked. "He couldn't marry for years."

"We could live on his allowance."

The girl meant it.

"Nonsense," I said. "His parents would never consent. And if they did, you two would be separated in a month. You'd be very unhappy."

"You mean Wayne would, don't you?"

"I mean Wayne would. You see, he lives in his mind, Kerry. And you don't."

SHE wasn't offended. She sat quiet, thinking. "He hasn't called me for a week. I guess you win, Professor. Pick up the marbles."

I was getting her raincoat when there was a knock at the door. It had to be Stevens. Coincidences, when they occur, are not happy. I said tactfully, "Come in, Wayne. Miss Kerrigan was just leaving." It was all a bit strained. A long look passed between them.

"The campus sweetheart," she said softly, "is scramming. Men are like busses, Wayne. If you lose one, you have to wait for the next one. Did you ever hear that one?" She smiled at us, and went out like a defiant child, swaggering a little, and holding back tears. We heard ner on the stairs and the front door closed.

Wayne said, "What's it all about, Dr. Thorne?"

"Let me have your coat," I said. "Depressing weather, isn't it?"

"What have you been telling her?"

The boy was tense, glaring at me. He needed handling. "Telling her? That student affairs are not lasting. And, oh, yes—that your parents would probably object to your marriage. You hadn't told me you were thinking of that."

He seemed puzzled. "But I wasn't."

"It appears," I said dryly, "the young lady was. Get out of that coat, Wayne. You're dripping. I'll stir up the fire." We could hear the rain, and a street car grinding up to the campus.

"No, thanks," he said slowly. "I'm going."

"Going where?"

He turned on me almost fiercely. "I'm going to find Kerry. She was crying. You saw her. I've got to explain."

"Explain what, Wayne?"

"I don't know."

"Wayne," I said gently, "take my advice. Sit down and forget it. These things don't last."

It was no use.

"I'll be back," he said, "in an hour."

It was eight then. I went to bed at eleven. It was still raining.

ALL that was on a Friday evening. I didn't see either of them Monday. That night my telephone rang. A gay voice: "This is Kerry. Kerry Stevens. Give me back my marbles, Professor."

They had been married in Butte Saturday. Too bad.

There was, of course, a great deal of talk. The Dean's Council met and, as Kerrigan's adviser, I was called in. Miss Withers is irritating. After listening a while I was moved to remark that marriage under the present code is hardly a moral offense. The woman sniffed at me. She seemed under the impression that I had sent them off with my blessing.

The fact that Stevens, Sr., was a trustee made it all very difficult. After

(Continued on page 38)

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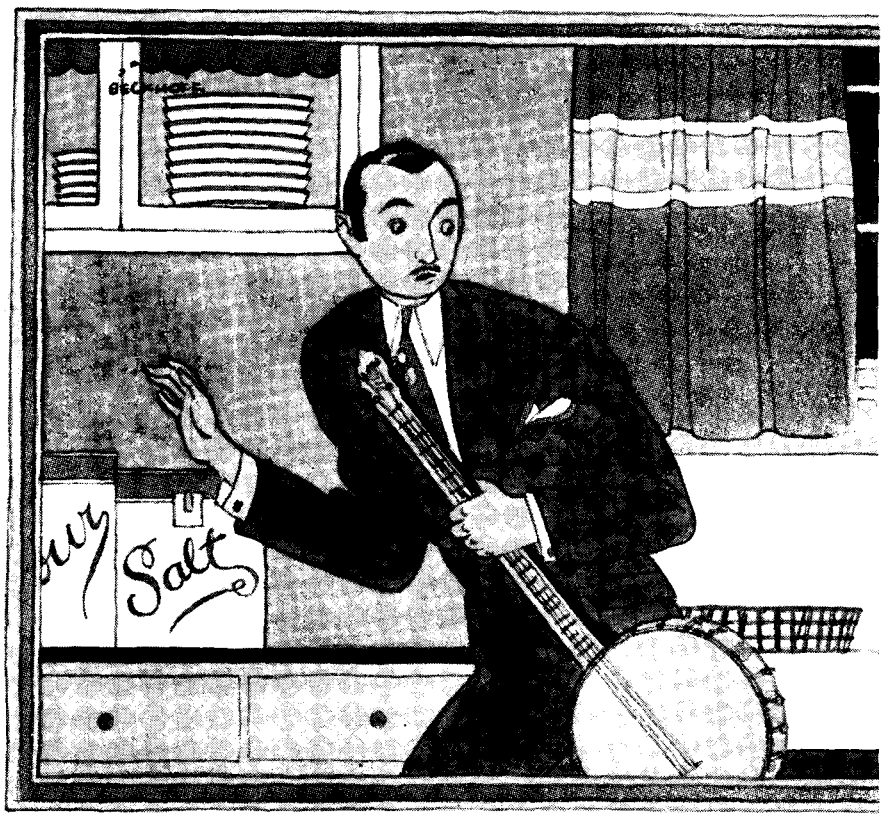
A Cop never Quits

By Richard Connell

His name was William Haffy, and he was a cop. He was weak—painfully weak—at the gentle art of wooing. But he had his points



Lucy faced him. "Get out of

THERE are 19,334 policemen in New York, of all sizes, shapes and degrees of beauty; and, by unanimous consent, Officer William Haffy was the homeliest of them all. There was no close second. He distanced the field.

To call him merely "plain" would be inaccurate. There was a decidedly fancy quality about his looks; for his shock of tight-curled, vivid red hair made him look, at a distance, like a burning bush; his eyes were popping and pickle-green; his freckles were frequent and, in shape and hue, remarkable, giving his countenance the aspect of a map of the Fiji Islands. It was hard for strangers to believe that his nose was not false, so faithfully did it resemble the bulbous, synthetic snouts of burlesque comics. One fact alone saved him from absolute ugliness: his expression, which was not sinister, not sullen, but kind and, in a tentative way, friendly.

Although he had had this face for all of his twenty-nine years, Officer Haffy had never become reconciled to it. His looks were his cross. Every waking moment he was aware of them; and he was his own worst nightmare. He brooded over his lack of beauty; for, if his face was hard, he had a soft and sensitive soul. Not that he was exactly a violet, or any other kind of flower. Outwardly, he was a typical big, healthy cop, who split his infinitives, liked beer, onions and prize-fights, and behaved, on the job, with all that hearty arrogance that so surprises visiting Britishers when they encounter it in the peace guardians of this democracy.

WITH thugs he could be as tough as a boiled rhino. In those intimate interviews with crooks, in the privacy of the station-house, he was used to frightening confessions from reluctant lips. One glance at his visage, contorted into a false face of ferocity, had been known to make a hardened malefactor tell all. In uniform, and acting in his official capacity, Officer Haffy could express himself with point and vigor. But when he doffed his brass buttons, he doffed also his mantle of self-assurance. On the job, he spoke out boldly and with authority; off it, he was shy, silent, acutely self-conscious. So his private life was lonely and more than a little wistful.

He had no girl. He knew no girls. The simple truth was that he was scared to death of girls. Their presence afflicted him with a numb dumbness; his tongue thickened up; he perspired copiously; he felt that the girl was debating in her mind what inmate of the zoo he most closely resembled. Such thoughts are no aid to bright conversation. His few diffident, fumbling attempts to win the friendship of members of the other sex had been painful and disastrous. So he had come to avoid feminine society when he could, though hungering for it, for he had all a policeman's natural desire to love and be loved. His off-duty life would have been empty, indeed, had he not contrived a way of his own to fill it.

On Apple Row, in a modest section of Brooklyn, stands a neat apartment house, and to it Officer Haffy repaired whenever he had free time, usually carrying a bundle of some sort. Opening the door of Apartment 3B, he entered. It was a pleasant place—and simple—with a small living-room, a smaller bedroom and a kitchen smaller still, and its furnishings had a fresh-from-the-installment-house look. Officer Haffy unwrapped his package which might contain a lamp with a gay chintz shade, a picture of kittens at play, or a double-boiler, depending on how much was left from his pay check after he met his overhead.

Bit by bit he had furnished the flat, from the purple-upholstered living-room suite and the almost-mahogany twin beds to the curtains adorned with bluebirds and the pink coffee cups; and he had given much time and thought to the choosing of each object. In time it had just about everything but an inhabitant. For he did not live there. His abode was a cheap, narrow room over a macaroni shop near the station-house. He never spoke of this Apple Row flat to his brother officers, or to anybody else. It was his luxury, and his secret; it was his hope chest; for he was saving it for that bright and happy day when he brought his bride there to live.

The flaw in his dream was that while the flat and the rent were real enough, the bride was purely imaginary. He had no girl in mind. But some day he hoped to find one who would appreciate a good and loving-hearted policeman with the handicap of an unfortunate face. He hoped, too, that when he did find her he would also find the power to make his traitorous tongue utter the words that were in his heart; though on this score he had grievous misgivings.

His beat lay in residential Flatbush, a region peopled by prosperous butchers, fruiterers and haberdashers who, now and then, parked in the wrong place, sang too lustily over their home-brew or neglected to shovel the snow from their sidewalks, but who, normally, behaved decorously. Sometimes he yearned for the livelier climes of Red Hook and Brownsville where mayhem and manslaughter thrive.

On an ordinary afternoon in April, Officer Haffy was pacing along sedate Cherrytree Place when his attention was caught by the struggles of a very small young woman who was trying to haul a very large perambulator containing a very stout child up the brownstone steps of Number 144. He decided that to help her came, roughly, under the head of duty, so he approached her and said in his impersonal, official bass:

"Here, lady, lemme give you a hand with the kid."

"Oh, thank you," the girl said. "He's such a fat baby. Oh, do stop that racket, Junior."

This last was addressed to the child, who, on perceiving Officer Haffy, had burst into alarmed howls of "Bogey-man" and had begun to whack Officer Haffy on the shins with a toy locomotive. After some catch-as-catch-can and a bit of puffing, Officer Haffy wrestled the carriage up the steps.

"That was very kind of you, Officer," the girl said. "Oh, Junior, will you please stop screaming? The policeman is a nice man."

LOOKING down at her, Officer Haffy saw that she had amiable eyes and a warm smile. He knew, as a good patrolman should, something about every family in his domain, so he knew that this was the residence of Mr. Lewis Plotkin, poulterer; that the child must be Junior Plotkin, and it followed that the girl was the new nurse.

Now this girl was no prettier, or less pretty, than a thousand other girls he had seen; she had a brief, slim figure in no way notable; and her words and voice were commonplace enough; and yet, with the abruptness and finality of a man falling off a skyscraper, Officer Haffy fell in love with her. Why he should have done so is a mystery which profounder minds than his have failed to fathom. He did not try to understand it or explain it; he just felt it. Beneath his shield he experienced a sudden, strange sensation as if his heart

He raked the faithless Lucy's

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here, you big stiff," she said

had turned pinwheel and were spinning about madly and throwing out showers of hot sparks.

He tried to remember that he was a symbol of the law; he could only remember that he was a man, and a far from handsome one. His throat went dry, his neck went moist, and he made a noise meant to be " 'S all right, miss," and, turning quickly, marched away. He squared his shoulders and inflated his chest as he went, for he hoped that she would think him, from the rear anyway, a fine figure of a man.

THAT night he bought, extravagantly, a quite sumptuous fumed-oak radio, transported it to his hidden home and there installed it. As he tidied up the flat he thought of her words—"The policeman is a nice man." He weighed all the meanings of that adjective-of-all-work. "Nice" could mean "wonderful" or "attractive" or, he further reflected, it could mean not much of anything.

Never in its history had Cherrytree Place in general, and Number 144 in particular, received such a thorough policing as it did after that fateful meeting; however, three days of watching and waiting passed before the enamored officer saw her again, and this time it was on Catawba Avenue, and he might have missed her then had not his ears been hit by shrill outcries from Junior Plotkin—

"Bogeyman! Bogeyman!"

Officer Haffy felt an exigent wish to apply his nightstick to the tenderer portions of Master Plotkin; but he masked his distaste under a paternal grin as the girl turned from the shop window where some nine-dollar-and-ninety-eight-cents chinchilla coats held her gaze. It seemed to Officer Haffy that the color in her cheeks deepened as she saw him. He felt his freckles begin to heat up. Tongue trouble beset him. He searched his mind for some ordinance—a trivial one—which she might be violating so that it would be his duty to admonish her. He felt that the mere existence of Junior Plotkin, who continued to bawl "Bogeyman," was a felony; but it was not yet on the statute books.

"Now, hush up, Junior," the girl said. "It's only a policeman. He doesn't eat little boys? Do you, Officer?"

Though he would have enjoyed barbecuing this particular little boy, Officer Haffy shook his head in emphatic denial of cannibalism. He was trying hard to think of something to say, something apt and chatty, not too fresh, and yet containing the hint that even if he was only a policeman he was an adoring one. A plate-glass window threw his face back at him. Bogeyman! Words froze in him. Desperately he made a quick change from lover to policeman.

"Seen any suspicious characters hanging round your neighborhood, miss?" he said.

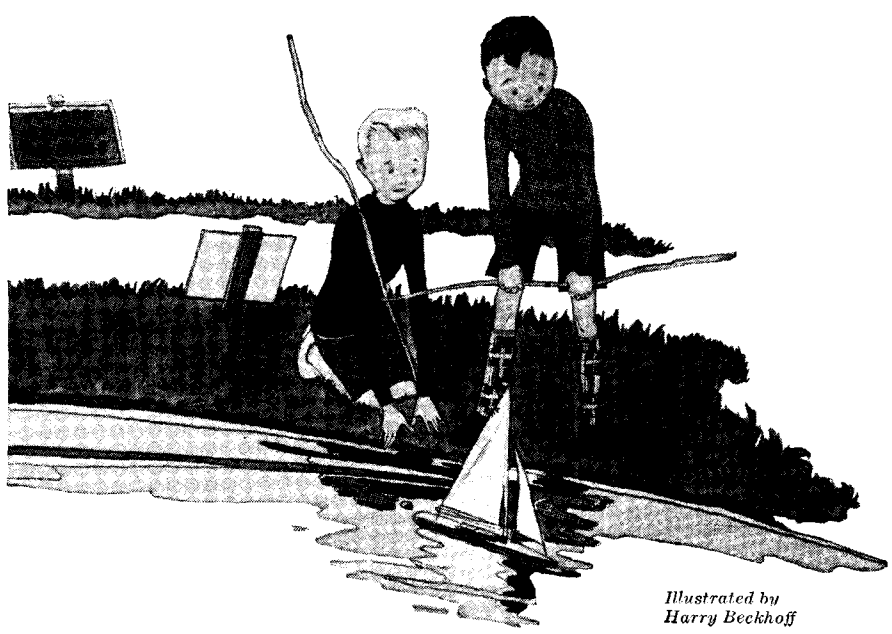
She giggled.

"Only you," she said.

Junior Plotkin began to blubber.

"Stop making that fuss," the girl said, "and Lucy will take you to the park and show you the cute little ducky-ducks."

With a smile and a nod she trundled her charge parkward.



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

companion with searching, accusing eyes

NEOPHYTE in love though he was, Officer Haffy felt that there was at least a tiny glimmer of hope for him. Some instinct told him what the more sophisticated know: that the real meaning of a woman's words is, like an iceberg, mostly beneath the surface. Into her speech to Junior he read what he so much wanted to read: a message to him—her name and a trysting place.

He strolled on, his elation tempered by the tormenting suspicion that when he did meet her in the tiny park near by, the devil of shyness would stymie his sentiments. Perhaps the odious Junior—it was like him—would be trespassing on the grass. This would call for a mild rebuke and, perhaps, with the ice broken, he could then make an easy transition to less legal topics.

Reaching the park, he saw her, near the duck pond. Her back was toward him, but he singled her out from all the other nurses and park-baskers, and started toward her bench. When he was twenty yards from it, he saw a man slip into the seat beside her, and the grip on his locust stick tightened and he breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for this chance to shine in her sight. Maybe the masher would put up a fight. Devoutly, Officer Haffy hoped so. Here, ripe and ready, was his needed spur to eloquence. But even as he picked out the exact spot on the interloper's smart tan fedora for his first crisp reproof, he saw that Lucy was laughing, and was greeting the man as if he were, at the very least, an old and valued friend.

Officer Haffy's heart reached a new low. He sensed that this was a rival, and a formidable one; for the man was youngish and stylish, a snappy dresser, and, worst of all, handsome; noticeably, undeniably handsome. Grimly, Officer Haffy noted that this threat to his bliss had a jaunty air, a bubbling confidence in his own charms and, to judge from the way Lucy gave him her rapt attention, the gift of tongues.

"Some cheap, sax-tooting sheik from some bum band" was the way Officer Haffy, with the acumen of his trade, sized him up. Bitter hate and galling fear seethed in Officer Haffy's blue bosom. He felt that in all recorded time the human race had never produced a more pestilential and revolting specimen than this comely oaf.

"But just the kind of slick snake girls go for," groaned Officer Haffy. With set, stern brow he passed the bench. He did not look at the faithless Lucy but raked her companion with searching, accusing eyes. The young man was either blameless or brazen, for he returned the look disdainfully, and threw in a smirk for good measure. He whispered something to Lucy. Officer Haffy sensed that the remark had to do with his pulchritude. Lucy tittered. He hurried on with a ten-ton heart. He heard her say:

"Oh, Donald, you do make the funniest cracks."

So "Donald" was his nauseating name. That evening Officer Haffy made a special trip to headquarters and scanned the pictures in the Rogues' Gallery; but his hope that he might have business relations with the unspeakable Donald died aborning. He had planned to add to the equipment of the Apple Row flat a magnificent percolator; but he did not buy it that night; he did not go to the flat at all. He sat in his austere room, staring at his knuckles, a prey to the gnawing of those jackals of love—jealousy and despair.

Reason told him that the wise course for him was to get good and drunk, beat up a few large longshoremen and, thus chastened, forget the callous little flirt. But his heart gave his head the usual licking, and he began to haunt Cherrytree Place again next day, and on the days that followed. On lucky days he had a glimpse of her, but seldom more than a glimpse. On luckier days he exchanged a few formal words with her.

"Good afternoon, Officer."

"Good afternoon, miss."

"Nice day."

"Yeah, nice day."

Beyond these sketchy dialogues he could not find the nerve to go. But one day he nearly collided with her at the corner of Cherrytree Place and Pomegranate Boulevard. He stammered an apology. She was not in her nurse's garb, but was dressed for a holiday in a trim little taupe suit and a pert dab of hat.

"I guess little things like me are hard to see," she said.

"No," said Officer Haffy.

"Swell day, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

She began to giggle.

"Say, folks will think I'm pinched," she said.

He realized then that he was walking along by her side.

"I'd never pinch you," he said. "No matter what you done."

THIS unpolicemanlike speech was entirely unpremeditated. It sprang straight from his subconscious as if he were a giant dummy with an inner ventriloquist. The girl looked at him soberly and thoughtfully.

"Why not?" she asked.

"I dunno," said Officer Haffy.

They passed eleven houses.

"I thought," she said, "you said that because maybe you sort of like me."

The answer to this was not in the book of departmental rules and regulations. So Officer Haffy made no reply.

"I guess you think I'm kind of fresh," she said.

"No."

"I guess I am, though. But Mr. Belper—he's a boy I know—said in the park one day that you looked like you was jealous or something. I said, 'Aw, rats, Don, you're stuck up on account you got a pan like Jack Barrymore.' He said, 'Oh, yeah?' and I said, 'Oh, yeah; and anyhow Mr. Haffy never showed no interest in me and, besides, a big, strong fellow like him has prob'ly got a girl in every street.' "

A surge of returning hope ebbed under Officer Haffy's tunic. She knew his name. She had been interested enough to ascertain it. But he was having the usual difficulty with his vocal apparatus. They walked on.

"Don's a nice boy," she said. "He likes himself, but I guess anybody would with his looks. He plays banjo in the band down at Petunia Dance Gardens. That's where I'm going now."

Officer Haffy said nothing. But he felt that he could not bear another syllable about the abominable Belper. He cleared his throat twice, then said:

"Seen any burglars or guys that look like burglars in your part of town?"

"My goodness, Mr. Haffy, what a

(Continued on page 47)

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Tammany's Own

By Walter Davenport

New York City inefficiently governed? Strange. Tammany Hall has given the city one employee for every forty-seven residents. A hundred and forty-eight thousand lawyers, sheriffs, clerks, inspectors, sergeants-at-arms, aldermen and what-nots ought to be able to do something worth while. Maybe Tammany didn't pick them carefully? Wrong. They all vote, don't they? And most of them come to the polls lugging three or four extra votes with them. Isn't that efficiency? But some people are never satisfied. Here is the situation for all to behold. Read and realize why Tammany's heart is breaking

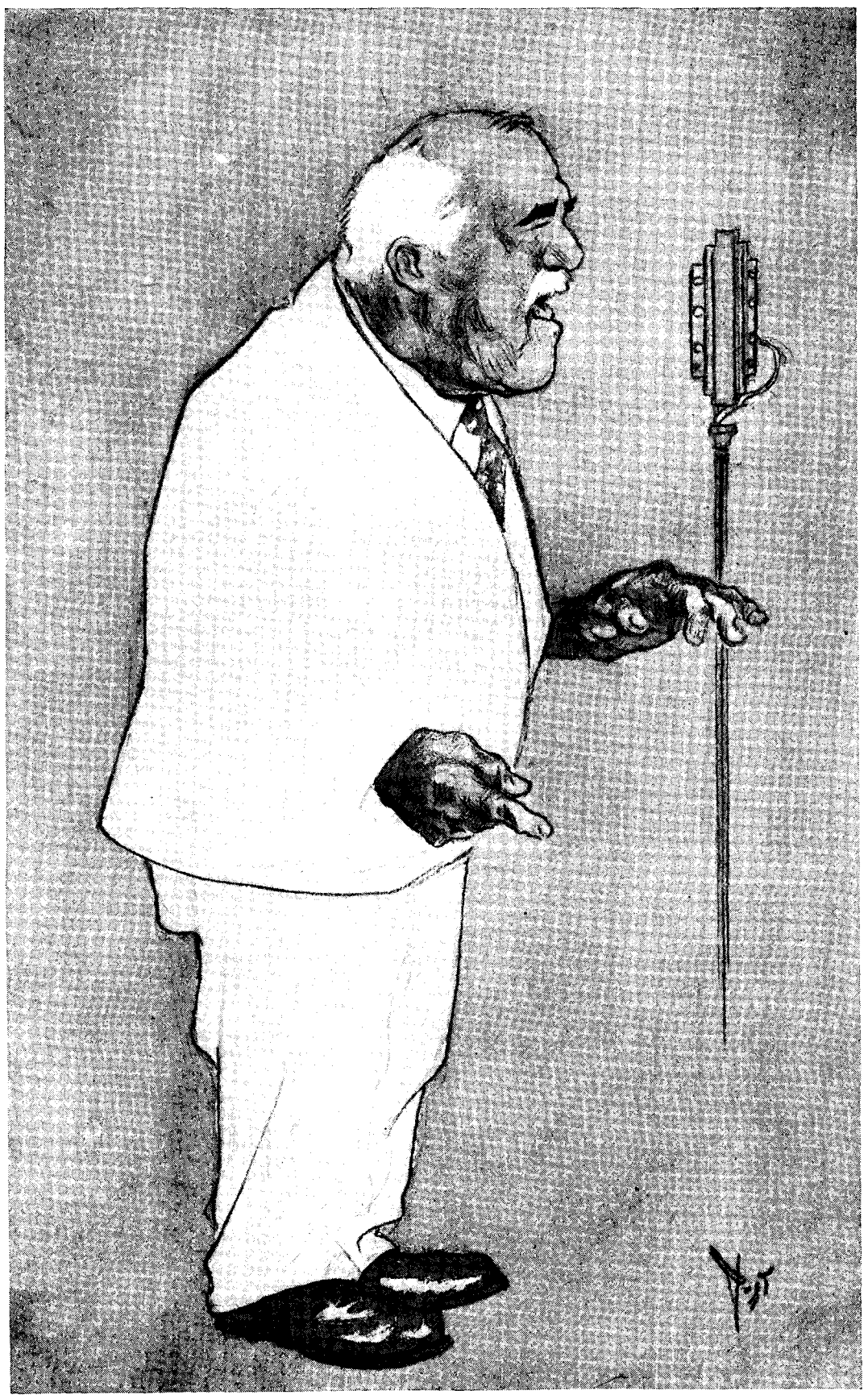
IT WAS on an evening last October, as far as a mere tribute-paying citizen is permitted to know, that a small but extremely select group of gentlemen forgathered in a room in America's most celebrated political castle—Tammany Hall—to debate the future. And not an untimely topic, either. Nor was the meeting unique. In virtually every house and hall in the United States the same nasty problem was being attacked: Just where are we going and how are we going to get there with as little inconvenience as possible? In fact, we're still at it.

The public was not represented that evening in Tammany Hall, it being Tammany's immemorial theory that it was none of the public's business. Which is really too bad because, had Tammany an atom of gratitude in its widely advertised heart, it might have notified a few of the great city's five hundred thousand real estate taxpayers that the meeting would have something to do with the municipal government they supported. But Tammany hadn't bothered; this was no occasion for loose amateur talk. And any seasoned politician knows that the moment you open the doors to the public you get into trouble. Somebody is sure to ask fool questions. And you can't run a business like Tammany Hall with even the windows open.

So engrossed were these gentlemen in Tammany Hall that evening that, afterward, they even forgot to announce who attended. But we shan't be very far wrong if we assume that Mr. John Francis Curry, the Boss of the Hall, was present. And it is more than reasonable to take it that the genial, seal-like Mr. John H. McCooey, Democratic Boss of Brooklyn, was there. With them sat the other leaders of the other boroughs that make the greater city, making five overlords in all. And at their plump elbows sat their most trusted lieutenants. An imposing gathering of government manufacturers and wholesalers.

Have a Job, Pal?

Not present, however, was New York City's latest fantastic contribution to American politics, Mr. James J. Walker, whose middle name is not, alas, Joyous. Mr. Walker, who was mayor of New York until it became more convenient for him to resign, was in Europe, where a man can be about after midnight without being suspected of leading a double life. And it is a pity that Mr. Walker was absent because, in a large measure, he and his administration had fetched Tammany to its current doldrums. Mr. Walker's forte was not statesmanship; but socially he was unsurpassable. He threw parties that will be talked of by your grandchildren. He almost threw Tammany.



Mayor John Patrick O'Brien yearns to endear himself to the populace

And it was about just this that this meeting of which we write was called. When Mr. Walker took office in 1926 there were 116,000 men and women on the municipal pay roll of Greater New York, which was something more than 16,000 more than the city needed to administer its affairs—probably considerably more. This, in Mr. Walker's opinion, was downright selfishness. Before he quit so precipitously, there were 148,506. Had his investigators left him alone, he might have solved the unemployment problem. After all, there were only seven million people living in New York City, some of whom had jobs and would not, therefore, have had to be given places in the city's departments and bureaus.

Of course it was no revelation to the October conferees that the roster of city and county employees had grown under Mr. Walker's thin, deft fingers to proportions resembling the invitation list at a Presidential inaugural. Mr. Walker and Mr. Curry were as one, each calling the other Chief. There were moments, they will tell you, when Mr. Curry, being of the old school, wondered whether it was quite necessary to make every casual caller at the City Hall a deputy commissioner of something; but Mr. Walker made Mr. Curry Boss of Tammany Hall and Mr. Curry's job was to see that Mr. Walker should be maintained in his high office until such time as Mr. Walker wearied of it.

The Man Above Money

So these convening sachems of Tammany Hall were not so much concerned with the vast numbers of city employees as they were about an item which Mr. Walker had never permitted to interfere with his plans. This minor item was money. Mr. Walker was one of those charmed souls who had but to snap a couple of well-manicured fingers and somebody galloped forward with the money. To illustrate, behold Jimmy one starry night alighting from a taxicab in Central Park West. He had dismissed his own car and had summoned the taxi to take him from the theater to the scene of the merriment in which he was about to plunge.

En route the taxi's chauffeur had unburdened his soul to his mayor. He had made no money that night. He might have made some but a certain party who was too influential to sock in the jaw or drag to the police station had failed to pay him a bill of eight dollars and forty cents. And was Mr. Walker sympathetic! He plunged deeply into his own pocket intending to pay not only his own fare but that of the important punk who had reneged. But that pocket was innocent of money and so were the others. Mr. Walker

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was not for a moment abashed.

Stepping from the cab he removed his hat so that there might be no shadow on his popular features and stood under the corner light. Within ten seconds a bulbous citizen with diamonds flashing from every otherwise unoccupied section of his person rushed up and in a loud voice, that all the world might hear, cried:

"Hello, Jimmy. Remember me? You and me was introduced last Tuesday night at—"

"Remember you?" said Mr. Walker, grasping the bounding fellow's fat hand and ruining him for life with the Walker smile. "Of course I remember you. How are you, old fellow? By the way, help your little playmate out, will you? I've come out without a nickel. Thanks, old boy, thanks. When are you coming to see me?"

And while the overwhelmed citizen was paying the chauffeur the eight dollars and forty cents plus Mr. Walker's fare plus a two dollar tip, Jimmy sauntered across the pavement and into the house where, in a few moments, a whole house party was caressing him from all angles.

Tammany's Hour of Trial

Sorry to have digressed like that. But that was Mr. Walker, who now was laughing at the Mediterranean Sea while Mr. Curry and his fellow statesmen were contemplating a prospect that was as foreign to Tammany Hall as sincere and unselfish government.

We have told you the actuarial story of Tammany Hall. There is no reason to repeat it. But in more than a hundred years Tammany has not been called upon to worry about finances. Oh, to be sure there were times when money was a bit tight, a trifle reluctant. There had been other depressions which involved the city's treasury; but nothing like this. In other days, you see, the Tammany overhead was not so enormous that it sagged. The Hall had seen to that. Through storm and drought, through boom and depression, this most famous of America's political machines had kept rolling along, now bounding blithely through sunshine and now slogging through mud that left grit in its bearings, but always getting places; never stopping.

Charles Johnson Post

Genial, seal-like Mr. John H. McCooey is the Democratic Boss of Brooklyn

But now, age having taken its toll of the axles and the antiquated steering gear being in the hands of fumbling drivers, the Tammany wagon was cracking under its load. Not only was the vehicle—designed to carry a relative few but now burdened with a crowd that might founder a freight train—in immediate danger of total dissolution, but it was out of control. It had hit a series of tough barriers. Another bump and it might stop forever. Like Big Bill Devery's fugitive criminal, it was almost out of places to go.

"Find out where he's gone and go after him," said Mr. Devery, who was not only one of Tammany's giants in his day but by his own admission the best Police Commissioner New York ever had or ever would have. "If he ain't there find out where he's gone to and go there. Keep that up and after a while you'll catch up with him because he'll be run out of places to go to."

Frankly the reason for the conclave in Tammany Hall that evening was that Mr. Curry and his brethren knew that Tammany had a bit of unloading to do. Somewhere, somehow the burden would have to be lightened. It may be that a noble thought or two flitted through the Tammany skull. One likes to suspect that the still small voice one hears so much about in higher-minded circles was at last making itself heard above the calithump of the Tammany band. Who knows that Mr. Curry and his teammates weren't feeling a bit sorry for the old home town? However, if you insist upon being hard-boiled, you may have it and keep it that Tammany's sole concern was for its own safety. But be sure of this: Old Man River was soughing at Tammany's door and Mr. Curry and his aides were wondering where they could get a few reliable life preservers. And the lives they sought to preserve were, oddly enough, their own.

Free and Easy Finance

Mr. Curry is a capable business man. Inquire if you care to in our best life-insurance circles; there you will receive testimonials to Mr. Curry's astuteness. And it was as such that he surveyed the immediate future. Where, asked he, was the money coming from? In round figures Tammany Hall required a minimum of six hundred million dollars to carry it through 1933. That's big business. A lot of states didn't spend that much. Chicago asked only $260,000,000 of her citizenry, Detroit only $152,000,000, Los Angeles only $47,500,000, Philadelphia only $89,000,000. Not that they had it or were in a way to get it. But such municipalities were provincial pikers. Here was Mr. Curry and Company looking for six hundred million and wondering what on earth they were going to do if they couldn't find it.

Of course if it were left to simple-minded folks—like you or me—the answer might be immediate. Being what we are, we would suggest that something be done about reducing the overhead. We might even suggest, in our stupidity, that the city ask about fifty thousand clerks and commissioners, inspectors and sheriffs, deputy secretaries and chamberlains to pry themselves loose from the desks they had grown to and try the fresh air for a while. But we're not running Tammany Hall. And some of us might be silly enough to suggest that Tammany Hall itself take a little exercise, thereby permitting the prostrate city to struggle to its feet. But that would be just so much more loose talk. And that is why you and I weren't invited to the October deliberations.

The Machine Talks Back

Suppose you were permitted to have your own maundering way about it. Suppose you abolished the five county governments. (There are five county governments in addition to the city government, making six governments in all.) Of course you'd save about ten million dollars; but what would become of Tammany Hall? See the point? You might help save New York City from bankruptcy, but you'd ruin the Hall. So don't be absurd. And suppose, in addition to getting rid of five sets of sheriffs, five regiments of county clerks—things like that—you abolished, say, half of the obviously useless city job holders. That would save another fifty millions—what with their salaries and costs of maintaining them in position to collect salaries. New York City doesn't need county government, but Tammany does.

That is the way private business might operate; but it is no way to maintain a political machine, particularly when the monster is no longer your servant but your master. Tammany had become a series of machines within machines. Closely knit unions and protective associations of departmental employees were not only able to defy Mr. Curry but were doing it. Mr. Curry found himself the guardian of an Old Man of the Sea, foster father of a rampageous cannibal.

To get on with it, that October huddle, the first of a hit-and-miss series, concluded that there was but one course to be taken—stand by, fight off any such legislative interference as city charter changes that might transfer the city's management to independent or non-Tammany hands, make a joyful noise about home rule and reform within instead of without and elect a mayor whose ambitions did not exceed a desire to be a good Tammany man. There is nothing so easily manipulated as the

(Continued on page 41)

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Wages

Michael Gallagher, Judge Carmody and Seumas Flaherty

THERE was a rumpus in Cahil's public, which was frequently the case. But this was unusual, as it was Patrick's eve, when everybody is supposed to be everybody else's friend and the devil has a hard time making enemies. But his job is made easier when there's a grudge between the boys and the porter goes down the wrong way.

Seumas Flaherty and Michael Gallagher were with others in Cahil's public, drinking and talking about affairs in Ardnacrusha, where the public stood, and Merelly and Ballydal, the neighboring river towns. As is customary, there was tapping of porter-mugs round a ring of men and toasts to all and sundry, until Michael Gallagher's turn came to speak before Seumas Flaherty's.

"Here's to St. Patrick," said Gallagher, lifting his mug of porter, "that drove all the snakes from Ireland but one, as everybody knows to be a scientific fact. And that one snake is the ancestor of Seumas Flaherty."

There was loud laughter, which reechoed from a room far away where the women of the men in the taproom sat drinking tea and waiting for the hour to claim their husbands before the drinking should go too far. Rose Gallagher, Michael's wife, came to the door of the taproom.

"That's a good thing I hear you said about Seumas Flaherty, Michael," she said to her husband. "And a good thing is always enough. Come away with me now, for a cousin of mine is at the house from Cork waiting to see us."

"I'll not go till I break even with the man that cheated me," said Michael Gallagher, seizing Seumas by his coat lapel as Seumas sneaked about the edge of the crowd—being one more for schemes and thinking than for fighting.

"It'll take blood and bruises and the color of your money to wipe out the dirty trick you did me, Flaherty," Gallagher shouted.

"There'll be no blood and bruises here," bawled Cahil, the proprietor.

But he was nearly wrong.

"It's two hundred pounds you robbed me of with your trickery," shouted Gallagher as he struck Seumas.

AND he would have struck him again, holding Flaherty's coat with one hand; but somebody said it was terrible to be fighting before the women, although the women seemed to be enjoying it, Rose Gallagher particularly applauding. Then Judge Carmody came in.

"You're a fool to be fighting a fool," he chided Gallagher.

But the sympathy was with Gallagher, for everybody knew it was Seumas Flaherty's tricking Gallagher out of money that made a grudge between them.

"It's never with fists you'll get the better of any man, Michael," said the judge.

"But it's nice to remember them by when they cheat you," put in Rose Gallagher.

"It's thought, not fighting, that evens matters," said the judge. "If you beat Flaherty with your fists, Michael, I'll send you to the workhouse, and that'll be a hateful thing to do, as for four years running I've worn the white gloves of Michaelmas. But if you outsmart Seumas within the law, there'll be no danger to your liberty."

It was days after this advice was given to Michael Gallagher that he sat once more in Cahil's public. Flaherty was there, and he shifted to a corner of the taproom out of reach of Gallagher, but smoked his pipe and supped his porter contentedly.

A tall man that had to stoop to enter the taproom sat on a bench alone. Cahil came from the bar to wait upon him personally. The tall man ordered a bottle of the puffy ginger beer the English favor, drank it and departed, without a word, in the direction of the dining-room.

"Who's that strange cove, Pat Cahil," asked Gallagher from his seat, "that drinks ginger beer and him full-grown?"

BEFORE Cahil could answer, Seumas had sidled closer to where Gallagher sat—seeking, no doubt, to ingratiate himself with a man he feared to keep as an enemy.

"He's an American lawyer, you can tell by the tortoise glasses he wears. His name is Durkin, I'm told."

"And who told you?" asked Gallagher. It surprised Cahil much and Seumas no less that Gallagher should talk to him at all.

"Judge Carmody was telling me this morning that he comes from Philadelphia with information to somebody's advantage," said Seumas.

"So the judge is chummy with you, is he?" said Gallagher.

Seumas wiped beads of porter from his lips.

"Judge Carmody," he said, aloud, three black teeth wagging his pipe, "passes the time of day with me as always."

"But he doesn't tell you everything he knows," said Gallagher, with significance. "He told me more than he told you."

"And what was that?" said Seumas, spilling porter in his eagerness.

"This Philadelphia man has lashings of money to give somebody from these parts—a legacy by the O'Kelly of Dolbay, who went to the States years ago and made a mint of money selling sand."

"How can a man make money selling sand?" asked Seumas. "Here the beaches are full of it and nobody gets rich."

"It's in contracting and building with the politicians they make it—and the O'Kelly of Dolbay had lashings. I mind meeting him in America when I was there."

"So do I," said Seumas. "It was in Boston I met him, and when I asked him to help me get money to come home he told a strapping dago of a foreman to put me to work. He was no friend of mine."

"No less he was a friend of somebody hereabouts," said Gallagher. And he arose to leave Flaherty after first finishing his porter. "I'll talk to this Philadelphia man about O'Kelly," he said. "Maybe I'll learn more news and it can be made to mean something for me."

"If he talks to you at all," said Seumas quickly. "I've tried to get him speaking and you'd think words were pins in his mouth."

Gallagher laughed in his throat, which is not a wholesome kind of mirth. He walked straight into the beamed dining-room, and with hat in hand stood by the table where the Philadelphia man was eating dinner. Seumas watched closely what would happen. Gallagher made himself known to Durkin and the lawyer looked up from his food.

"I'll thank you to leave me finish my dinner, friend," he said, sharply.

"But I wanted to ask you something about the O'Kelly you seem to know," said Gallagher.

"If there's any information I can give you or you can give me, I'll pick the time for it," said the American.

Gallagher came back to the taproom, confused.

"A surly cove he is," he told Seumas.

"I warned you of that," said Flaherty. "It must be with drinking soft stuff. His stomach is spiteful. All such men are bad-tempered."

THEY sat there smoking, Gallagher speaking at length regarding the unmannerliness of the stranger. While he was still talking, Seumas warned him to hush because there in the taproom doorway stood Durkin the lawyer. He beckoned to Gallagher.

"Now I'll talk to you about O'Kelly," he said, unsmiling.

Gallagher got up, and Seumas moved to go with him, but the American motioned Seumas to remain where he was. He took Gallagher aside, and they stood talking in voices Seumas couldn't overhear although he twisted his neck trying to do so. They stood so long that they were encumbering the doorway as the night company came into the taproom for the drinking.

Finally, their talk finished, the American went up to the room he had in the front of the public, and Gallagher walked clear through the taproom to the street door, giving nothing but nods to those who greeted him, all curious to know what had passed between him and the lawyer.

Seumas hurried after him. He caught up to Gallagher and stopped him beneath the lamp-post outside the courthouse, a lamp-post that had seen many untoward things happen at night.

"What was it he told you all the time you were talking, Michael?" said Seumas.

"Nothing of consequence," said Gallagher, and turned away. But Seumas stopped him.

"It took long enough for him to tell you, then," he said.

"He told me nothing about the O'Kelly I didn't know already," growled Gallagher. "Neither you nor I am the man he's looking for. The man he seeks is one who befriended the O'Kelly, which I did not, neither you."

"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't," said Seumas.

"Maybe he'll believe you and maybe he won't," answered Gallagher. "But ask him what else you want to know, not me."

And he strode off impatiently. Seumas watched him as he went down the Ballclough hill and across moonlit fields to his cottage overlooking the river. Seumas stood thinking there, and ended his

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"You're a fool to be fighting a fool," chided the judge. "It's never with fists you'll get the better of any man, Michael"

thinking with a laugh that Gallagher would not have relished, Seumas being amused that Gallagher was rebuffed after thrusting himself on the American from Philadelphia.

AS FLAHERTY walked slowly back to the public a bent figure came towards him. It was the American, and while Seumas hesitated about speaking, the lawyer surprised him by asking a question:

"Did you see that man Gallagher go by here?" he asked.

"I did," said Seumas.

"Where is he gone?" asked the American.

"To his home," said Seumas, adding: "It's a long road through the fields there to the river bank. Perhaps I'll guide you?"

Durkin reflected.

"I think not tonight," he said. "It's too far." He glanced sharply at Seumas. "Aren't you the man Flaherty who was in the United States once?"

"I am," said Seumas, drawing closer.

"Judge Carmody told me that," said the lawyer.

"And other things likewise, I dare say," said Seumas, grinning.

"Some other things," snapped the American. "You knew Gerald O'Kelly of Dolbay over there?" he asked.

"The best friend ever I had in America," lied Seumas.

"Did you know another friend of his?" asked the lawyer. "A man from this part of Ireland that saved him from drowning once?"

Seumas scratched his head beneath his cap.

"I have a distant memory of something of that sort," he said. "Let me see, there was a big spalpeen from Ishnagarra, or maybe it was Merelly."

"Well," said the American suddenly, "think it over and inquire about here. I've a description of this man in my papers, but Mr. O'Kelly forgot his name. I have news for the fellow if I can locate him."

With that he turned on his heel and walked back to the public. Seumas stood in deep thought, and that night he lay awake a long time, thinking.

Bright in the morning he strolled by Judge Carmody's house, knowing the judge would be taking the brisk walk about his grounds that he did every morning for a constitutional. Seumas walked in to the judge and told him what the American had said the night before.

"That's no news at all," said the judge, sharply. "Years ago I mind reading in the papers about O'Kelly falling in a river where he was building a dock or the like and a man from these parts saving him."

"And you don't remember the man, yer worship?" asked Seumas.

"If I did," said the judge, "I could save this American his time and trouble."

"Do you remember the name of the river into which the O'Kelly near drowned, or the dock off which he fell?" asked Seumas.

"Don't bother me," said the judge. "It was outside of Boston in a place named like a disease, Quinzy or Quincy. Now, keep your face out of the American's business or you may suffer."

Flaherty hurried away, going down the Ballclough hill and across the wide fields to Michael Gallagher's cottage. Gallagher was at work in the garden behind his house where, when he willed to work, he grew the best lettuce and radishes in Ardnacrusha. As Seumas approached he heard Mrs. Gallagher spanking pots and pans in the kitchen.

"Morning to you, Rose Gallagher," he grinned.

"To you, too, on the outside, Seumas Flaherty," she said.

And she smacked the kitchen door close. But Seumas cared little for that.

"I've learned something that will help us—about the American," he began when he was near enough to Gallagher to whisper.

"HOW can we be helped?" growled Gallagher. "Neither of us is the man he wants."

"Listen to me," said Seumas, tapping Gallagher's shoulder with his dudeen. "Both of us knew Gerald O'Kelly when he was in Boston. Now the man the lawyer is looking for is a fellow that saved O'Kelly from drowning when he fell in a river in a place called Quincy."

"I'm not that man, neither are you," said Gallagher.

"The O'Kelly was working on a dock when he fell in the river," said Seumas. "With a little effort I think I can remember that happening—clear, too."

Gallagher's blue eyes were masked.

"You'll claim, then, to be the man that saved O'Kelly?" he said.

"Not at all," said Seumas, grinning craftily. "There's a gossoon over in Limerick—Grogan the potman at the Shamrock Inn. He was in America and became a prize fighter. You may know him by his flat nose and ears that are like slabs of dough against his head. Mightn't he be the man who saved the O'Kelly from drowning if our memories can agree?"

Gallagher smiled craftily.

"That's a notion," he said. "But what good is it to us to agree this Grogan is the man?"

"First," said Seumas, holding up a finger with a nail like a shriveled horn, "there will be two of us bearing witness to this man, instead of one. Second, we can divide with Grogan whatever he may get."

"And what will he get?" asked Gallagher.

"Lashings of money," said Seumas. "The O'Kelly was powerful rich, and a grateful man, they tell me."

"But supposing what we say we remember gets him money from O'Kelly, how are we sure he'll divide with us?" asked Gallagher.

"I'd murder a man that broke his word," said Seumas.

"There'd be need of murdering with a fellow that was a prize-fighter in America," said Gallagher.

THAT day Flaherty and Gallagher went over by train to Limerick, after stopping for a drink or two at Cahil's where the publican told them that the lawyer Durkin had been inquiring about them.

"A good sign," said Seumas. "He looks to us to help him. And we will."

They went at once to the Shamrock Inn, which is hidden back of the south quay in Limerick. Grogan the potman was there, a burly fellow with a huge face like a tattered banner. After drinking with him they drew him out by telling him they knew something to his advantage, and at last they came to an agreement.

"You're sure there's money in this?" said Grogan.

"Positive as there's a devil to dog me if I lie," said Seumas, and Gallagher nodded to bind it.

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The Man in the Cabin

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Donald Hough

SERGEANT BEVIS, alone in a canoe, paddled through the wilderness on the trail of a fugitive whom he had never seen.

A Hudson's Bay Company factor had been murdered. When Bevis had got there he had found out a little, had been left in the dark on more. The murderer was a white man. He was a stranger. He had gone south. Beyond that Bevis discovered nothing. So he had started south, by canoe, for the stranger had left by canoe.

He was still going south, far beyond his own territory, and the fugitive was probably going south also. It seemed hopeless, but Bevis went on.

It was hard work—cruel work. All this day he had breasted a river full of riffles, replete with unswamped portages. He was tired. Once, as he drifted on a comparatively quiet pool, he rested. The sun was low, and the jagged wall of spruce trees cast jagged shadows across the little river and onto the wall of spruce that lined the other shore. It was time to camp, but Bevis was not camping these nights. He was sleeping without a tent, without a fire.

As he floated on the quiet pool he heard a familiar sound above the low murmur of rapids behind him. It was the slow chopping of an axe. It came from some place ahead of him, evidently from around the next bend.

Bevis took up his paddle again and sent the canoe forward, every nerve on edge, his revolver loose in its holster, his rifle on top of his packsack before him.

As he floated around a sharp bend in the river he saw a cabin ahead of him. Smoke came from the tin stovepipe, rose straight into the air and flattened out. In front of the cabin a man was chopping firewood. He looked up as he saw Bevis, and awaited him. He was a man well past fifty, browned by the sun, his face marked by the wilderness.

BEVIS drifted to shore, and the man greeted him sourly, after the strange manner of those men who, creatures of the forest, have long since passed the stage of wishing company, and want only to be undisturbed. Bevis recognized him as such a hermit, and sat in his canoe while he spoke. How long, he asked him, had he lived in this spot?

Fourteen years this coming winter. Aye, he was a trapper. And now he was worried. His neighbor from three miles inland had borrowed his canoe and his rifle and had gone down the river for a few days. And it was now two weeks, and he had not returned, and food was low. But he would have the sergeant stop with him overnight, if he wished. No, he had seen no man in a canoe come past here.

Bevis beached and unloaded his canoe. The man watched him in silence. When the officer turned his craft over for the night, the trapper motioned impatiently.

"Not there!" he cried. "Not there! That's where I always keep *my* canoe. Put it on the other side of that windfall." And Bevis, recognizing the queer slavery to exact routine which grips all hermits of the forest, smiled to himself and did so.

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

He would have the sergeant stop overnight, if he wished. No, he had seen no man in a canoe come past here

WHEN he had put his packsack in the cabin he offered to cut wood. The trapper shook his head. No, he knew his axe better than a stranger.

"But you can catch a fish," he said, "while I'm over the other side of the clearing. I'm going over there now"—he glanced in the direction of the low sun—"because I always feed some sugar to my pet deer at this time."

While he was gone Bevis got out a fishline and spinner from his packsack, tossed it out into a deep pool in the river and soon had brought in a good-sized pike. He cleaned the fish rapidly and, since the trapper had not returned, he fried it in a pan he found in the oven of the cabin stove.

When the trapper returned he made biscuits, and they ate their meal in silence. When they had finished, Bevis offered to wash the dishes, and the trapper agreed gruffly. "Put things where they belong," he warned in a querulous tone as he turned to clear the table. Bevis started on the frying pan he had used for the fish. When he had washed it he hung it on a nail near by. The trapper turned. "Not there! Not there!" he complained and, taking the pan, he hung it on another nail near the stove. "I always keep the frying pan on that nail," he explained, "and after a man's done a thing for fourteen years—"

But this time, when he looked around, he looked into the muzzle of Bevis' revolver. Bevis was grinning behind it.

"We'll start back tonight," he said, "though I kind of hate to spoil such a good act. You had me fooled completely. I guess you reached this deserted cabin last night or this morning—and hid your canoe in the woods. Your idea of passing for the owner of the cabin was a good one, and it worked until just now. While you were away I drove those two nails near the stove to use in drying out my fishline this evening."

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Acme

Colorful Walter Hagen is a cool and competent master of his game

All or Nothing

By Bill Cunningham

Blustering John L. Sullivan was confident that he could "lick any man in the world." Babe Ruth once promised President Harding that he would "bust one" for the President's benefit—and did. Such braggadocio is standard equipment of the fast-living, fast-playing heroes of sport—and how the fans eat it up!

Wide World

The playful Babe believes in "shooting the works" every time

GENE SARAZEN is a little fellow with a voice both deep and loud. He usually speaks as if his listener were a public meeting, so when he punctuated the discussion with a "Yeah, but wait a minute . . ." the floor was unquestionably his.

We were a group of scribes, golfers and by-sitting Pharisees. Included were members of the visiting Walker Cup golf team, Jesse Guilford and Francis Ouimet and other great golfers.

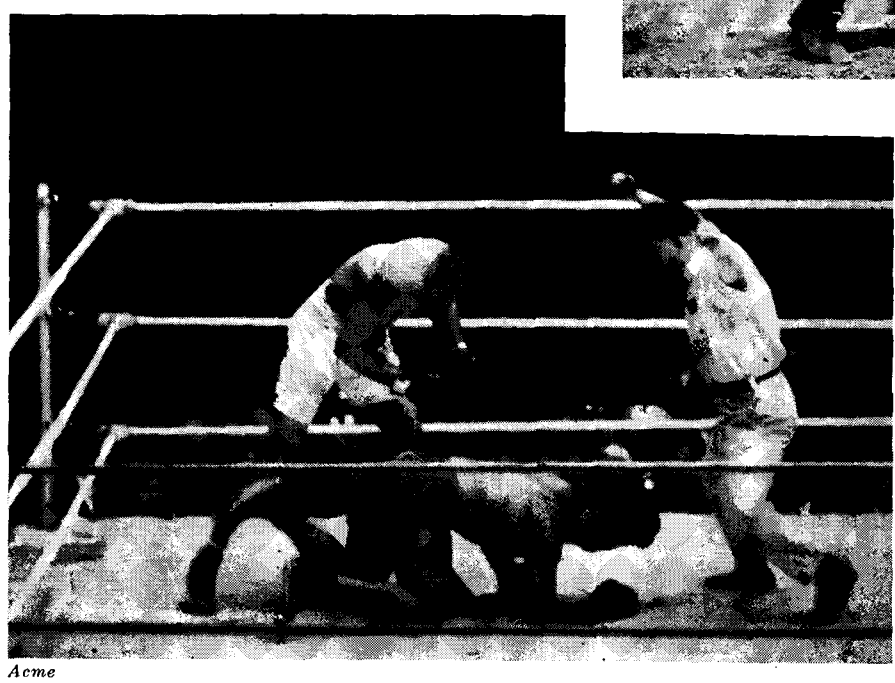
It was late at night, the hotel room was stuffy with smoke and the sibilant hiss of a siphon occasionally sounded off-stage. Talk was naturally of golf. Suddenly into the conversation somebody rolled the name of Walter Hagen, and when he was finished somebody else —remember, I said there were by-sitting Pharisees—volunteered the observation that it seemed too bad that the great Walter hadn't taken life and golf a little more seriously. Because, explained the speaker, with all the money Hagen has made he should be extremely wealthy by this time and, further than that, his top-flight career might be immeasurably lengthened.

At that remark Sarazen came bolt upright and declared himself in with his booming "Yeah, but wait a minute," and, as all other talk retreated from the sheer impact of his voice, he continued:

"Did you ever stop to think that's probably just why the Haig is, has been and always will be one of the game's greatest heroes? Every great champion must have lots of color and color comes chiefly from the state of mind that lets a guy take chances.

"No man can squeeze the ultimate nickel out of a sport without throwing himself off his game and likewise losing his gallery. Think it over—your cautious, abstemious livers have always made disappointing champions, while your Sullivans, Dempseys, Ruths and Hagens are the names that ring down the years.

"Look at Jack Sharkey. Clean living —saves his money—a fine family man —but there's no more crowd-color to



Acme

Dempsey staked his title in slugging it out with Firpo

him than there is to the belly of a frog. Why? Because he's in there fighting carefully, cautiously and with an eye merely to winning the decision. In the process he principally protects his own precious chin. He doesn't open up, doesn't give the crowd a show, and when it's over he jumps in a car and races home to his family, emerging only to collect his purse.

Color Pleases the Crowd

"A real champion, the sort of champion who really makes a great name, opens up and takes chances—big chances—at least occasionally. In golf, he shoots the works on a desperate shot. In boxing, he tosses science aside in an unexpected crisis and bats it out toe to toe with a challenger. If he hasn't the temperament to cut loose and let 'er blaze in an emergency, he may be technically the champion—in the record books—but the crowd will never love him nor remember his name.

"Don't get me wrong. I don't say that a man ought to dissipate. I don't mean that he ought to toss his money around, but I do say that an athlete's game reacts to his state of mind, and if he has a constricted mental attitude his game is not only tense and tight but it's as monotonous as a tune played on one fiddle string. Furthermore, like the fiddle string, it eventually snaps."

This ex-cathedra pronouncement may seem to run counter to the accepted athletic verities of hard training, early hours and constant concentration. And yet, as Al Smith would say, "Let's take a look at the record."

Mr. Sarazen serves as a capable, if impromptu, spokesman for his own fraternity, the big tournament golfers. With a very few exceptions, the best of these gentlemen, professional and amateur, are easy-going, amiable, free spending and rich living. Of course each has his individual limits but, as a class, they are neither solemn nor penurious.

I refer to the Joneses, the Sarazens, the Farrells, the Hagens, the Ouimets, the Armours, the Von Elms and their like. They attire themselves in the gaudiest raiment, travel first-class on extra-fare trains and inhabit only the most expensive clubs and hotels. They love companionship and will make the most of it.

Mr. Hagen Comes to Work

Jones, in his competitive days, sometimes seemed a trifle reserved in the presence of strangers, but with friends he was very much one of the party. The professional-looking Mr. Ouimet is a delightful companion and is famous as an organizer of impromptu quartets. And I've seen at least one of the gentlemen mentioned above gamble a thousand in a card game without batting an eye—not that that is here recommended as a virtue, although it seems exactly in line with what we're discussing.

Hagen has probably made more money and spent more money and had a better time doing it than any of the others. The stories about him are innumerable and many of them are classics. One picture of him leaps immediately to mind.

It was the opening day of the National Open at Olympia Fields outside Chicago in 1928. Everybody knew that Hagen was entered, but nobody had seen him. The locker-room of the club was filled with the famous, the near-famous and the ambitious unheard-ofs. As the scheduled hour for Hagen's

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Story Thus Far:

KIDNAPPED by four masked men, Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, is led to a mysterious house, placed on a gallows, and informed that unless he promises to grant a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, a condemned murderer who is to be hanged in a few hours, he will himself be hanged.

Sir Humphrey will not promise. Informed, however, that Brandt's wife has new evidence to present, he finally does so. Released, he meets Katherine Brandt, hears her story, promises to grant a reprieve. After which—while alone—he collapses. Hours later, he comes to. Cecil Brandt has been executed! . . . Another shock follows for Scotland Yard: Katherine Brandt and Sir Humphrey disappear! . . . Working alone, Detective Pank goes to Norfolk County, where (following a visit to Lord Edward Keynsham and Lady Louise, his sister) Sir Humphrey had been motoring, in a hired car, when the attack occurred. Exhibiting amazing resourcefulness, he finds two wanted men: Tom Bowhill, the chauffeur who had driven the hired car, and one Humble, the "hangman" in the drama, from whom he learns the horrible chain of events preceding the first abduction of Sir Humphrey. Clarence Edwards (a movie producer), it appears, had been approached by a group of men and offered a fabulous sum to build a "set" in his studio—a set consisting of a prison cell, a courtyard, and a gallows. In need of money, he had accepted the offer and built the set, which had been used for some mysterious purpose and almost immediately destroyed. The man who had paid him was—*Lord Edward Keynsham!* . . . Keynsham's name is without blemish. Following the war he had, it is known, gone into the exporting and importing business, his principal importation being wines. He had made a good fortune. *But, Scotland Yard learns,* between him and Cecil Brandt, a most suspicious character, there had been some strong bond. It develops that Lord Edward had made several attempts to visit the condemned man, Brandt, who had refused to see him. Why? The operatives resolve to answer the question.

Keynsham has disappeared. Sir Henry Topps, one of his partners, is questioned. As he leaves, the operatives—Sub-Commissioner Matterson, Inspector Smithers, and Pank—raise their eyebrows. *Is* Keynsham (as Sir Henry claims) really in France, discussing a tremendous wine deal with a syndicate of French growers? *Is he?* Or—*has he fled?*

IX

THE sub-commissioner, after exchanging final amenities with his departing visitor, closed the door and returned to his place.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "there doesn't seem to be any mystery about Keynsham's disappearance, at any rate. Sir Henry Topps, who has just gone out, is a sheriff of the City of London, the one ambition of whose life it is to become Lord Mayor. He is a family man with a mansion at Esher, and he grows orchids. I feel sure he will do his best to get in touch with Keynsham. In the meantime—what?"

"Is there any news from Chestow Square, sir?" Smithers inquired.

"None whatever. Sir Humphrey's secretary is in residence there. He reports an increasing pile of letters every morning, but no word whatever from Sir Humphrey."

"And what about the Savoy, sir?"

"I had a report from them this morning. They have locked up Mrs. Brandt's rooms, and everything remains exactly as it was. The maid has been through all the trunks carefully, and reports that nothing is missing. She has repacked the trunks and the door is sealed up."

"I think," Pank decided, picking up his hat and smoothing it absently, "that I shall make another attempt to discover something more about Lord Edward's companions on that night. The connection between him personally and Brandt seems absolutely nonexistent. They are men of an utterly different outlook, and they never appear to have come into contact. If we knew more about those companions of Lord Edward's who were with him that night, it might be helpful. I think that I must pay another visit to Norwich."

"The matter is in your hands, Pank," the sub-commissioner reminded him gloomily. "The only thing I should like to impress upon you both is that none of this is helping directly towards getting Sir Humphrey back."

"Direct means don't seem to lead us anywhere," Pank remarked.

"I THINK," Colonel Matterson went on, "that the terror of the chief's life at the present moment is that some morning one of the sensational papers will discover the truth."

"Might come at any moment," Inspector Smithers commented.

"There's another danger, too," the sub-commissioner confided. "Sir Humphrey has a sister who is a great believer in the press and apparently thinks very little of us. She has promised to keep quiet for one more week and no longer. Supposing nothing happens and she goes, for instance, to the Daily Thunderer—can't you imagine the headlines in the paper the next morning? Something like this, in large type on the first page: 'What Has Happened to Scotland Yard?' And, below that, 'The Nation Demands a Clean Sweep.'" The sub-commissioner leaned back worriedly. "If news of this impossible affair ever reaches the press," he said to Colonel Matterson, 'that's the sort of thing we shall have to put up with."

"I believe," Pank pronounced confidently, "that the solution of Sir Humphrey's disappearance would come in five minutes if we could have Lord Edward Keynsham in this room."

"Why?" Colonel Matterson asked.

"Because, sir," Pank pointed out, "in spite of appearances there must have been something between him, Brandt and Sir Humphrey, which we haven't got hold of yet. Why did Lord Edward Keynsham want Brandt reprieved? Why did Brandt, during his last few hours, when a doomed man as a rule jumps at any chance, refuse to see Lord Edward? Why did Lord Edward call upon Mrs. Brandt? And why, the next day, did she leave the Savoy Court to dine with Sir Humphrey and disappear from the face of the earth?"

"MORE important still," Colonel Matterson put in, "why, after waiting for her for nearly two hours, did Sir Humphrey, left alone in the room for ten minutes, apparently walk out of the window and disappear?"

"All these things are connected, sir," Pank insisted. "It is no good thinking of them in the concrete. There is a single motive underneath the whole business."

"You are right, Pank," the sub-commissioner declared, striking the table with the flat of his hand, "and, bear this in mind—it is a motive big enough to make one of the most popular young peers in the country, who is also a millionaire, risk his reputation, to lock the lips of a famous woman like Katherine Brandt and to involve in its meshes a Cabinet minister whose life has been one of entire discretion."

"And I expect when the truth comes out," Inspector Smithers said bitterly, "it will all seem so easy. The amateurs in their easy-chairs will shake with laughter, and it won't even make a plot for a writer of detective stories."

Pank glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"If you will excuse me, sir," he begged, "I think I will run down to Norwich again for a few hours. I'll be back tomorrow. If not, I will telephone."

The sub-commissioner nodded. There were lines underneath his eyes and he was really looking very worried indeed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I pursue my usual custom. Go about your business your own way. But remember this: The honor of the department,

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It seemed to Choppin that his visitor's face was very white in the shadowy darkness which had crept down upon them

perhaps its very existence in its present form, is in your hands. Sir Humphrey Rossiter must be back in Whitehall a week from today."

"IF EVER," Mr. Humble declared with slow and earnest emphasis, "that miserable little bounder should dare to swagger in here and address his conversation to me again, I shall give him such a thrashing, Harry, as he will remember to the day of his death. I don't care whether he has that saucy little chit of a girl with him or not. She must stand by and see him get what he deserves—him and his bloody heels."

Mr. Humble was leaning in an attitude of graceful ease against the counter of the bar in the sanctum of the Cat and Chickens. Distinctly he was not looking his best. He had a black eye and a gash over his cheekbone, his arm was in a sling and one foot was encased in a slipper. Furthermore, vacant spaces in his mouth clearly denoted the advisability of a visit to his dentist. His clothes were more disreputable than ever; it is true that he wore a worn and crumpled soft collar, but he was without a cravat, and the general appearance of his clothing suggested that he had been taking a roll in the mud.

"Why, this does surprise me surely, Mr. Humble," the landlord remarked. "A nice-spoken young man I thought him, and seemed to have taken quite a fancy to you. Free-handed he was, too. Why, the drinks he stood in this parlor I couldn't no wise keep count of."

"You kept count all right till they were paid for," Mr. Humble chuckled. "You're a good 'un for seeing to that, Harry."

The landlord rubbed the counter vigorously with the cloth which he was carrying.

"It ain't so easy to make a living nowadays that you can afford to forget what's owing to you," he remarked, with a covert glance at the slate which hung upon the wall.

"Never you mind about that," Mr. Humble enjoined emphatically. "You'll get your money in time. What that young man's going to get he'll find out if ever I catch sight of his blasted phiz again."

"What's wrong with him?" Mr. Harry Chittock asked, with some show of curiosity. "What did he do to you?"

"I'll tell you what's wrong with him," was the portentous reply. "He's a bloody liar, that's one thing. Selling those heels wasn't his job down in Norwich. Do you know what he was? Of course you don't. I'll tell you. He was a sneaking little tec. That's what he was."

MR. CHITTOCK paused in his renewed attempts to bring back the polish to the counter.

"You don't tell!" he exclaimed.

"Took advantage of me, he did," Mr. Humble continued. "Me being naturally unsuspicious and ready to confide in anyone, he got me talking and I let drop a word or two here and there. That was all that he wanted. You see the state I'm in, Harry? This is what I got for my good nature."

"Someone do seem to have knocked you about right and proper," the landlord admitted half sympathetically, half with professional interest, for he was himself something of a boxer.

"It's nothing to what I'll do to him," Mr. Humble declared savagely, "if ever he shows his little rat's face in here again. His saucy little chit of a girl won't know him by the time I've finished. If only—" he clenched his fist and looked at it.

There was a quick footstep in the passage. The door opened. Mr. Pank, with good fellowship in his face and a dripping umbrella in his hand, beamed upon them.

"Good evening, Mr. Humble," he exclaimed. "How are you, Harry? I'm like the bad penny, you see. Most comfortable spot I've seen for several hours."

Mr. Humble swallowed hard. He began to wonder whether he had said a little too much. There was something very opulent and genial about the newcomer. Something very benevolent about his expression. Something which suggested a continual stream of warm and comforting drinks and no cold-blooded allusions to the slate. Nevertheless, he felt a sudden pain in his eye. The landlord was watching him with interest.

"WHAT about a hot whisky just to keep the cold out?" Pank suggested cheerfully. "Hot water and a slice of lemon, eh?"

Mr. Humble knew what was due to him as a man, and he tried to forget what hot whisky would taste like.

"You dirty little tike," he said bitterly.

Pank paused in the act of removing his overcoat.

"Mr. Humble," he remonstrated, "what's wrong with you?"

"You and your heels!" was the caustic reply. "I know all about you, Pank. You're a sneak cop, that's what you are."

"Steady, my friend, steady," Pank begged, as, divested finally of his overcoat, he wheeled one of the easy-chairs up to the fire. "You mustn't talk like that, Mr. Humble. It isn't gentlemanly. Besides, it might lead to trouble."

"I've been in that, thanks to you," Mr. Humble growled.

Pank looked him over quickly.

"Now, who's been making a mess of you like that?" he asked. "Letting your tongue run away with you, I expect, eh? Well, don't take any more risks. I'm quick-tempered myself sometimes. Harry, get the hot water and lemon. Humble, my friend, draw your chair up."

"I don't know as I want to drink with a sneak cop," Mr. Humble muttered sullenly, moving a step or two, however, towards the fire.

"Don't be an ass," Pank laughed. "We all have to follow our professions. You might have been hangman today if you could have kept from the drink. Nasty job. I should think keeping you from it was the best thing drink ever did for you. I'm a sneak cop as you say—Detective Inspector Pank of Scotland Yard, if you please. You mayn't like my profession. I should have hated yours. Come and sit down and tell me who's been knocking you about."

Mr. Humble walked to the chair as though mesmerized. He sat down, gazing stealthily all the time at his companion.

"Don't get opening your mouth too wide," he growled. "I was just a carpenter down at Wandsworth. I couldn't have taken that other job on."

"Well, you didn't, anyway, which is a good thing for you," Pank replied. "Now tell me who's been knocking you about?"

"A FELLOW I've never seen before in my life," Mr. Humble complained, eloquent once more at the thought of his grievances. "Came up to me in Swan's Alley, he did, and tapped me on the shoulder. 'Your name Humble?' he asked. 'Well, mine's Bowhill,' he said. 'I'm a chauffeur and I'm going to sock you one in the jaw.' 'What for?' I asked. 'You open your mouth too wide in Harry Chittock's parlor,' he said. 'You're such a fool—you don't know a sneak cop when you see one.' And with that he gave me this black eye."

The landlord presented himself, carrying a tray upon which was a bottle of whisky, a jug of hot water and a lemon cut in slices. Mr. Humble looked at these and sniffed. He was a lost man.

"You're a young fellow," he went on, as he watched the whisky poured into the glass, "that I took a fancy to the moment I saw you, Ernest Pank, but it wasn't scarcely playing the game. I'm not threatening or anything of that sort. But I simply ask—was it quite playing the game?"

"It was not," Pank admitted. "I ought perhaps to have told you the truth at once. Well, anyhow, there you are. You know it now. I'm a Scotland Yard detective and there's one thing always worth remembering about us—if I ask for information and I get it I'm willing to pay for it. Could anything be fairer than that, I ask you?"

"I don't know as it could," Mr. Humble confessed, warmed all through his body by that long, delicious sip. "You know, I like you, Ernest, my lad. If there's anything I can tell you that it's worth your while to hear—"

"And—er—to pay for," Pank murmured softly.

"Well, it's yours," Mr. Humble decided generously. "Ask me anything you choose, Ernest, and I'll tell you the truth."

"Now this is what I call getting comfortable together," Pank declared, sipping from his own tumbler and lighting a cigarette. "I'm interested, Mr. Humble, in those—er—four—or was it five men who were in that stunt with Lord Edward Keynsham."

"Three," his companion corrected him. "There was only three—I was the fourth. Queer blokes they was, too."

"Had you ever seen any of them before?"

"Never before, and never wanted to since," was the prompt reply. "Two or three odd little jobs I did for them

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Amateur Bride

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

IN a moment of desperation—"dropped," so she believes, by the wealthy Henry Morton, Margaret Schuyler, New York society girl marries John Wright, whom she does not love. Wright, a brilliant mining engineer, makes every possible effort to win his wife. . . .

Morton—a finished product of New York's smart world—reappears on the scene. He and Margaret see much of each other. . . . Again and again Wright tells Margaret of the Dos Picos mine in Mexico; of "Meg, the barmaid" at the Dos Picos, and her almost superhuman understanding of men. Following a series of conflicts which leave her in doubt as to which of the two men—John Wright or Morton—she really loves, Margaret disappears—goes to the Dos Picos, finds Meg, begs for her counsel.

Wright, too, is at the mine. And so is Henry Morton, who has followed Margaret to Mexico.

It is Thursday night—"auction evening" for the lonely officers of the isolated mine. Flint, master of ceremonies, rises. "What am I offered for this?" He holds up a key—the key to the barmaid's room. The bidding begins. John Wright is not interested until, glancing up, he sees the barmaid. Meg has vanished. In her place is—*Margaret!* . . . "Eleven hundred dollars!" *Matlock shouts. "Thirteen hundred,"* says Morton. Wright whirls on him, knocks him down, seizes Morton's wallet, makes his bid: "Thirteen hundred and ten bucks!" Flint's voice booms out, "*Sold!*" Wright opens the wallet. It is empty! Flint speaks again. "The key is sold to Larry," he roars. "Get out—all the rest of you!" And Wright, struggling madly, is carried from the room. . . . Alone, the door barred, Margaret and Matlock talk. They agree to "shoot dice." If Matlock wins, he is to remain; if he loses, he is to go. They throw the dice. And Margaret, making use of a trick Meg has taught her, wins. Matlock goes out. Margaret bars the door. Silence. A voice—just outside the door. *John Wright's.*

Conclusion

MARGARET held her breath. Looking down, she could see the tip of the handle of the latch. She watched it, fascinated, waiting for it to move. Presently it would quiver, rattle and throw the old-fashioned latch out of its notch. Then, except for the pressure she was exerting, the door would be open. She tried to think what she would do. To her surprise she even had time to wonder whether she was sorry she had not dropped the bar as soon as Matlock had left. She awoke almost with a start to the sound of footsteps again. Now she knew why she had had so much time to think; they were going away—already they were fading into silence.

She turned and went back to the table where the dice still lay. They looked up at her jeeringly. She was a cheat—and a poor cheat at that. There was something actually ludicrous about the pair of aces hugging each other so closely; they looked like two children caught with the jam still on their faces. She sat down. Matlock had been pretty decent about it; he had been decent all through. She began to remember some of the things he had said and gradually she began to perceive why he had not been angry. That bit about a choice—there's always a choice. This was what he had meant. Before his eyes, from deep within herself, she had declared the choice her tongue had feared to voice. She frowned. Was it possible that she had played the game after all?

Abruptly she realized three things simultaneously—that she was cold, tired and hungry. She got up and went into Meg's room. She had been in there before, but only to change into the gingham dress and then to crouch beside the door, waiting to hear the signal of Meg's laugh. Now she turned on all the lights and started on a voyage of discovery. There were four windows, two open ones facing east, and two west. All were fitted with the iron Venetian blinds peculiar to Latin countries. The room itself was square but not very large. Beyond it, on the south, one third of the space was given up to a bathroom and the rest to a completely appointed kitchen and breakfast-room combined. Whatever else the Dos Picos might lack, it reveled in two things—a strong head of water and an abundance of electric power. She turned on the bath and started the electric range to heating. In a cupboard she found ham and some eggs, and on another shelf, more ham and more eggs. There was also a variety of biscuits.

RETURNING to the bedroom her eyes fell on her own clothes, tossed across the back of a chair. Immediately she was reminded of her traveling bag. Where was it? Where had she left it? She remembered. It must still be in the tonneau of the car, where it had caused considerable inconvenience to Cara Chata's spurred feet. She glanced around the room. Everything was extremely simple, with the simplicity of things made to meet immediate needs. And clean. No cigarette stubs, stained with rouge. Not even an ash tray. She spied a dresser, went to it and opened the drawers. Whether out of haste or generosity, Meg had left her plentifully supplied. The things within were as simple as the furnishings, but they were fresh and seemed still to exude the odor of a hot iron.

She laid out a nightdress, took a bath and made herself a dish of grilled ham and scrambled eggs. Never had food tasted better. Soon after she had eaten she was tucked in bed, with the lights out. Though so tired she felt painfully awake, convinced she could not sleep. She lay in the darkness thinking strange things. Who was she? What was she doing here? Was she glad she had come? Yes, yes, oh, yes! A new life was in her, a new world around her. Whatever happened, this feeling of being alive could only prove a reward. Sometimes, she thought, the maddest things we do turn out to be the sanest. She felt sane, content, and suddenly she slept.

When she awoke the sun was already high in the eastern sky. Since that was the side away from the main street, she threw open the iron shutters and let the warm light pour in. At the sudden view her hand went to her throat. Directly beneath her was a vast barren slide of shale, plunging down into unseen depths. But beyond it were hills and more hills, cascading in ever-fading silhouette until they met the pale line of a misty horizon. She opened her arms to the sun, threw back her head and laughed without making a sound. She was free—so free that freedom seemed to choke her.

There was one advantage in rising so late—breakfast and lunch became a combined meal. Dressed in the little blue-and-white frock of the day before, she went into the bar. Apparently she had done the usual thing in leaving the street door unbarred, for everything had been put to rights. Not only was the place in order, but it was sweet and clean, much cleaner than she could have managed to make it herself. Upon entering she had been aware of a sensation approaching a shock. It had puzzled her, but now she realized it arose merely from surprise at the discovery that the big room was pleasant, restful.

She slipped into the same high chair she had occupied during the most momentous hours of her life. How strange that that torrent of excitement should have swept through her and through this room and left so little trace! How quiet everything was, how abnormally empty! What if this quiet should go on for hours, forever? She looked around for something to read and her eyes fell on Meg's knitting on a shelf beside her knee. She took it up and examined it curiously. Was knitting so awfully difficult? Remembering some of the women she had seen knit, she decided it couldn't be. She would learn. By taking out the knots she could figure how to put them back again.

"A new one, eh?" Ashby

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As she worked at puzzling the thing out, she thought of the men one by one, astonished to find their personalities stamped on her mind with the clarity of a brand—as though with a hot iron! She knew them. From young Smith, callow and tender, to old Flint, granite rock of a man, she knew them as she had never known any man before. Even Morton had become real before her eyes after ten years of seeing him, and as for John—John Wright—

The street door opened and he strode in, alone. Her heart leaped into her throat as he came resolutely toward her. What was he about to do? Though no trace of anger nor even of distress remained in his face, she felt a strange tremor which was neither fear nor expectation. She longed to brace herself as he drew near but her will commanded her fingers to hold the knitting needles as lightly as she had been holding them when he first appeared.

"Hello, Meg," was his greeting as he laid a dollar bill before her on the counter.

"Hello—Jack," she managed to answer. "What's this for?"

"The dollar?"

"Yes."

"Why, for a smile as usual. What did you think it was for?"

SHE looked into his face, searching it. It seemed different, and yet not different. It was not the tormented face of last night nor that of his angry moments in New York. It looked not thin, but thinned—as if something had been washed out of it, leaving its lines clear and firm. Somehow it carried her back to the occasion of their first meeting and then seemed to sweep her forward to their wedding night when, with raised glass, she had told him he had his moments of magnificence. Remembering that pledge, and all that had happened since, her lips started to curl into a smile. But suddenly all the strength went out of her without warning. The knitting slipped from her fingers. She spread her arms on the counter and fell forward, sobbing as if her heart would break.

He put out his hand and laid it lightly on her shoulder. "Buck up, girl; the boys are on their way." She heard Bingo Brown's execrable voice—"The gold was in the mountain, the mountain, the mountain!" She felt a tingling in her shoulder, as if strength were streaming into her from the tips of John's fingers. She straightened, a smile already on her lips. The door opened, the singing swelled, and Bingo Brown was in the room.

"Hello, Meg," he sang—almost everything he said was a sort of song. "A drink, a small one, the cheapest one you've got."

"I don't know anything about the prices," she said, turning her moist smile on him. "You'll have to point out what you want and tell me how much it is."

"Have this one on me, Bingo," said Wright pleasantly.

Brown faced about, frowning. "Why, Jack! I swear I never saw you. I thought Meg and I were alone."

"You mean I didn't see you," said Wright, "but I've changed my mind. What will it be?"

"I'll take a brandy and soda," said Brown, naming the most expensive drink on the list, "with just a dash of tears, please."

Before Margaret or Wright could react to his pointed request, Bill Bower, now general manager, came in with Smith at his heels. Smith was carrying a bag which Margaret recognized with joy.

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" she exclaimed. "How awfully nice of you!"

"So it's yours, is it?" said Smith, setting the bag down near the private door and coming to lean on the counter. "By the way," he said confidentially, "they call me Al. I don't know why, because my name's really Robert Gordon Smith."

"Then I'll call you Gordon," said Margaret. "I think Gordon is a lovely name."

He frowned. "Better not. Better stick to Al or Smitty unless we're alone—if ever we are alone!"

Wright offered drinks to the newcomers. Bower promptly objected. On this day, his first in office, custom decreed that no one should pay but himself. Wright not only acceded good-naturedly; to Margaret's surprise he also consented to substitute for Matlock as a fourth at contract if the rest would give him a few pointers until he got on to the game, unknown in his day and heretofore scorned. Flint entered. With only a nod of greeting he marched to his usual place, climbed on the stool and proceeded to stuff his pipe.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Flint," said Margaret.

"Flint," said Flint.

"All right—Flint."

"Howdy, Meg." He lit the pipe and smoked in a silence that grew and grew. Margaret turned restless. She had a feeling that something was wrong. What was it? Gradually the truth came to her. She was being overwhelmed by the monumental peace with which she found herself surrounded. To no avail did she remind herself that in the person of a perennial Meg she was running a bar single-handed on top an invisible world. In vain did she conjure the events of the previous evening. What was finished was gone. Had it not been for the distant rumble of the stamps she might have believed herself in some Nirvana of the slumbering dead.

"Flint!"

"What?"

"Is it always as quiet as this?"

He looked at her quizzically, his red lips stirring under the canopy of his great mustache. "Oh, not always. Take last night, for instance."

"YES; of course. Was—was that more exciting than usual?"

The smile went out of his eyes, but only to yield place to admiration. "Yes, my dear, it was, and if you were disappointed, I congratulate you on your past."

She laughed a low, contented laugh. She liked Flint. "Where's Mr. Matlock?" she asked. "And where's the other Meg?"

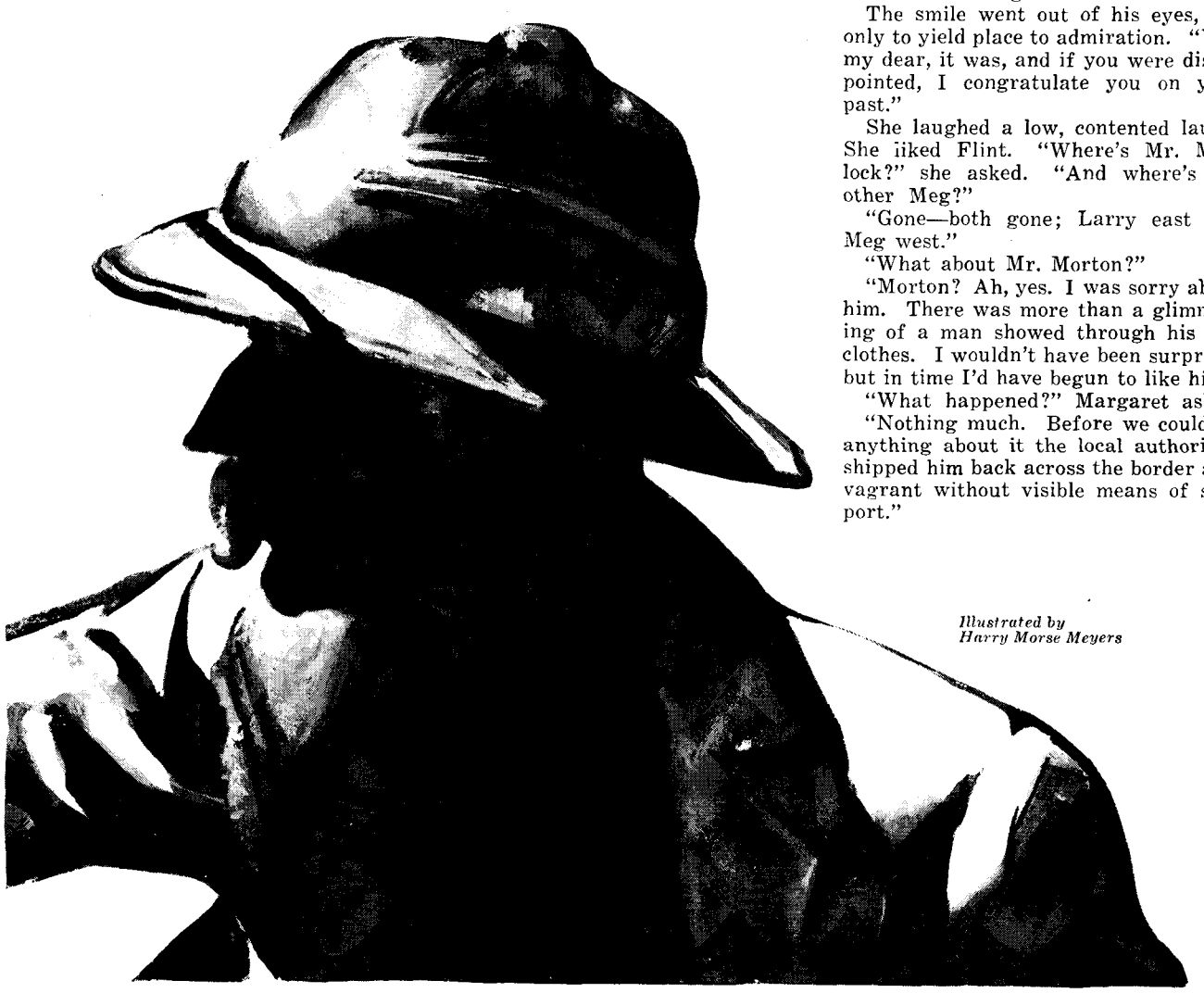
"Gone—both gone; Larry east and Meg west."

"What about Mr. Morton?"

"Morton? Ah, yes. I was sorry about him. There was more than a glimmering of a man showed through his fine clothes. I wouldn't have been surprised but in time I'd have begun to like him."

"What happened?" Margaret asked.

"Nothing much. Before we could do anything about it the local authorities shipped him back across the border as a vagrant without visible means of support."



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

studied her critically. "And not so bad—not so bad"

"Oh," said Margaret, "that's funny—really funny!" But she did not laugh.

"Friend of yours?" said Flint.

"I'd seen him before," she answered a little vaguely, "but I can't say I ever knew him. Things change, don't they? I mean people."

"No," said Flint, "I can't say they do. Before you get as old as I am you'll find out it's only the light that changes—the light you see 'em in. Good light and bad light, but inside we're always the same."

"I don't believe that," said Margaret, thinking of herself.

"Don't you?" said Flint with a drawl. "Well, naturally you know a lot more about it than I do, because I can only judge from the hundred and fifty thousand men and half a dozen women who have passed through my hands. It's my observation that people are born with or without courage, a thing no surgeon has ever learned how to cut away or graft on. If without, it keeps showing on 'em to the end. If with, it's a thing that doesn't lie. No, sir—we travel, but we don't change."

"What about me? Which am I?"

"Offhand," said Flint in the dragging voice of a careful calculator, "it's my opinion you've got plenty."

BOWER announced that he was throwing a dinner party to all and sundry but he did not include Margaret. She felt rather left out as one man after another departed to clean up for the feast. Evidently Meg's realm, so guarded in many respects, shared the drawbacks which invariably accompany the benefits of exterritoriality—protection, but only while you stay inside your own fence. About nine o'clock she began to wonder how late custom demanded that she keep open, but just as she was about to call it a day, Messrs. Brown and Smith returned and settled down to a game of backgammon. They paid scarcely any attention to her, were very frugal in the matter of drinks, and played with an intensity that verged on the sinister. It was almost as if each were proclaiming his intention to win the other's shirt or die before another Thursday should roll around. Promptly at eleven they left.

Thus passed Margaret's second evening in charge and on succeeding days she was to be bewildered by the discovery that even a barmaid can know monotony. Oddly enough, the high light in each afternoon consisted in a few minutes' chat with her own husband!

It took all her wit to isolate the formula which had enabled him to become evenly affable, kindly and witty in a round of the clock, but once found, she promptly adopted it herself. It consisted of three words—she was Meg. Once she had accepted the same premise, everything else followed with an astonishing smoothness. He jollied her as no doubt he had often jollied the original Meg and she answered in the same vein. Yet, in some subtle manner, he managed to preserve a certain distance, dangling a puzzling personality before her eyes but never bringing it within actual reach. What was he up to? Was all this serenity a mask behind which he was planning a final master blow?

She could not believe it. Looking at him from the imaginary distance he himself enforced she acquired a new perspective and began to perceive points in him she had previously only vaguely appreciated. The mountain air ranged through his body as if by right—as if he and it belonged to each other to a peculiar degree. He had always been as strong and lean as a flail, but now he was healthy, with that bloom which makes the human skin seem to breathe.

No wonder she was puzzled, but since he would have her Meg she would be

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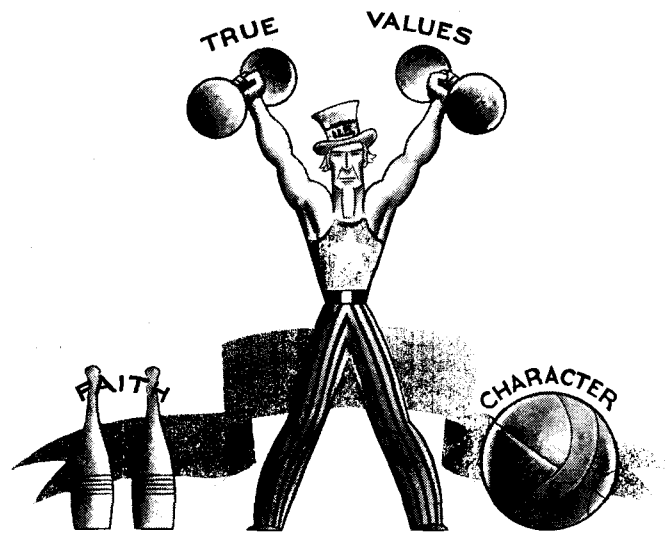
Strike up the Band!

By Don Marquis



We have got to stage our comeback out of our character as a people

A LOT of us wouldn't mind a revolution so terribly if we were sure it would be guided throughout by the more conservative elements of the community.

As soon as a few millions of people get over worrying about what the stock market is going to do to them next, it won't be able to do so much to them.

A QUEER thing about the human species is that, in the long run, it gets about what it wants, if it wants it badly enough to work for it. When it gets to wanting something like peace and a fighting chance for happiness more than it wants wars and the misery of debts, it can have these things. But the gods are not going to force them upon a race which persists in rejecting them.

PERHAPS misfortune, or the semblance of misfortune, does not really matter so much as the spirit in which it is met. We have been having—this is not presented as news—pretty tough times in this country for a good many months.

But for the most part, the people of America have been meeting their troubles with an excellent spirit; and that is the best augury for the future which we could possibly have. I know, you know, everybody knows, dozens and scores of instances of people who have been taking, in one way or another, an awful series of wallops right on the chin. It should not be astonishing that so many people have met their misfortunes in such an excellent spirit and made the best of things, for, after all, the people of these states in the vast majority of cases have nerve, courage, what is known to the sporting writers as guts.

WITH the return of prosperity, which is coming back as certainly as the seasons come, this spirit may operate to prevent a recurrence of some of the riotous and more foolish aspects of the boom days. In the meantime, here is a thought to hold onto: *A country which can come through boom times and hard times both and not be entirely demoralized by either, has got a solid basis upon which to build.*

An upward tendency of the stock market based solidly upon a restoration of public confidence and upon a stabilization of legitimate values would obviously be a real blessing, but I could imagine no more devastating catastrophe than a sudden jump into another insane period of inflation and red-eyed gambling. The inevitable recession from that would leave us as flat on the beach as the remains of a defunct starfish.

BOTH the boom which preceded it and the depression which followed have been but two phases of the same general movement, and both could happen again. We have got to stage our comeback out of our character as a people and out of a sharpened perception of the real values of life. We will get about as much help and sympathy from the other nations of the world as you could put in the blind part of an old owl's eye; and perhaps that is all we have deserved from them.

Some people are so naturally pessimistic that they are afraid to think of the end of the depression: it will hurt them so to have nothing to grouch about.

The Old Soak made a remark the last time he was in to see me, to this effect: "Pulling yourself out of a hole by the bootstraps is hard work, but it certainly does develop the liftin' muscles!"

TECHNOCRACY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
  Are like synthetic pearls to me;
I analyze them, every hour apart—
  Technocracy! Technocracy!

The advance and new freedom of the twentieth century, in life and in the arts about which we hear so much talk, have been after all merely a return to the candid expression of the eighteenth century.

There was once a young country so Dry
It lacked Beer into which it might Cry,
  And what fun are Depressions
  And such-like Obsessions
For a people who can't Pipe the Eye?

AN OPEN LETTER

MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT,
  President-Elect:

Here's a little catalog
  Of things we all expect:
The price of wheat must rise, sir,
  For the farmer's sake,
The cost of flour be lowered
  For the bread we bake;
Provide us with a Navy
  Of great magnificence,
And set about reducing
  The cost of armaments;
The rents we pay as tenants
  Must surely be reduced,
The rents we get as landlords
  Badly need a boost;
Please see that all our exports
  Which sail across the seas
Make lovely profits for us,
  Our imports, also, please;
Take care that all our radicals
  Are spanked and sent to bed,
And please preserve the liberties
  For which our papas bled;
If one should raid the Treasury
  Make short work of him,
And please increase the pensions
  Of me and my pal Jim.
Mr. Franklin Roosevelt,
  It isn't much we ask,
We'd hesitate to set you
  A toilsome kind of task;
And a hundred million people
  Are ready to be nice
With a hundred million different
  Kinds of sage advice.

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

The way we have been meeting our troubles is the best augury for the future which we could have

"I GOT some good neighbors," said the Old Soak, "and then I got some others that ain't so agreeable. Yesterday, for instance, as I turned into my gate at home, I stepped onto a pebble and it rolled and I fell down. Mrs. Arkwright, who lives next door to us, come along and pretended to think I was plumb intoxicated.

"'Well,' says she, 'here is the old reprobate one step further along on the road to Hades!'

"I didn't consider what to answer her; some higher power put words into my mouth, like the Good Book says. 'Thank you kindly, Mrs. Arkwright,' I says, 'and when I get there is there some little message I can deliver to any of the three husbands you henpecked to death?'

"'They ain't there!' says she, gettin' red in the face.

"'You figure they earned heaven by the punishment they took on earth?' I says. 'Well, mebby so!'

"Ten minutes later, she called up the police station and wanted to get our cat pinched for tryin' to catch a mouse in her garage."

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Mary Garden in the rôles she has immortalized for opera lovers the world over. Below, as Thaïs in Massenet's opera of that name

Of Me I Sing

So many people had asked Mary Garden why she never married, she finally answered: "Give me a man who can thrill me as last night's audience did, and I'll marry him." Here she carries you with her through the high notes of her career

By Mary Garden

Culver Photos

FOR some inscrutable reason, evidently meant to be an integral part of whatever achievement has been mine, I have been the creator of more operatic rôles than are apportioned to most singers.

Not all of these rôles brought with them permanent success, but each one of them was an experience set apart and framed with a developing element that has been lasting and ineradicable; some because of their brilliant and vital contacts, others because of certain absorbing processes they put one through.

Soon after what the world has called my spectacular success in Charpentier's Louise, Carré, director of the destinies of the Opéra Comique, decided to produce a short opera called Hélène. It was based on the story of Helen of Troy, composed by Camille Saint-Saëns, and Carré proposed giving me the leading character to create.

It was arranged that I should meet Saint-Saëns at the Comique, which I did. He sat at the piano and played the entire score through for me, and then every day until we rehearsed with the entire cast, taught me the part himself. He was a very tiny man with beautiful, young-looking hands, like a schoolboy's, on which the nails were bitten to the quick. He was rude and cold and cynical—delicately brutal and brutally delicate. One often finds in the highly developed Gaul a racial strain that has seeped through from some savage Frankish blood. He was icily impassive, until he touched the piano. Only then he came alive and you saw the liberation of the real Saint-Saëns.

A Name That Will Live in Music

He had a way of taunting us and grimacing at our mistakes. But I never minded his strange, impatient ways, for his metallic hardness always held an ungrudging justice and a cold sincerity; all his black humors were more than balanced by his gorgeous musicianship.

Camille Saint-Saëns has never had the place he deserves, but he will live when Jules Massenet, with whose operas I have also been identified, will be forgotten. Greatness never meets anything strong enough to oppose it. Massenet is always theater—Saint-Saëns never; and the one who was never theater will have permanence by reason of the clear-cut splendor of his superb style.

Hélène was not a success; the whole partition was wrapped in a heroic mold, yet there was no fire. It should have roared with the rapture and ecstasy of passion, but he had carried his mastery of form to such an extent of epic appropriateness that it was crystal-pure, exquisite—cold and dead.

There marched into my experience at this period the last of the great Titans, one of those extremely brilliant and picturesque figures of the French stage.

Sardou and Sardoodledum

An opera had been written by Pierné called La Fille de Tabarin, and the librettist was the famous playwright, Victorien Sardou. It was put into rehearsal at the Comique and Sardou directed the play. He came every day wearing a velvet skullcap and a velvet coat in the side pocket of which was tucked an enormous white silk handkerchief. When I met Sardou he was not young, but the *affaires passionnelles* he had had with some of the celebrated women of Paris had left no legacies on his face. It was calm—like an old ecclesiast's—except for his weary, instructed eyes, so full of consuming episodes and vast experience. He cried constantly at his own drama; the tears would pour down and drip one by one on his velvet coat. Everything, no matter how small or impersonal, was drama to Sardou. Never have I known such a terrific urge to make of all life a mood of the theater—the abandoned hang of a woman's body, the impressive nobility of some passing face, just to see human beings walk beautifully. Objects, too. He would weep on seeing the Invalides and Victor Hugo's house. He might have stood as an emblem of all France, he had so much ardor and *chaleur*. Music as tonal cadences interested him but little—only in so far as it was the medium of a lot of strident emotion.

One day at rehearsal he turned to Carré when I had finished singing, saying: "It is the finality in her voice that makes it dramatic. It is the thing that makes her great! And she, *mon Dieu*, she thinks it is the music."

I had already sung the rôle of Massenet's Manon at the Comique, and it was *(Continued on page 43)*

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Cold Trails

Continued from page 9

and compact balance, stared at the huge old man.

"What I don't see," he said, "is why you were in such a hurry to report to the sheriff, with so little known."

"I had no choice. I was still looking over the ground when I sighted a rider, about a mile off. In a minute I made out it was Link Bender. Maybe you can remember when Link's Seven S was bigger than the 94. Maybe you remember how he tried to pinch out the 94—almost put Marian's father to the wall. I broke him of all that! But he's never swallered that he was licked. I've got plenty enemies, Billy; but Link Bender is the smartest of 'em. Naturally I couldn't leave it so's he could report he seen me sneaking away. So I had to signal him over and show him what I found."

"And he read the sign the same as you?"

"Billy, I keep telling you! There ain't any other way to read that sign."

"Yes, but look here—the supposed dead man's horse—"

"Link Bender took off on the trail of the dead man's horse. Hoping to find the body, like a fool. I let him go, and haven't seen him since. So I don't know what he found. But he went and reported to the sheriff, like I knew he would."

"I should think you'd have been some interested in the dead man's *caballo* yourself."

"More interested in the other side of it. The killer's trail took to the crick. Short Crick runs two hands deep on stone for two miles, then disappears in the sand. I took to the crick and hunted for where the killer left it. Plenty horse bands water at Short Crick, wading in and out. I lost the trail.

"So pretty soon," Horse Dunn finished, "I rode back to the ranch. By that time it had come to me what I might be up against here. So I had a wire sent to you."

THEY trotted two miles in silence. "I've been trying to figure out," Billy Wheeler said at last, "where I fit in this."

Dunn was silent for a little way. "I've got enemies, Billy," he said finally.

"A few head of 'em," Wheeler agreed.

"Before heaven," Dunn said, "I've give every man his just dues! But plenty people think I've pushed on the reins, trying to make the 94 a great brand. Rufe Deane blames me for the death of his son—which God knows I had no hand in. Pinto Halliday swears I cut the ground from under him through the shark loan companies. Link Bender claims I swamped a range—overgrazed and wrecked it—to put him down. Lies, all lies!"

This Billy Wheeler understood. "I know."

"And you know, too," Dunn reminded him, "the cow country is in terrible bad shape. Everybody has had to borrow, for three years straight. Nobody has borrowed deeper than the 94. Now our debts come due again. I have to go to Las Vegas, maybe to San Francisco. It's a close call to keep the 94 out of bankruptcy! Now, suppose this coyote ring, with Link Bender at the head of it, can force some trouble onto the 94. Suppose that trouble is made to look bad enough so that I can't extend those loans—let alone increase 'em? The work of fifteen years drops from under like a shot pony!"

Wheeler frowned. "There used to be a pretty square bunch running the county offices at Inspiration," he said.

"There was while Tom Amos was alive. He's dead; his boy is sheriff—and he isn't man enough for it. Link Bender's ring runs the whole show. They're fixed to make a case stick, all right—for a little while—even if it's a poor one. And, boy, we don't know yet if the case is going to be poor."

"I can't see yet where they have any case at all," Wheeler said flatly.

"The killing is on my range. Easy to get holt of a motive."

Wheeler considered. "But when the body is found—"

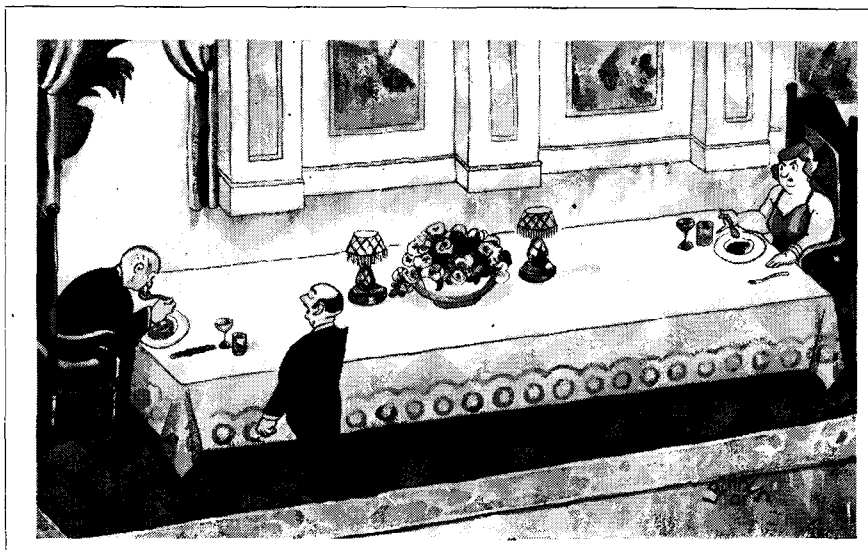
"Who knows what'll be found—if Link Bender's people are the ones to find it! May be that the dead man couldn't possibly be a cow thief. Maybe he was shot in the back, muzzle to his shirt. Maybe he was unarmed."

"And maybe somebody shot a jack rabbit," Wheeler suggested.

"WHO ever seen a jack rabbit on a horse?" Dunn shrugged. "It's going to be almighty necessary that we know more about this than the other fellers, Billy. I sent for a good man to help us with that end of it. I sent for Old Man Coffee of McTarnahan."

"I've heard of him. I guess he's pretty good on a trail. But still I don't see where I fit, Horse."

"Suppose Link Bender's crowd can work it out to hold me on some trumped-up charge—sixty, ninety days? Long enough for the 94 to go to pieces in the face of its called loans? There's going to be more to pulling the 94 through the landslide than a wagon boss like Val Douglas can handle. There's got to be a different man on the ground—and that man is you."



"Madame wishes you to pipe down, sir!" *Joseph Lazarus*

For a moment Wheeler was deeply troubled. If, by any chance, Horse Dunn's prophecies should prove correct, Wheeler did not see how he could refuse the old man the assistance he asked. But evidently this would mean that Wheeler would have to sign on to help with the management of the 94.

Thinking of this awkward possibility, he thought again of the blue eyes of Marian Dunn, of the strangely lovely glow of her face in the reflected light of the red-gold hills. For him there was a magic in that girl. It was a magic which could humble a man and break him, heart and soul, taking the light out of every victory he might win, when only she turned away her face. And he heard her voice, full of that same magic still: "I'm sorry—truly sorry. . . ."

It was his hope to forget this girl, to learn to build his life around other things. And he knew that he would never be able to forget her while he lived, if now again he should have to live near her, seeing her every day of the world—unable to shut her face away even by darkness, or by closing his eyes. He could not refuse Horse Dunn—yet, under the circumstances, neither could he come to Dunn's aid. If Dunn was right—

Wheeler came to himself and shrugged it off. The old man's wary movements of defense before any blow was struck showed Wheeler how much store the Old Man of the 94 set upon the security and the future of his brand, so that suddenly he felt sorry for Horse Dunn. To mind came a fragment of song that seemed to him singularly appropriate to Horse Dunn's case; and he hummed it under his breath:

"I had a hoss named Baldy,
He was a pain to me,
For spooks kept after Baldy—
They wouldn't leave him be.
And every time he seen a spook
You should of heard him yell;
He loosed all holts and come unwound,
And bucked me flat as hell."

"What's that song?" Horse demanded suspiciously.

"It's an Indian song, called Bury Me Upside Down," Wheeler lied.

"Wait," Dunn said, as if he had read Wheeler's mind. "Wait and see."

Far ahead dark specks of horsemen showed, emerging from Chuck Box Wash as if from the surface of the plain. Dunn booted his pony into a lope.

WALT AMOS, sheriff of the Red Hills country, was a youngish man, with a direct but mild, gray-green eye; though he carried no excess weight he had those rounded features which make the faces of certain men appear as cornerless and unobjectionable as an egg. He led a low-headed pony by a rope to his saddle horn.

"I'm right glad you rode over, Horse," he said when the 94 men had drawn up. "You'll be able to help Link, here, recall how the sign looked when you first seen it."

Behind him, lounging in their saddles, sat three others. These, Wheeler knew, were Link Bender, tall, hawk-faced, close-lipped; Link's son, a lanky, weasel-faced youth whom Wheeler knew only as "the kid"; and Cayuse Cayetano, a saffron-faced Indian 'breed who wore a circular shield marked "Indian Police" upon a green and black checked shirt.

These three had nodded in greeting, but said nothing; and now there was a moment's awkward pause. In the silence could be heard an irregular moaning sound somewhere far to the north—the bellowing of cattle working themselves into a state of mind over some unknown thing.

"I was figuring to ride over to your place later, anyway, Dunn," the sheriff said. "I was especially kind of hoping you'd recognize this horse."

"Link Bender—" Dunn said slowly—"he found him, did he?"

"He found the horse—this horse; not the man."

Dunn studied the led horse at the sheriff's flank. "So this," Dunn said, "is the horse a feller got killed on."

The horse the sheriff led was a runty bay of the wild pony type which infests the intermountain ranges from border to border. It bore no brand; but broad on the withers and extending downward on the off side almost to the knee were the dust-crusted stains of yesterday's blood.

Dunn leaned low to study the feet of the led horse.

"It's the horse from Short Crick, all right," he said at last. "No, I never seen him before."

The sheriff looked hopefully at Wheeler, but Billy Wheeler shook his head.

"Nobody knows the damn' animal!" the sheriff burst out fretfully. "I'd have thought you fellers would know every horse in the country by this time."

"You get around as much as anybody," Dunn grunted. He studied the pony's hackamore—a common rope hackamore such as might have been any man's. "Where's the saddle?"

"Link didn't find any saddle."

Dunn glanced at the dark, lean-visaged Link Bender. "Dead man must have taken his saddle with him across the big divide," he commented sarcastically.

Sheriff Amos looked irritated. "Well, come on; we'll look over the ground."

THEY turned and rode northward at a jog. A curious tension had come over them for no plain reason. It showed in the bony, tight-drawn features of Link Bender; his face was as expressionless as rock, except that his mouth, half hidden by his mustache, was a hard, clamped line. It showed, too, in Kid Bender's face, in the form of a kind of hard, sarcastic-looking wariness; and in the shifty-eyed detachment of Cayuse Cayetano, who seemed to wish his connection with the sheriff's party to be as little noticed as possible. As for the sheriff himself, he was irritable and restless—a man too much worried by too little.

They were nearing Short Creek; and the bellowing of cattle had become near and strong—a fantastic, deep booming broken by whistling soprano squalls. "What the devil them steers raising hell about?" Amos demanded querulously.

Nobody answered him. They rode in a peculiarly oppressive silence—a silence somehow unnatural and ominous, even among these naturally quiet men. Now as they rounded the shoulder of Two Bull Butte they sighted the disturbed cattle at the quarter mile, a dark, milling knot, restless with tossing heads.

Link Bender raised his clenched hands to the sky and swore abruptly, savagely. "There goes your sign! There goes your evidence, and your trails!"

Billy Wheeler's scalp crawled; men might misread the sign, but the cattle knew. One of the strangest things of the range, and the source of many a weird legend, was the way the big white-faced range steers would come for miles to mark the place of a killing, bawling and pawing, and throwing the dirt over their backs.

The sheriff said in a strange voice, "Is that the place?"

"Sure it's the place! The fool crit-

(Continued on page 30)

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Stewed California Prunes
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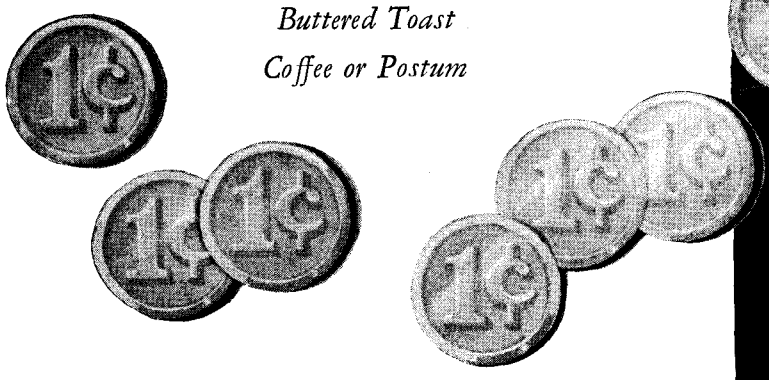

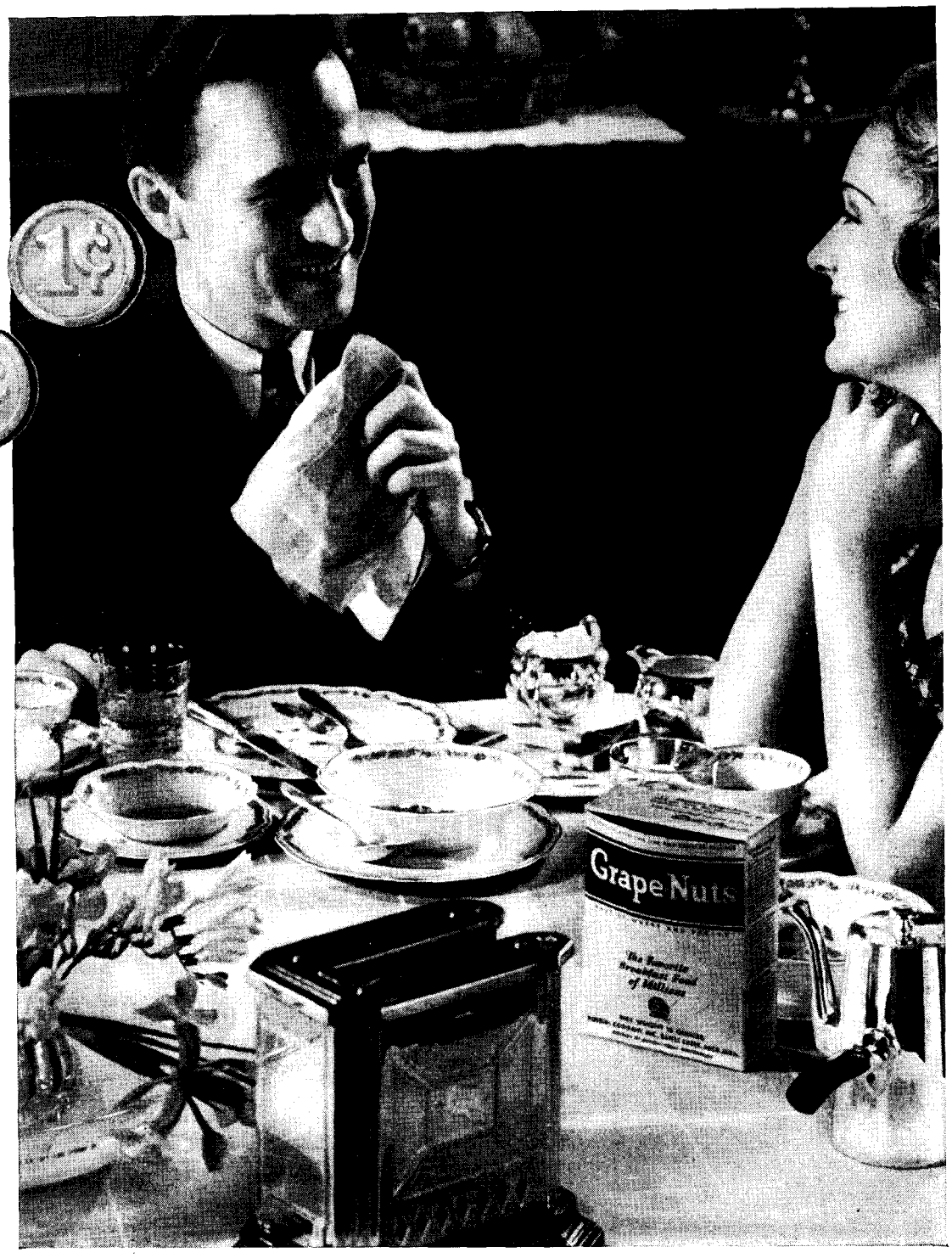

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"So imagine how tickled I was to learn I could give him this kind of breakfast—the energy and varied nourishment he needs—for only 7¢! And he loved it, too!"

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In this 7¢ breakfast, it is *Grape-Nuts*—the vital energy food — that makes this low-cost meal a fully nourishing one.

For Grape-Nuts gives you concentrated nourishment — so necessary for starting the day's work. Served with milk and sugar, Grape-Nuts provides as much energy as two eggs—and more *varied* nourishment than many a hearty meal!

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Your grocer has Grape-Nuts. Order Grape-Nuts today. A General Foods product.

NOTE: *This breakfast has been purchased for less than 7¢ by a dietician in several types of stores in a market where prices are higher than average. In many parts of the country this cost will be even less.*

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Cold Trails

Continued from page 28

ters have swarmed in on the smell of blood!"

Wheeler heard Horse Dunn curse between his teeth. The Old Man jumped his pony forward, whipping up side and side, and charged down upon the milling cattle. The others joined him, whooping and whipping up their ponies.

The steer bunch broke reluctantly, half inclined to face out the charging riders. Kid Bender seized the tail of a steer, hooked it over his saddle horn, and threw the animal into a somersault with the rush of his horse; then tailed and threw a second and a third. One of them, getting up with a horn broken off, rushed bucking through the other cattle, stirring them into movement. After that the herd got under way, and moved off; but even then some of the cattle turned at a distance to stand watching in a ragged semicircle, bawling and pawing still.

Wheeler had been less interested in the running off of the cattle than in the reactions of the riders. All sign would have been obliterated; he was anxious now to see who would be exasperated and who indifferent. Watching, he noted the conspicuous fury of Link Bender, the red-eyed anger of Horse Dunn—and the watchful detachment of Cayuse, the Indian.

The riders were gathering again, disgruntled as they focussed upon the stretch of creek the cattle had trampled. Horse Dunn brought his pony near to that of Kid Bender.

"You make almighty free with 94 cattle," he said. "Who told you to tail over them steers?"

"Might be," Bender answered, meeting his eye, "you was just as well pleased to see them steers blot out the sign, huh?"

Sheriff Walt Amos drifted his horse between them. "Cut it out," he snapped. "I don't want any of that—you hear? Whether there's any sign left or not, you two know what you saw. I want that dope now—inch by inch."

DUNN shrugged. "Keep back a little, all of you," he said. "I'll show you just what I first found here."

He circled a little and brought them to Short Creek again, two hundred yards upstream.

"Here you see my trail as I come up to the crick," he said; "it's the trail of the same horse I'm riding today. . . . Here you see the trail of the two horses of the killer and the feller that was killed, riding side by side along the rim of the cut. Right here my trail comes on to theirs. You, Amos—notice that my trail is twenty hours younger'n the other two."

"I'm not so sure," Link Bender said.

The sheriff hesitated, studying the tracks glumly from the saddle. He turned to the Indian. "What do you say, Cayuse?"

Cayuse Cayetano spoke briefly and promptly in Spanish. "This horse of Dunn's came yesterday," he said. "The other two horses, maybe one day before. Not the same time."

"That Indian's a deer hunter," Sheriff Amos said. "When Cayuse says he knows, he knows. We'll let it stand at that."

"You'll have to take my word for it from here on," Dunn told them. "The cattle sure smeared it up. But anyway—here the two-horse trail dropped down into the crick bed. So did I."

He led them down into the cut and along the margin of the water. Only cattle tramplings showed in the little rifts of sand on stone.

Dunn moved a hundred yards downstream, checked his landmarks, and stopped. "Here's where the feller was shot," he said; "he keeled out of the saddle. His horse stampeded across the crick, running some sideways. The feller was being dragged, like from the stirrup."

Dunn turned and led across the shallow water. "As I rode up this bank," he told the sheriff, "I seen that the trail of the killer was following the trail of the stampeded horse—the same as I." He led on another fifty yards across a maze of cattle tramplings. "Here," he said finally, "is where the feller broke loose from the saddle."

"How'd you know he fell loose here?" Amos asked.

"Because he wasn't dragged no further," Dunn said shortly.

For a moment now they sat staring morosely at a shallow, bowl-like pit which the dusty pawing of the cattle had dug. In that silence the bawling of the steers moved closer again. There was something horrible about the stubborn fascination of the cattle, as if something resistless and unseen had sent the uncomprehending brutes here to dig a shallow grave.

"This what you saw, Link?" Sheriff Amos asked.

Bender nodded. "So far."

"The trail of the killer turned back from here," Dunn said. "It took to the crick. I tried to find where it come out of the crick. There was too many horse tracks from the range stock; I never found where it come out. While I was trying to trail it, Link Bender come by and I hailed him. After I showed him what I found he took off after the dead man's horse."

There was a long pause. "This all you fellers got to show?" the sheriff said at last.

"That's all," Dunn said.

Link Bender nodded. "I lost the trail of the dead feller's horse," he said shortly. "I swung wide and found the horse further on, but I never seen the saddle."

THE sheriff sat his horse for almost a full minute, as if in thought. He seemed about to speak, then apparently thought better of it. Silently he led back the way they had come. They were nearly back to Chuck Box Wash before anyone spoke.

"This is a pretty bad thing, Dunn," Amos said tentatively, at last. "The big end of the Red Hills cowmen are pretty well stirred up."

"Funny," Dunn said dryly, "how quick the word got round."

They had come to the forking of their trails, where Dunn would turn westward toward his home ranch. They pulled up their horses.

"Dunn," the sheriff said, "you wasn't figuring to go any place, was you?"

"Amos," said Horse Dunn, "what you mean by that?"

The sheriff met his eye directly, but without pleasure. "I'll have to ask you not to leave the county, Dunn."

HORSE DUNN was visibly angering. "Name your reason, then!"

"We haven't any *corpus delicti* yet," the sheriff admitted. "But you grant there's been a killing. This killing is on your range. Of course, first thing everybody thinks is that someone of the 94 outfit shot him a cow thief; but—"

"I'll tell you this," Dunn said. "If I'd had a chance to down a cow thief, I'd have downed him, all right. And I'd have brought him in to you, across his own saddle!"

"That's just it, Dunn," the sheriff pointed out. "Nobody brought him in. He isn't even found. If somebody is trying to hide this thing, then it ain't any common cow-thief killing; it's murder is what it is. There's something almighty funny going on here, Dunn."

Suddenly Billy Wheeler remembered that Dunn was facing out something greater than two or three men on horses. Link Bender stood for a whole ring of half-whipped brands—the wolf ring, waiting hopefully on its haunches; Sheriff Amos represented a county. Behind these men were numbers and strength—and against the many the Old Man of the 94 stood opposed as a powerful thumb opposes the fingers of a hand.

"And so," Horse Dunn thundered, "you take it on yourself to tell me where I'll go and come!"

"There's plenty stuff has to be cleared up," the sheriff said stubbornly. "One thing, why was those two unknown fellers riding toward the home ranch of the 94?"

"How do I know that?" Dunn demanded. "If they're like the average run of the Red Hills, they was most likely looking for something to steal!"

"All the more reason we have to know where you are," the sheriff retorted. "If it's a cow thief that's dead, who would shoot him on your range but you or one of your boys?"

"Not one of my neighbors." Horse Dunn let his eyes drift to Link Bender's face. "No, not them! They'd never make a move—unless it was to hand the feller his brander."

Instantly Link Bender said, "What do you mean by that?"

In the little moment before Horse Dunn's reply, Billy Wheeler glanced about him, noting the position of the men. Of them all, only Cayuse Cayetano appeared to be unarmed. Link Bender sat alongside the sheriff, but separated from him by the led horse. Wheeler saw him exchange a quick glance with his son, who sat detached, a little to one side. With one spur Wheeler woke his pony, so that it moved sideways, nearer Kid Bender. No one noticed; their eyes were expressionless but intent upon Horse Dunn.

Dunn had swung slowly in his saddle to face Link Bender. "My calf crop is short, is what I mean."

Watching Kid Bender, Wheeler did not see Link make his play; but as Kid Bender's hand dropped to his holster, Wheeler knew that the Kid had taken his cue from Link, who in that instant must have gone for his gun. In the shock of action Wheeler forgot his own weapon, which he had never drawn on any man. He jumped his horse at Kid Bender, striking down on the Kid's gun hand with his quirt. The quirt whistled and bit; as he jerked it back Wheeler felt the gun come with it, tangled in the snap of the lash.

In the same instant a gun roared behind him, and he whirled his pony.

Horse Dunn held the smoking muzzle of his gun skyward, and steadied his half-stampeded horse with his other hand. In his face was such a white blaze of fury as Wheeler had never seen. He was not roaring now; his words came through his teeth, hard-edged as broken rock. "I could have killed you," he said, almost as if he were strangling. "And I'd have done it, if only—"

LINK BENDER sat straight up, his face the dusty gray-green of the brush. Evidently he rode a gun-proof horse, for the reins hung slack on its neck, but it stood. Bender's left hand gripped his right arm; he swayed slightly but recovered himself, and the color slowly began to come back into his face.

Sheriff Amos brought his hand empty away from the gun-butt to which it had dropped, and let both hands be seen in plain sight upon his reins. His face was discolored by a red flush. "You all right, Link?"

Link Bender said between set teeth, "Good enough."

"You go on home," Walt Amos said to Dunn. "I can't take you in for this because I can't prove you were first to draw. But—"

Dunn said, "You know damn' well who was first to draw!"

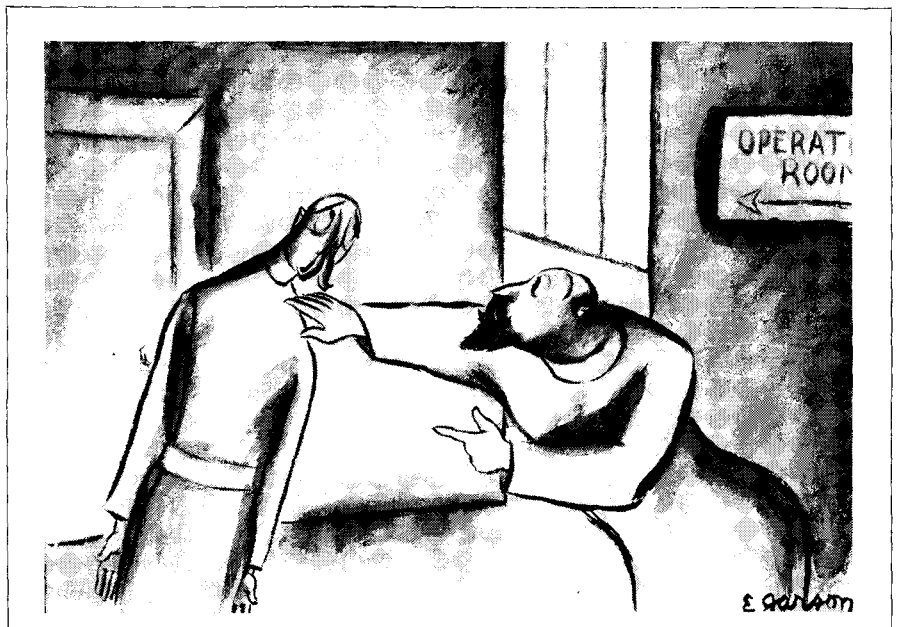
"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," the sheriff said. "But let me tell you this, Dunn: you've just about run out your rope! By God, if ever a man overplayed his hand, you've sure overplayed yours! You go on home, and see that you stay where you can be got, until you hear from me!"

Horse Dunn grinned, showing his teeth.

"I *am* home," he answered. "You fellers are the visitors here. Set off easterly, and ride steady, and maybe in three, four hours you'll be off my range! I'd start at it, if I was you."

He moved off a little way into the scant shade of a Joshua stalk; then sat where he was. Presently, still sitting there, he watched them ride away, losing shape in the heat waves and the dust.

(To be continued next week)



"My mother always used to say, 'Starve a cold and feed a fever'"

Eli Garson

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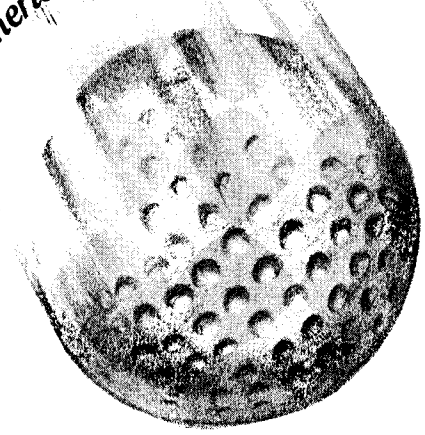
RESERVE ENERGY

greater than that which would be required to drive a golf ball five hundred yards is added to American Hammered Piston Rings



American

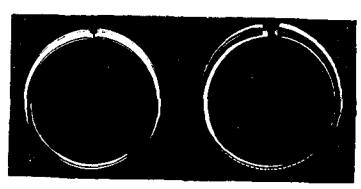
***Energized* Piston Rings**

give longer life because they have

RESERVE ENERGY

RESERVE ENERGY to keep your power up—and your oil losses down! Reserve Energy put there by the exclusive American Hammered process! The life of a piston ring depends upon its tension. Hammered tension (with reserve energy to make it last) is an advantage readily proved by any motorist's pocketbook. But there are other advantages! American Hammered Oil Rings are free from shoulders which invite the accumulation of carbon in the slots. And—the wider slots of American Hammered Oil Rings prevent all possibility of clogging. So—when you change your piston rings make that change a change for the best! Insist on Hammered (energized) Rings—and for balanced engine performance use American Hammered Wide Channeled Rings with American Hammered Compression Rings. HAMMERED TENSION CAN'T WEAR OUT!

THE AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY
1410 Bush Street, Baltimore, Md.



Here is a test for wear. One thirty-second of an inch was cut from the outer circumference of an ordinary piston ring and a hammered piston ring. LEFT: The ordinary piston ring contracted, showing loss of TENSION. RIGHT: The American Hammered Piston Ring EXPANDED to compensate for wear.

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All or Nothing

Continued from page 21

tee-off approached with no sight nor word of him reported, the place began to buzz—possibly he meant to default.

But just then a long, low, underslung motor purred up to the door. It had a chauffeur and a footman up in front, and possibly a couple of side-boys hooked on somewhere. The footman alighted and opened the gleaming door, whereupon, impeccably dressed, with cane and lemon-yellow gloves, the great Hagen emerged, a perfect picture of Bond Street elegance and nonchalance. He strode into the locker-room, looked all around with a big, broad smile and said in warm greeting, "Hello, boys, the next Open champion has just arrived. Which one of you mugs will be second?"

As it happened, Johnny Farrell won that particular tournament, but Hagen's grandiose entry knocked half the field out of it before they even got out of the locker-room!

Of course, it isn't all just a matter of clowning and kidding. Your great champion has to know when to shut off the comedy and concentrate on the problem before him. And your great champion does. Even the nonchalant Hagen, once the shooting begins, can and frequently does grow as serious as a clergyman at an execution. The point is that a great competitor must be able to relax and must possess the type of temperament that will let him relax.

Baseball's Bad Boy

I remember distinctly the experience of Babe Ruth a number of years ago on a western swing of the Yankees. The Babe in these later years is a philosophical veteran, full of weight, wisdom and exemplary behavior. But those were the days of his other incarnation. Although the darling of the fans and the toast of the nation, he still wasn't above spitting in an umpire's eye or occasionally climbing the ramparts to get at some customer who jockeyed him a little too vigorously.

Away from the park he was the principal headache of his pint-sized boss, Miller Huggins, and even the eminent Judge Landis occasionally scratched his head in perplexity over Babe's antics.

Just before this trip, however, he'd been given a powerful sales talk upon the advisability of taking better care of himself. He was getting older, they told him, and a fellow can kid everything but his arteries. He should put at least some sort of rein on his appetite, save his money and go to bed at more reasonable hours. In short, he should just about completely reform, for at the rate he was going he wouldn't last long.

That impressed the Babe, whom sickness had scared pretty badly, and he agreed to give it a trial. He decided to put his new program in operation right away. He cut out all invitations, reduced the size of his meals, started going to bed early without his usual midnight snack, and playing through ball games without his customary half-dozen hot dogs and his four bottles of pop.

And just as promptly his game went completely to pieces! He couldn't hit a cow with a bass viol. Pitchers blazed strikes past him as if he were the Venus de Milo. And when he did manage to hit the ball, it usually beat him to first base.

A week of this was plenty for the Babe. After a game in which he had spectacularly struck out three times, accompanied by raucous vocal choruses from the stands, he ducked out of the clubhouse without saying much to anybody and didn't show up at the hotel until the wee small hours. In the meanwhile he'd gone on a fairly generous bender.

It was reported later that he'd given a decided cant to a half-dozen lamp posts and had issued bold free-hand challenges to a number of cops. This lacked verification, but the fact *was* verified that he rolled into a Greek restaurant as the Greek was closing up, to order and consume a pair of porterhouse steaks, lavishly garnished with dill pickles.

And the next day, he strode out to the plate with fire in his eye and sprayed three home runs over the center-field fence.

The Public Be Pleased

Ruth is exactly the sort of champion to which Sarazen referred. His name is the biggest in baseball and probably always will be, and why?

Because he can strike a baseball more skillfully than the others? No. Because he can't. In his eighteen years of major league baseball, Ruth has led his league in batting but once. That was in 1924. Even in 1927, when the brandishing Babe established his record of 60 home runs, he was outbatted by several others. Ruth was the bigger box-office attraction, but Heilman of Detroit the champion batsman.

Last year the champion was Dale Alexander, first baseman of Boston's cellar-dwelling Red Sox. In 124 games, he hit for .367. Ruth was fifth in the list with .341. Ahead of him, after Alexander, were Foxx, Gehrig and Manush.

All the above, from a technical baseball angle, were better batters than Ruth.

Is it because his story is the biggest or most unusual in baseball? No. Ty Cobb's story, for one, is bigger, in point of years served and number of records piled up. The old Georgia Peach led the league with his war mace an even dozen times, and was in there doing something for twenty-four consecutive years!

Why? Well, because it's the Ruth type of athlete that the public adores. For a long time, he was the bad little boy who wouldn't grow up. He was too loose with his money. He ate too much and had large stomach aches. He was always getting into jams. He defied his superiors and always got spanked. Yet he was generous, open-handed and open-hearted.

And then, in the pinch, he could and still can almost always come through. He has the swagger and the assurance of the real virtuoso.

For instance, one day back when Warren Harding was President he attended a game at the Yankee Stadium. The late President, who was a red-hot baseball fan, expressed a desire to meet Babe Ruth.

Ruth waddled over with a grin and his cap in his hand and, while the cameras snapped, he said, "Hello, Mr. President."

They exchanged a word or two, and then Ruth suddenly asked, "By the way, Mr. President, did you ever see me bust one?"

President Harding confessed that he'd never experienced that thrill.

"Well, I guess I'll have to bust one for you," said Ruth, in matter-of-fact tones, and he slammed exactly the first ball pitched to him that day into the topmost rim of the right-field bleachers.

The crowd will stand for and even admire braggadocio provided a champion has the stuff to back it up. That was part of the reason for the immeasurable popularity of the great John L. Sullivan.

Sullivan was a roistering, roaring braggart. Or he would have been a braggart but for his absolute sincerity. He was completely sincere in his belief that he could lick any man in the world, and, being sincere, he saw no reason to withhold public statement of what to him was a fact.

"The firemen? Oh, yes, yes! Send them up!" *Jay Irving*

Dempsey Took Chances

Exactly speaking, John never quite proved his famous statement. He never definitely attended to England's Charlie Mitchell, for instance. He drew the color line against the Australian Negro, Peter Jackson, and, of course, he finally fell, as all champions must, before a younger, faster challenger. But in his heyday, Sullivan floored so many opponents with his lethal right and did it with such minimum effort that the crowd easily believed that, of a truth and a verity, he could back up his bombastic claim.

Moreover, Sullivan took chances—big chances—with whatever title he possessed and with his personal safety, for that matter. He literally challenged the world and dared it to come on. The contrast of that, of course, to the safety-first methods of the modern boxing-business men makes the modern breed look rather soft.

Dempsey, whose stature approaches, or perhaps even surpasses, that of Sullivan has much in common temperamentally with the rugged old original. Unlike John L., Dempsey has never savagely abused himself. Although Jack may toy with an occasional cocktail, he isn't strictly speaking, a drinking man. He always watched and still watches his food.

But Dempsey follows the old Sullivan pattern in the spending of money. He likes luxury, friends, hotel suites, parties. As champion, he carried a veritable retinue with him, and he still seldom is without a party around, despite the fact that his tremendous fortune has withered away.

Like Sullivan, too, the Manassa Mauler took chances. The high-light of his career came the memorable night of September 14, 1923, at the New York Polo Grounds, when he threw science aside to slug it out with Luis Firpo. Experts had called the Argentine "the greatest slugger of the age!" Dempsey decided to prove that Firpo wasn't, by meeting him at his own game. It was desperate gambling with an almost priceless title, and Dempsey almost lost, but the show the crowd got that night made Dempsey's a name for the ages.

Our general theme can be pursued even into the amateur theaters of football, track and the rest, but the lines are not quite so boldly drawn here, for we are dealing with youth in its formative stage and not with case-hardened men. Yet with a few exceptions the greatest football players I've ever known have been free-and-easy young gentlemen.

They Must Be Human

The immortal Gipp of Notre Dame was much prouder of his ability with the pool cue than he ever was of his ability to make touchdowns. He really spent more time practicing bank shots and freezes than he ever did with his books. Red Grange never took his game very seriously until the opening kick-off tumbled aloft. Eddie Mahan was a player of practical jokes away from the field.

They still tell in Providence of the night before a Thanksgiving Day battle with Brown, when Pop Warner walked into a bar and discovered Jim Thorpe, the famed ace of his Carlisle Indians, about to down his third glass of rye. Pop, so the story goes, slapped the glass to the floor, threatened to do the same with Thorpe and said, "Get to bed, Jim; you know two are enough!"

At last summer's Olympics in sunny Los Angeles, the picked athletes of the world, with almost the sole exception of the Finns, seemed to be a care-free and fun-loving lot. The pranks they played and the things they said and did would fill many a volume.

Among the more famous of the Americans, Eddie Tolan, Michigan's celebrated "Midnight Express" who set a new world's record in one dash and equaled the world's record in the other, is a jovial young gentleman who enjoys a good time and who arranges to have one whenever he can.

Great champions must be something besides athletic machines. They must have personality, even if that personality seems a trifle unwieldy at times. They must be human. They must have some safety valve and must cut the steam through it occasionally. They must have something in common with some of the rest of the crowd.

Somehow those who stir up the wildest pandemonium and leave the longest memories behind are those who splashed the scenes with color and were "good guys while they had it." Most of them wind up with little but their memories, but of such broad-shouldered children is the kingdom of sports' heaven.

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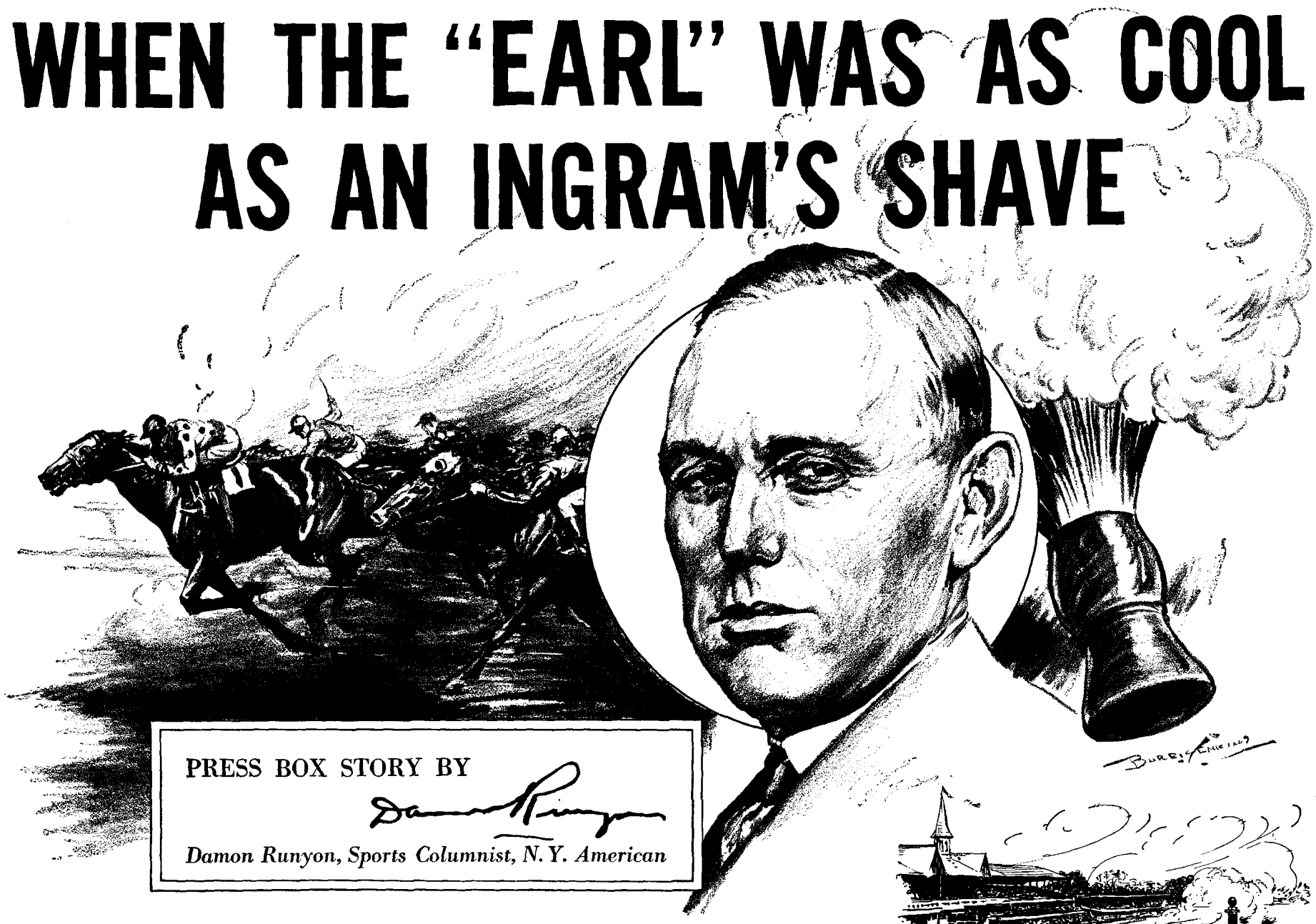
WHEN THE "EARL" WAS AS COOL AS AN INGRAM'S SHAVE



PRESS BOX STORY BY

Damon Runyon, Sports Columnist, N. Y. American

Sportsmen, I give you a great little man and a great jockey—Earl Sande! And when I dub him "as cool as an Ingram's shave," I tip my hat to the premier jockey of my day and yours, and pay an honest compliment to the coolest shaving cream that ever soothed my whiskered chin.

Picture yourself at Pimlico one bright May day in 1930! Your voice swells the anxious cry that goes up as the big field in the $50,000 Preakness sweeps by the stand first time around.

"Where's Sande? Where's Sande?"

And then as frantic eye and trembling glass pick him out of the pack—a long-drawn wail of disappointment quivers through the mob.

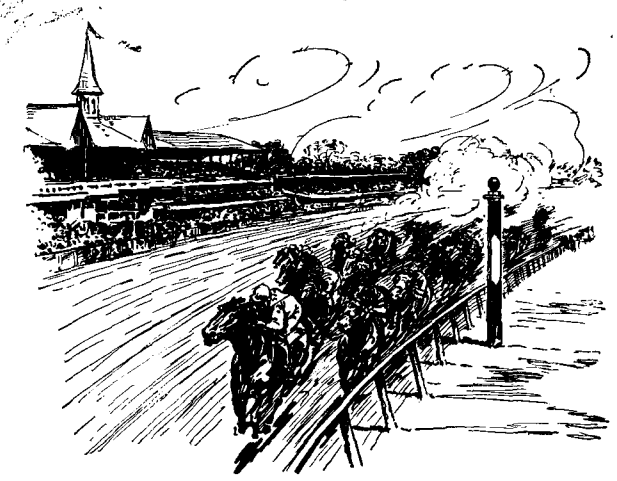
Sande is there all right—but where? Sande is last . . . Sande—the incomparable—on that great horse Gallant Fox . . . is taking the dust of the entire field!

But at the turn—Sande starts his bid. Gallant Fox spurts forward. Gallant Fox is moving up. Gallant Fox is closing the gap! And then, the cool and dare-devil manoeuvre that brings 40,000 people to their feet in a frenzied roar—the "Fox's" red-speckled hood is moving up around the field!

On they come—a blinding whirlwind of dust—a brazen orchestration of thundering hoofs. Far up the sunlit track—out of a winding reel of bright color—the "Earl's" red-spotted white jacket flashes past the pack!

Two hundred yards from the finish and only the "picture horse," Crack Brigade, ahead. Split-seconds from the wire and Sande—disdaining the whip and coolly "lifting" with his hands—pushes the "Fox's" nose out front! They thunder over the finish and Sande and Gallant Fox win the $50,000 by a cool three-quarters of a length.

I've talked Ingram's coolness from Pimlico to Churchhill Downs and from the Yale Bowl to the press box at the Garden! I use the blue and white jar at home, but for the "long jumps," the big tube takes my money. It's a great shaving cream—that's my story and the day you buy it you'll name it the favorite.

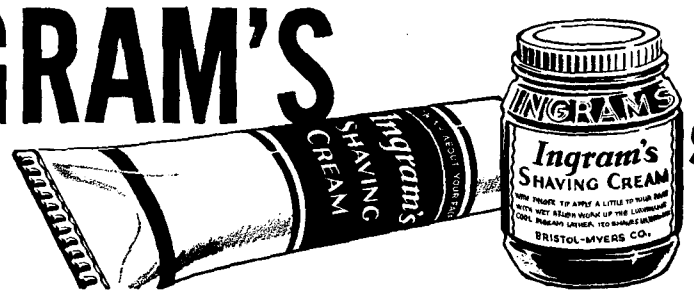


* * *

No other soap or cream can duplicate Ingram's chilly comfort—its smooth after-shave blessedness that leaves your skin as toned as a cracked-ice facial.

Ingram's has three special ingredients—that's the inside stuff—that make it cream, tonic and lotion all in one. Fill out the coupon and we'll send you the proof—10 cool and comfortable Ingram shaves for the price of a 3-cent stamp.

INGRAM'S



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I enclose a 3-cent stamp.

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besides finding them masks, and not so much as ten bob among the lot of them. And they say Americans are so generous."

"They were Americans, then?" Pank asked swiftly.

"All three of 'em. One—the youngest—a fine, good-looking young fellow he was, reminded me in a way of Lord Edward, though he hadn't got what you might call his polish. The other two were just ordinary-looking gents, well-dressed and all that sort of thing, but *they wouldn't have deceived me.* They weren't in the same class as his lordship."

"You don't know where they are now, I suppose?"

"Ernest, my lad," Mr. Humble declared, small drops of perspiration standing out on his forehead from the heat of the liquor, "I do not. I ain't seen them from that day to this. If I knew where they were I'd tell you willing. If I knew any more about them I'd tell you willing—but I don't. They didn't seem tc me of much account."

"IT WAS Lord Edward Keynsham who sat at the other end of the table and talked to their prisoner?" Pank asked. "It was he who was running the whole affair, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was he," Mr. Humble acknowledged. "The others had nothing to say to it. It was he who gave all the orders, although if I hadn't seen him with my own eyes I should never have believed it. He changed his voice and manner altogether directly he put on his mask."

"You overheard no conversation between them?"

Mr. Humble scratched his head and, to assist his memory, his host refilled his glass.

"The young one that I was telling you about," he reflected, "he seemed uncommon worried. He and Lord Edward talked for some time while they were waiting for the car. It was about that chap at Wandsworth who was condemned to be hanged. I couldn't catch anything much of what they said, but the young one, he said to Lord Edward at the end, 'If they hang Brandt,' he said, 'the beast will do us dead as he's done us alive.' That's every word that I can remember."

"It's something, Mr. Humble," Pank assured him. "It's a trifle, but it's quite interesting. Now let me ask you this. In a way it's almost as important. What were Lord Edward's orders to you about how far you were to go with the old gentleman? Were you really going to pop him off?"

MR. HUMBLE smiled a cunning smile. "Ernest, my lad," he remonstrated, "now think. You know me. I'm not a fool. If I'd popped him off at Lord Edward's orders or anyone else's, where should I have been if the truth had come out? None of that, thanks, for yours truly. I've seen the rope on a man, I've seen the job done. I'd rather die in my bed, thanking you all the same. His lordship's orders were: 'Draw the lever, but put it out of touch. Bolt the trapdoor and see that nothing happens to the man, but let it go right up to the last moment.' Well, the last moment had pretty near come when that message came. After that there was a rare scurry. In half an hour's time, I should think it was, we were hard at work breaking the place up. That was as near to hanging anyone as ever I've been."

"Queer business altogether," Ernest Pank said, as he absent-mindedly produced his pocketbook and pulled out two notes.

"A queer business it was," the other admitted.

"Stick these in your pocket," Pank invited, passing the notes across. "See you later, Mr. Humble. Good night, Harry."

The landlord looked through the door with a grin a moment or two later.

"Help yourself, Mr. Humble," he invited. "The bottle of whisky's paid for. I'm glad you didn't knock him about too much!"

Mr. Humble coughed as he helped himself with none too steady fingers.

"Too small," he hiccoughed. "I never could bring myself to hit a man that size."

IN HIS own roadster, which was a very different affair from the crazy little car in which he had last traversed these regions, with his own set of golf clubs behind and a properly packed suitcase, Ernest Pank drove up, just before midday, to the Crown Hotel at Fakenham, garaged his car and entered the smoke-room bar. The same young lady was there and the same little collection of tradespeople.

"Good morning, everybody," Pank greeted them cheerfully. "Good morning, miss. Can I have a glass of sherry, please, and have you a room for the night?"

Almost as the words left his lips he was conscious of the chill which had settled upon the room. His greeting was curtly received by the little sprinkling of customers. Mr. Formby, the butcher, noticeably refrained from making any response and coldly turned his back upon the newcomer. Jenkins, the saddler, looked dourly across at him. The others expressed their disapproval in characteristic fashions. The young lady tossed her head, served the glass of sherry from a bottle which contained little except dregs, and reported that the house was full.

"DEAR me," Pank said, unmoved, looking at the wineglass which was three parts full of cloudy liquid with some specks of cork floating about. "I'm not in luck today, it seems."

"Not here at any rate," the young lady replied.

He held the glass up to the light, set it down again with a sigh and ordered a glass of beer. He was served in silence. Afterwards he subsided into an easy-chair and lit a cigarette.

"No rooms, I understand from the young lady," he remarked to Sam Gleadow, the landlord.

"There's a many coming and going," was the vague reply. "We never know for sure."

"Couldn't you squeeze me in somewhere?" Pank asked amiably. "It's only for one night."

"I'm pretty sure we could not. I'm pretty sure o' that. I'm not saying there ain't rooms, because there are, but there ain't any to let."

Pank sipped out of his tankard thoughtfully.

"Would this rush of business prevent my having lunch here?" he asked.

"We can't refuse food and drink to any as chooses to pay for it," was the sullen reply. "That's the law and we must abide by it."

PANK finished his beer, raised his hat politely and left the place, crossing the cobbled way and entering the coffee-room. The waiter presiding there came forward unwillingly, allotted him a table—the most uncomfortable in the room—and left him to himself. Pank waited for a time, then he crossed to the sideboard, helped himself to cold beef and ham and returned to his place. The waiter reappeared with a scowl in answer to his continual ringing of the bell.

"Bring me some bread, some butter and a tankard of beer," his customer ordered. "And come here—a little closer to the table."

The man obeyed reluctantly.

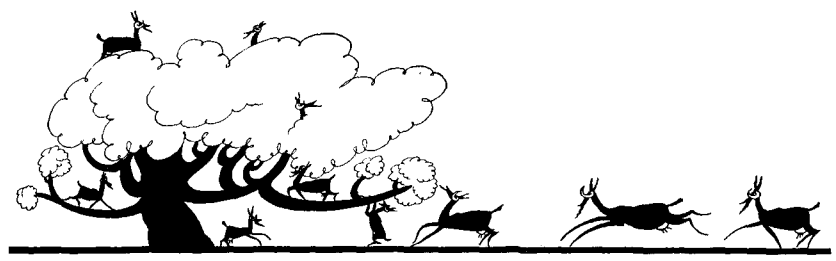
"I don't want to get you into trouble," Pank said, "but I shall do it if I have any more of these bad manners from you. Understand that?"

The man was impressed and, against his own inclinations, he obeyed orders. Pank finished his lunch, lit a pipe and fetched his car out from the shed. He made no attempt to reëstablish his popularity but drove out of the place and turned towards Keynsham. At the main gates he paused. The lodge-keeper, who had opened them for him on the last occasion, came out into the road and looked at him doubtfully.

(Continued on page 36)

Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 23



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Trees full of goats are not an uncommon sight in Morocco. These animals, with their uncanny ability to climb, scramble up to the highest branches of the argan trees to eat the tender twigs. Often they are seen springing from limb to limb as high as 20 feet above the ground.—*By Edith Ocobock, Chicago, Illinois.*

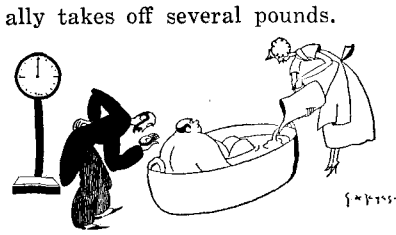
The Irish Free State has not only a coinage of its own but the only one in the world that was completely designed at one time. Instead of bearing some royal symbol of the British Empire, each coin carries the figure of a beast, bird or fish in honor of the country's important resources.

A few hours before part of Austria-Hungary was given to Roumania after the War, a gigantic dynamite bomb was set to explode under any train passing in a certain direction under Hungary's "Keep to the Left" rule. Before a train passed, Roumanian right-hand traffic went into effect. Recently the bomb was found, after 54,000 trains had passed over it.—*By L. Dumond, New York City.*

A recent study of the factors in the success of 9,000 leading business men of America shows that 60 per cent of them achieved their high positions without any financial assistance or the aid of influential friends.

Of the many ways in which animals are lured by hunters, one of the most amusing is the old Eskimo trick of enticing seals out of ice holes by scratching on the ice with imitation claws.

The wax bath is the latest method of reducing. The patient gets into a basket lined with oiled paper and is covered with warm, medicated wax. One hour in this soft mold usually takes off several pounds.



In England a laboratory now has a vaccine-virus treatment for dogs that prevents distemper in 99 per cent of exposed cases; and another laboratory has proved it possible to induce artificial hibernation in dogs, putting them into a prolonged slumber by temperature reduction and insulin injections.

The approach of a ship can be registered on a sensitive water instrument at a distance of several miles. Not only are the particles of water at the bow shoved forward and thrust aside, but those at an incredible distance in front of it begin to move and recede upon its approach.

During the 400 years before the Christian era, the famous Alexandrian School in Egypt taught that the arteries of the human body contained air.

America now has a home elevator for invalids that operates along one side of the staircase; Germany has a new type of Diesel engine with three pistons to a combustion chamber; and England has a new plow that turns over the soil to a depth of 18 inches.

In many parts of China today, a family whose house has burned down will not be taken in by neighbors until each member has been in a rainstorm or at least has had a bucket of water poured over him to cut off the fire demon's advance.—*By D. W. Holland, Golconda, Illinois.*

Italy is seriously contemplating the exploration of the Tiber River bed because archæological research has virtually proved that it contains an incalculable quantity of gold, silver and gems which the early Romans threw into it for hundreds of years as votive offerings to the gods.

A fabric woven entirely of glass now is used to make handbags, lampshades, wall paper and carpets.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied* by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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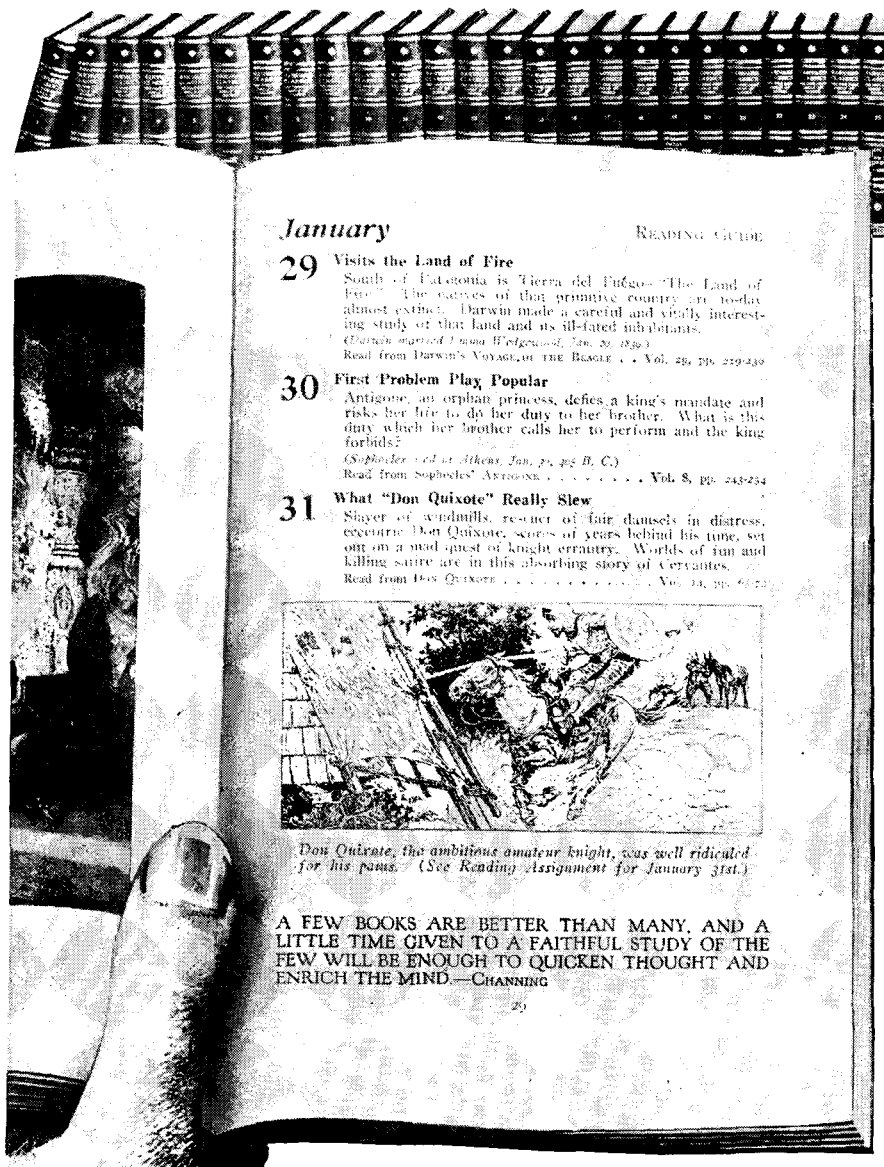
ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Author of "Standard Etiquette"


January
READING GUIDE
29 Visits the Land of Fire
South of Patagonia is Tierra del Fuego—"The Land of Fire." The natives of that primitive country are today almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vividly interesting study of that land and its ill-fated inhabitants.
Read from Darwin's VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE . . Vol. 25, pp. 229-239
30 First Problem Play Popular
Antigone, an orphan princess, defies a king's mandate and risks her life to do her duty to her brother. What is this duty which her brother calls her to perform and the king forbids?
Read from Sophocles' ANTIGONE . . . . . Vol. 8, pp. 243-254
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Slayer of windmills, rescuer of fair damsels in distress, eccentric Don Quixote, scores of years behind his time, set out on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and killing satire are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.
Read from DON QUIXOTE . . . . . Vol. 33, pp. 6-52
Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING
29

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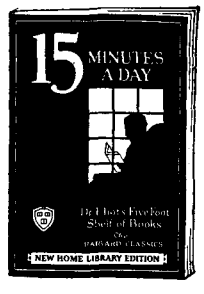

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 34

"What might you be wanting, sir?" he asked.

"I want to go up to the Hall," Pank replied. "Can't you open the gates?"

The man shook his head.

"Against orders, sir. His lordship's away and the house is shut up. There's no one there, so it's no use anyway."

"Her ladyship told me I could come back any time and see the pictures," Pank explained. "I have special permission from her. I have also a message to give her."

"Well, her ladyship ain't here," the man confided. "So that's that. Sorry, but orders is orders. The gates ain't to be unlocked until we receive word."

The man retreated into his cottage and closed the door. Pank reversed, drove for half a mile by the side of the tall gray stone wall, and reached a side entrance. The blowing of his horn produced the same result. This time an old woman, deaf as a post, came out and kept on repeating that the gates were closed by his lordship's orders, and no one could pass. Pank climbed once more into his car and drove to the village. From here there was a rude entrance to the courtyard and back premises, through which on his last visit timber was being carted, and which was evidently used by the tradesmen. He turned in here but was immediately stopped.

"No road this way anywhere," a man told him. "What do you want?"

"I want to visit the Hall," Pank replied. "Her ladyship gave me permission to come and see some pictures, and I have business with the gardener."

"You had better write her ladyship, then. No one ain't allowed up at the house for a time."

"WHAT'S wrong?" Pank inquired.

"Not your business that I knows of," was the surly response. "Don't mind telling you, though, that some of these tourists have been found damaging the statuary. They're a regular nuisance here, trapesing in at all hours of the day. His lordship is the best-natured man in the world, but he has put his foot down. 'While I am abroad,' he says, 'not a soul is to visit the Hall. Not a stranger to be allowed to pass.'"

"Yes, I understand you, Mr. Symons, I think you said your name was," Pank meditated, "but I am not sure whether it is not my duty to go on up to the Hall all the same."

The man set his foot upon the step of the car, and there was a very unpleasant expression on his face.

"Up to the house you doesn't go, and that's all there is about it," he pronounced. "You're trespassing as it is. Outside the gates! Right away."

"Where's the police station?" Pank asked.

"Bang opposite. And there's a nice little cell there where you would sit comfortable for the rest of the day—and the night too."

Pank slipped into reverse so quickly and noiselessly that his aggressor nearly lost his balance and leaped backwards. He drove slowly down to the public house and entered. The landlord came out into the bar, wiping his hands.

"The bar is closed, sir," he announced.

Pank pointed to the notice.

"I want a cup of tea," he said. "You remember me, don't you?"

The man admitted the fact.

"If you want tea, sir, it will be three quarters of an hour. It's barely half past two, and the missus hasn't got the kettle on."

"Perhaps under those circumstances," Pank conceded, "I'd better not wait for tea. Would I be making myself unpopular if I asked whether his lordship was in London?"

"You can ask till your lips crack," was the discourteous rejoinder. "You'll get no answer from me."

Pank left the place and drove to the police station. He found Police Constable Choppin seated by the fire in his shirt-sleeves. Something about the appearance of his visitor induced him to rise hastily to his feet. Pank handed him a paper and undid his coat. The man saluted clumsily.

"I'm off duty for an hour, sir," he confided. "I go on at half past three as far as Corston village and I am on night duty this week from twelve. There were some poachers reported—"

"Quite so, Choppin," Pank interrupted pleasantly. "Every man has a right to his hour's rest. I've been trying to get up to the Hall. What's the matter that they won't let anyone in?"

"Had too many tourists there lately. That's what Mr. Aldiss, the steward, said," the man replied. "They're fair fed up with them."

"You have looked through my papers?"

"Certainly, Inspector."

"Very well, then. Don't be like the rest of these yokels and refuse to tell the truth when you are asked a question. What's wrong up at the Hall?"

"I hadn't heard, sir. I didn't know as there was anything wrong," the man declared with obvious sincerity.

"Front and back gates both locked," Pank went on. "No one allowed up even to see the gardeners. What's the meaning of that?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, sir," the man asserted. "I did hear that his lordship said the next time he was away from home he'd have the place locked up, he was so tired of the damage them tourists did. They always came when he was away from home."

"THERE are not many tourists about at this time of the year, Choppin."

"It's the truth, sir, there ain't," the man admitted. "It did seem queer to I, but there it is."

"Is anyone staying at the Hall?"

"Not as I knows of. Not anyone who has been out in the grounds or round the village. I ain't heard any guns, either, except Foley, the keeper. He was after some rabbits yesterday. No, I shouldn't say there was anyone staying there, sir. There was a car one night about a week ago. It come through at a great pace and turned in at the lodge gates. They were expecting it too, for everything was all open, but it might have been her ladyship for all I know. She do rush backwards and forwards from London when the fancy takes her. Them young women nowadays," Constable Choppin concluded, "they do act anyhow."

"You haven't come across anyone in the village who saw the car?" Pank asked.

"I can't rightly say as I have, sir. Tom Foals—I suspect he was sneaking along with a snare in his pocket—he did say he'd been to see a sick brother and was nearly knocked down. It come from the London road."

"ONE last question, Choppin. I won't remind you again that you are talking to a superior officer. I am just asking you a plain question. Have you any reason to believe that there has been anything going on up at the Hall to account for those locked gates? Any visitors who have been kept quiet?"

The man looked dazed.

"There ain't been no word or sign of anything of the sort, sir," he declared. "Why, his lordship, he be away and her ladyship, for all her pranks, is a decent enough young body."

Pank nodded and drew on his gloves.

"I'm not altogether satisfied, Choppin," he concluded. "There are two well-known persons missing, and there are certain indications that they may have been brought here. I must let it go at that, but I may be back in a day or so with a search warrant."

"What, to go over the 'all, sir?"

"Yes."

Police Constable Choppin grinned.

"Why, that be queer talk, Inspector," he commented. "There ain't a gentleman in Norfolk so high respected or who lives such a fine life as Lord Edward Keynsham. I'd as soon suspect him of doing anything wrong as God Almighty!"

Pank nodded as he stepped into his car.

"That's the sort, Choppin," he confided, "who always get away with it."

"What a success, darling. This is one party we'll never forget!" *Adolph Schus*

It had been a moist afternoon with a strong inland wind which had brought up masses of black clouds, and then, suddenly abating, had left them brooding in the sky, overwhelming the earth with premature darkness. Police Constable Choppin tightened his belt, felt to see that his lantern, his truncheon and his matches were all in place, and opened the door of his cottage to step out onto the cobbled way.

He found himself confronted by a familiar figure—the much worshiped figure of the great lady of the neighborhood. She stood holding the reins of the horse from which she had just dismounted.

"Good evening, Choppin," she greeted him.

"Good evening, your ladyship."

"I hear there has been a stranger around trying to get into the Hall," she continued. "The same little man who was here a week or so ago."

"I have seen him, your ladyship," Police Constable Choppin replied with some embarrassment. "In fact, he was here."

"What did he want?"

The constable coughed.

"He didn't rightly say, not so as to make it clear," was the dubious answer. "He just come in to inquire if I knew any reason why the house should be all shut up."

"What other questions did he ask you?"

"Well, your ladyship," Police Constable Choppin reflected, "they were not what you might call exactly definite questions. He wanted to know if there was any visitors staying up along."

"He did, did he? What did you tell him?"

"I told him not as I knew of."

"Did you tell him anything else, Choppin?"

The man was a little uncomfortable.

"I did tell him of the motor car late one night about a week ago."

"Ah!" she murmured.

IT SEEMED to Choppin that his visitor's face was very white in the shadowy darkness which had crept down upon them. A spot of rain fell.

"Your ladyship had better be hurrying," he said. "That cloud ain't there for nothing."

"Did he say anything else?" Lady Louise persisted.

Choppin felt that this might probably be the crisis of his life. He saw himself at one moment a sergeant with a larger garden and even an allotment. He saw himself almost simultaneously degraded to civilian's clothes and turned out of the force. He was called upon to make a decision. He made it without undue hesitation, for her ladyship's eyes shining out of that pale face were curiously compelling.

"He did say something about going away and perhaps coming back with what us calls a search warrant, your ladyship," he confided. "I made bold to laugh at him, I did. A search warrant for Keynsham Hall! No one ever heard of such a thing."

Louise turned away. She sprang lightly on to her horse's back before Choppin could offer his clumsy assistance.

"The same funny little man, I expect," she remarked lightly. "I'm sure you were very discreet, Choppin. You know how his lordship hates too many strangers around the place. Good night."

"Good night, your ladyship."

She cantered away into the darkness. Police Constable Choppin tightened his belt. On the whole he was well pleased with himself. He felt somehow or other that he had progressed a step nearer that coveted stripe.

(To be continued next week)

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Don't nag at the cost of their racing and romping—put them on soles that can stand the punishment.

Shoes will wear as long as the sole stands up—and *no sole ever built can outwear a pair of Goodyear Wingfoots.*

Boys like them. Girls like them. They're tough, sure-footed, waterproof.

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GOODYEAR

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SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio.

Co-eds shouldn't use Lipstick

Continued from page 13

much discussion I was commissioned to call on the culprits.

The next morning, having learned at the Kappa house that the rebels had taken a furnished apartment in the Paxton Arms, I walked over there after my ten o'clock class.

Kerry came to the door. She greeted me blithely. "Oh, hello," she said. "Did you come to kiss the bride?"

"Not precisely," I told her. "I've come from the Dean's Council."

With a cry of fright she turned and dashed off. I stood there holding my hat. It was awkward. Then a voice emerged from the kitchen. "My fat was smoking," she called. "Come, see me make doughnuts."

What could I do? I sat on a little white chair in a little white kitchen and watched her make doughnuts. She seemed very deft. "Home Economics?" I asked.

She shook her head, frowning over the kettle. "Harvey House, Professor."

I must have looked blank.

"Dad runs a railroad restaurant. And can I make doughnuts?"

I didn't know.

"I suppose Dean Withers is wild," she said happily.

"The Dean's Council," I said gravely, "is prepared to ignore the matter and let Wayne take his degree, provided you withdraw voluntarily."

She turned back to her work. "And what if I don't?"

"In that case you'll both be suspended, pending the arrival of Wayne's father."

The grease hissed and spattered. "O. K.," she said after a moment. "I don't mind. But you let me tell Wayne. He's apt to get chivalrous." She was suddenly radiant, listening. "Here he comes now," she said eagerly. "Where's my lipstick?"

Wayne came in and shook hands with me proudly.

"Husband," said Kerry from the curve of his arm, "Prof says it's O. K. up at school. Only Withers says I've got to vamoose."

He looked at me anxiously. "Is that right?"

"Not precisely my words," I went on, "but that's the substance of it."

"Set the table, darling," said Kerry, "Prof's staying for lunch."

THE doughnuts were good. Wayne told me his plans. His father, it seemed, had set aside five thousand dollars for his year at Oxford and travel abroad. He would take his M. A. at Paxton instead and then look for an instructorship. His marriage, as he had written home to his father, would save the family money.

"Dad will come around when he sees Kerry," he said.

They were very young, very sure of themselves, and so happy they made me embarrassed. I was glad after lunch to leave them alone.

Mr. Stevens, Sr., in due time appeared on the scene. Dean Withers talked to him first and then sent him to me. A man accustomed to deference, quiet and a little hard. He didn't waste words. "I understand," he said, "that you're a friend of my son and of this girl."

"I know them both," I admitted.

"The girl has made a fool of him, I take it."

"Have you seen her yet, Mr. Stevens?"

"That isn't necessary. I've heard about her."

"She's not, I believe, a bad girl."

He waved that aside. "We're pioneer stock, Dr. Thorne. My mother drove a covered wagon into Deer Lodge in the eighties. This girl is like a thousand others. A pretty co-ed—that's all. It won't do."

"You may," I said, "find her hard to convince."

He laughed dryly. "I'll risk that. I've stopped Wayne's allowance. When he wakes up he can come home and my lawyer will straighten it out. I want you to help me."

"Of course, Mr. Stevens."

"Well, then—I'm going to leave you a check made out to the boy. Give them a month and then take it to them. Tell him to pay up his bills, take his fare home, and give the rest to the girl. If he doesn't see fit to do that, he can mail the check back to me. The boy's honest at least. Keep an eye on them, will you? I don't want them to starve. But the girl's got to let go."

He wrote out his check and went away.

SUNDAY I had to spend reading freshman themes. When the last one was graded, I went out for a walk.

Out on the valley road I came upon Kerry and Wayne tramping townward. We talked for a moment. They seemed very cheerful. Wayne was looking for part-time employment, and Kerry, she said, for "a business opening." That sounded childish. They were moving on the first of April to Blair Street, on the other side of the tracks.

A month later, I decided to look up my culprits. I found Blair Street beyond the freight yards. A workingman on the steps of a tenement directed me to their door with a jerk of his thumb.

The room was clean. There were several chairs, and a bed disguised as a sofa. And Wayne's books stacked in the corners. Kerry was on a chair with a hammer, tacking up a pennant to cover a crack in the plaster. They were glad to see me. Wayne looked older, a bit worn.

"Well," I said presently, "I have a message from your father, Wayne."

Kerry went and sat beside him on the sofa, her eyes suddenly hostile.

"He left me a check for you. But there's a condition attached to it."

"There would be," said Kerry, her mouth sullen.

"It's for a thousand dollars," I said. "Wayne is to take his fare home and the rest is for Kerry."

Neither of them spoke. Kerry sat hugging her knees. "A thousand bucks," she said, as if to herself. "That's a lot of groceries."

"I'm not here to advise you," I said gently, "but you're both very young. And, after all, people must eat."

Kerry's hand stole over to Wayne's on the sofa. "That's an idea," she said presently.

Wayne straightened up. "You can send it back," he said. "I'll get a job yet."

Kerry said, "May I see the check, Dr. Thorne?" I thought her voice was eager. She eyed it curiously. "It's made out to you, Wayne."

He didn't answer.

Suddenly I was sorry I had come. "I can send it back," I said.

Wayne's face had grown hard. "I guess you'd better ask Kerry," he said.

The coughing of a switch engine could be heard in the room. The noise stopped.

"People have to eat," Kerry said slowly. Her hand clung to Wayne's on the sofa, but her eyes in mine were defiant. "Pick up the marbles," she said. "We'll take the check."

I felt for Wayne. There was nothing more to say.

Crossing town, I walked home by the river. The water glimmered with starlight and the night smelled of rain. In the shadows along the bank someone was strumming a banjo. Another victim, I thought. And then Will of Stratford came to console me. "For men have died from time to time," he whispered, "and worms have eaten them—but not for love." The boy would get over it.

I was going home from faculty club a week later. It was after eleven and the lights were out in the dormitories. Across from Fraternity Row a new eating place had opened. An electric sign winked cheerfully over the sidewalk: "The Filling Station. Come In." I wanted, I decided, a rye sandwich.

The place was full of students and smoke. I sat on a stool and considered the menu. "What'll it be, sir?" It was Wayne in a white coat, perspiring and happy. "Wait a bit, will you? We're closing," he said.

Wayne locked the door behind the last student and called out to Kerry. She came out of the kitchen in a big apron, powdering her nose. When she saw me she beamed. "Take a look at the doughnut queen, Prof; we're in business."

"So I see," I said. "But how did it happen?"

She was taking off her apron. "Father-in-law," she said coolly. "He set us up with that check."

Wayne was doing something at the cash register. "Don't let her tease you, Professor," he called. "I sent the check back."

"But I don't understand. You had to have capital."

Kerry sat on a table swinging her heels. "Just credit," she said.

"I still don't understand."

Her eyes were impudent. "We did use the check. I took it around and showed it to people. And they all gave us credit. Then Wayne mailed it back to his father." Her smile was triumphant and forgiving. "Give me back my marbles, Professor."

Looking at her, perched there on the table, small and tired and happy, I recalled Mr. Stevens and his pioneer women. "You drive two covered wagons," I said.

She looked at me wide-eyed. "What?"

"This coffee," I said, "will keep me awake."

THAT was a year ago. Wayne gets his M. A. this June, and the college will publish his thesis. I seldom eat at The Filling Station. It's too crowded. Wayne is there in the evenings. But not Kerry. Kerry has an infant.

They showed it to me as if it were the first of its species. Kerry was making queer little noises. "Isn't she darling?" she said.

It looked like a baby to me.

"We've started a savings account," Kerry said proudly, "to send her to Paxton some day."

I had to say something. "And why Paxton?" I asked.

Kerry cuddled her offspring, smiling on me and at me. "Don't you know yet?" she said. Her blue eyes were impudent. "She's going to Paxton—to get her a man. Aren't you, pet?"

The infant bounced in her arms. "Look, Wayne," Kerry cried, "she wants Prof to hold her."

I held it.

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Don't let them Kid You

Continued from page 11

But this is only half the story. The average brick mason lays only a thousand to twelve hundred bricks a day. The introduction of automatic brick-making machines would not lay bricks any more than said machinery would transport bricks. I honestly believe that the reduction in the price of bricks, following the scrapping of all old brick plants and the building of three new huge automatic brick-making centers, would so reduce the price of bricks that a hundred thousand *new* bricklayers would be necessary to lay these bricks.

This same line of argument applies to every one of the illustrations of which the Technocrats make use. It is true that machines are throwing certain people out of work, but in connection therewith prices are lowered or other industries are springing up so that many more people than are thrown out of work are given employment in connection with the distribution, the selling and the use of these products.

A Crime Against Our Future

Another very important thing which the Technocrats entirely omit or forget is that material energy is only one factor in life. "Man cannot live by bread alone." This is as fundamental as the multiplication table. The material energy of which the Technocrats talk is only one factor in life.

Thomas A. Edison once said to me: "The greatest machine, Babson—far superior to anything that we have ever dreamed of—is the *brain* of a little child."

Think for a minute of this wonderful machine, "the brain of a little child," with its possibilities! The world has hardly started as yet to develop. It is a crime to talk now about the shortening of the work week or the shortening of the work day. With the great undeveloped intellectual powers and with all the comforts and contentment which this development could give the peoples of the world, it is criminal for us to stop at this stage and consider that civilization has reached a breaking point.

On the other hand, it is just as wrong for the cold-blooded banker and business man to talk about "letting nature take its course" as it would be to eliminate hospitals, doctors and nurses. I notice that when one of these bankers or employers becomes ill, he wants to get as quickly as possible to a good hospital and have the help of good doctors, good nurses and good medicines. They are not content merely to "let nature take its course." They want help.

Now, people out of employment today are just as much entitled to help. There is no reason why the unemployed should be allowed to suffer from cold or exhaustion before having the benefit of an economic ambulance or a statistical hospital or a social service nurse. Those of us who now enjoy the fruits of capitalism must devise ways to prevent abnormal unemployment.

Gradually throughout the generations to come, the capitalistic system may evolve into a socialistic system. Already many things, such as our public-school system, our postal system and our police system, are 100 per cent socialistic and they do not frighten us at all. On the other hand, we must realize that our health, happiness and prosperity depend not so much on the *form* of the system as on the motives, purposes and ambitions of the people. Any system will work satisfactorily if operated by open-minded and intelligent people, while no system will work satisfactorily with such short-sighted people as control certain banks, factories, labor unions and politics today.

The curse of capitalism is not the "price" feature or even the "profit" feature, but rather the determination of capital to cling to the old, and the unwillingness of capital to set up proper reserves to provide for changing conditions and new inventions. Let us not forget that the capitalist is called a "conservative" because his system is built on conserving the old and the inefficient.

I said earlier in this article that the Technocrats are ten per cent correct. I had in mind their criticism of capital's attempt to seek a return on obsolete investments, on the assumption that debts can be increased to infinity, while the demand for goods is restricted to a generation's capacity to consume. As a result, we have been increasing our debt structure, with no regard for the future. We cannot continue in a twentieth-century mechanistic age with a seventeenth-century financial system.

This, however, can readily be remedied by setting up sufficient reserves and a compulsory destruction of the obsolete as the better is produced. In fact, capital is today defying all nature—plants, trees and human beings, which have a limited length of life—by attempting to give debt an eternal life. Our financial system must seek to *replace* instead of conserve.

Of course, economic and social planning is both essential and inevitable. The Swope Plan of linking up employment insurance and trade-association control of industry should immediately be adopted.

The Answer to Technocracy

Opportunities are greater today than ever before in history. Young people graduating this year from our schools have greater chances for health, happiness and prosperity than had the children of any previous generation. A little money will do more today in setting up a young man or woman in business than it would ever do heretofore. There is a greater demand today for people of character than at any time in the history of America. Industry, intelligence, imagination and persistence are great gold mines. I repeat that to discourage young people today with loose talk about Technocracy is a crime and a curse. Yet there is one question which Howard Scott asked in his article on Technocracy appearing in the January, 1933, issue of Harper's Magazine which deserves attention. It is:

"A cold analysis of existing data makes clear that if we allow ourselves to drift for another two years in the way we have been doing for the past three, we shall have some twenty million unemployed. If we think of the complexities of holding our debt structure together for many months at the present rates of business activity, the problem becomes appalling. What are we going to do about it?"

This is a fair question: "What are we going to do about it?" And I will answer this question. My answer is that we must immediately begin to talk about "Salesocracy"—that is, the distribution of goods and the circulation of money.

There are several illustrations which may help readers to understand this need of the hour. For instance, the

(Continued on page 40)

"I like your cheek!"

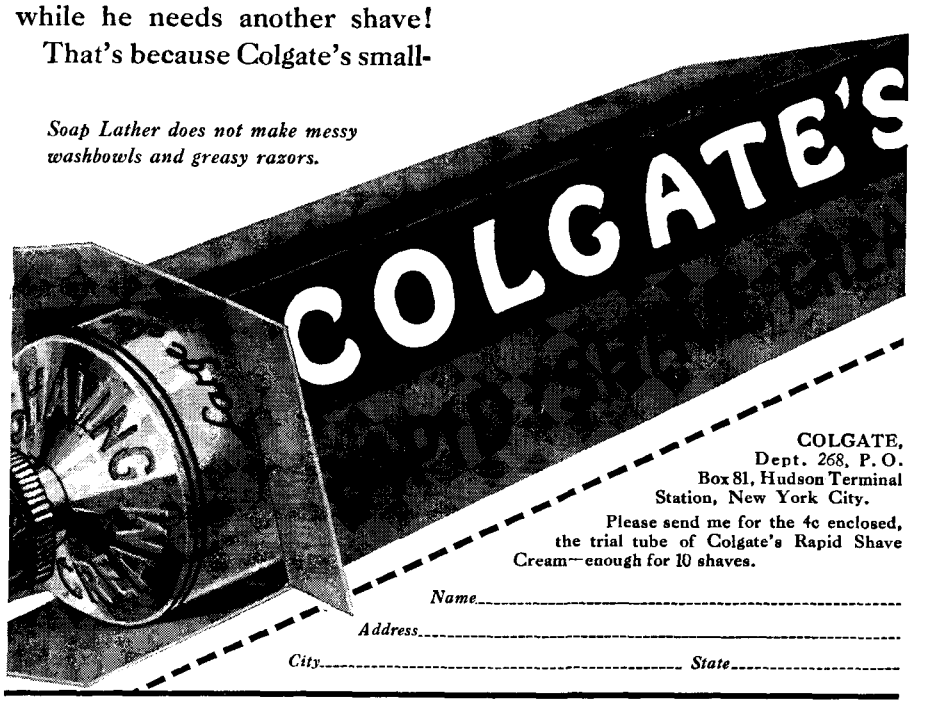
Shave in the morning
. . . face smooth in the evening
thanks to small bubble lather!

Here's what puts you ahead of the other fellow when you use Colgate's. Hours after *you've* shaved, your beard's where *his* was when he cleaned his razor. By the end of the day, you're clean-looking, *shaved*-looking, while he needs another shave!

That's because Colgate's small-bubble lather gets down to the base of every single hair. Softens it at the base. And the razor takes off every whisker close and clean.

See for yourself. Try a Colgate shave in the morning. Look well-groomed, well-shaved, at night.

Soap Lather does not make messy washbowls and greasy razors.



COLGATE,
Dept. 268, P. O.
Box 81, Hudson Terminal
Station, New York City.

Please send me for the 4c enclosed, the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream—enough for 10 shaves.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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$350 in Cash Prizes

for the best 24-word statements
(See Details Below)

Here comes the new

DURHAM

DUPLEX SAFETY RAZOR

Rules of the Contest

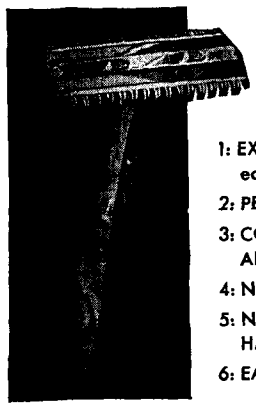
Write a statement on the advantages of Durham Duplex Blades. (1) Use only 24 words. (2) Each word to start with a letter appearing in the words, "The Blades Men Swear By—Not At." (3) Letters used to begin words may be used only as many times as they appear in the slogan. Example:

The Best Blades Are The Least Expensive And Always Save You Money. Remember, No Nicked Wasters Or Exceptions—Every Durham Has The Edge Supreme.

Send your 24 word statement, accompanied by a Durham Duplex red blade wrapper (or reproduction of same) with your name and address, to Durham Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.

All persons over 16 years of age are eligible except employees of the Durham Duplex Razor Co. Judges' decision shall be final. In case of ties, full awards will be made to tying contestants. Contest closes April 4, 1933.

FIRST PRIZE . . $200
SECOND PRIZE $100
TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH . . $50



1: EXTRA LONG double-edge blade
2: PERFECT BALANCE
3: CORRECT SHAVING ANGLE
4: NO VIBRATION
5: NEW "HANDY GRIP" HANDLE
6: EASY TO CLEAN

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, N. J.
Copr. Durham-Duplex Razor Co., 1933

(Continued from page 39)

difference between a dead man and a live man is that the blood of a dead man is not being circulated. So long as our blood keeps in circulation, we *live;* but when it ceases to circulate we *die.* The strides which are now being made in surgery and medicine are all aimed to prolong the blood circulation.

When money is circulating freely we have prosperity, good times and normal employment; but when money is not circulating freely we have depressions, hard times and unemployment. The *rate of circulation* of money—whether the money consists of beads, shells, silver or gold—determines the condition of business and employment. The *amount* of money determines the general price level; but not the state of business. The rapidity with which money travels or changes hands from one person to another determines business conditions, the amount of employment, and the general economic prosperity of the country.

The first step is to get people to pay their bills under the slogan, "You pay me and I'll pay you." There is money enough today for all to pay their bills if we could simply get money circulating by the substitution of confidence for fear.

The next step would be to get vacant property occupied. Idle houses, stores and factories will never get us out of the depression. Yet everything will rent for some figure. This means that rentals must come down to a figure which will cause the property to be occupied, with corresponding adjustments if necessary in interest rates. The important thing to keep in mind, however, is that neither landlords nor mortgagees will ever get anywhere so long as the property is vacant. Only as money is being circulated in the payment of rent and interest, *on some basis,* will prosperity return.

Aiding the Stock Market

I am using the word "money" in this article in a very general sense—including therewith barter, the exchange of goods, the exchange of labor, and other methods which are possible even without any money. Farmers can always trade and barter. Eggs can be swapped for hogs; hogs can be swapped for grain. Investors do not need to sit around idly and moan their loss merely because the stock for which they paid 250 is selling at 25. Such an investor could well afford to sell his stock and buy something else which has gone down correspondingly in price during the same period of time. Yet, if each investor would do this, it would automatically put life into the market and the stock market would soon be booming.

We must, of course, give more attention to distribution, including selling and advertising. Probably one of the greatest causes of the business cycle is the disproportionate amount of energy, time and money expended relatively on production and distribution. A certain minimum number of people should always be employed in production and a certain minimum number of people should always be employed in selling and advertising; but in addition there should be a "flying squadron," so to speak, who should be prepared to work either at production or distribution, according to general business conditions. When there is a shortage of goods or labor, this flying squadron should be put on production; but when there is a surplus of goods and labor, as at present, this flying squadron should be placed on distribution.

The great difficulty today is that this flying squadron is idle, engaged neither in production nor in distribution. In fact, the situation is even worse, because in many lines a larger proportion of curtailment has taken place in advertising, salesmen's budgets and other selling expenses than in production.

Let me repeat that the return of good business and employment is awaiting no quack cure-all or the adoption of some economic fad, but rather an expenditure on research, salesmanship and advertising to bring distribution in line with production. This is a feature of the situation which the Technocrats seem entirely to overlook. Let us call this new work Salesocracy and get behind it with every ounce of energy.

Don't Blame the Machine

Howard Scott further writes: "Before the day of James Watt and his steam engine, man and his draught animals were practically the only engines upon this planet for doing man's work. . . . Not until the day of the machines arrived, machines which could multiply the rate of using energy thousands of times over, did an absolutely new influence appear in human society. It is because we have not taken thought of this influence that we in America find ourselves where we are today, with ruin staring us in the face." Based on this premise the Technocrats use the machine as the cause of present social unrest, unemployment and poverty. A study of economic history shows conclusively that social conditions were far worse before the day of James Watt and his steam engine than they are today. In those "ideal days" when there was no excess or surplus of "energy units," slavery predominated throughout the world. The death rate in those days was frightful, suffering was universal and social conditions were at their worst.

As I have already indicated, the Technocrats are right in criticizing our seventeenth-century financial system of giving "eternal life" to debts. Without doubt far greater sinking funds should be established to make mandatory the cancellation of debt as the *new* is developed and takes the place of the *old.* All of their other claims, however, are merely false alarms which small boys have pulled to see the fire engines.

It breaks the heart of a statistician to see the government wasting hundreds of millions on aid to the unemployed, when the expenditure of a fraction of this amount on proper publicity would put eighty per cent of these unemployed back in their regular jobs. This would not only save Federal, state and local governments an enormous sum of money, but it would put people back to work making needed goods, which in the end are the only things which make us richer.

Of course, the first step would be to start a campaign demonstrating the above plan to the business people of the country. Business men must be convinced that their salvation depends upon increased expenditures on salesmanship, advertising and research. This is something that could be done by a group of prominent men whose judgment and disinterestedness would be recognized by all business men everywhere. The Department of Commerce could greatly help in such a campaign by collecting statistics on the relative amounts being expended each month by manufacturers, merchants and other business men, in order to prod along the slackers.

In addition, however, Congress should give the new President a large appropriation to "sell" to the American people the importance of speeding up the circulation of money, in which everyone could unite, whether employed or unemployed, prince or pauper. They can be shown that their present desire to hoard and economize is not only the basic reason for present unemployment, but also is the cause of companies passing dividends and defaulting on bond issues. President Roosevelt could appoint someone to tackle this plan in the same way that the United States Treasury sold Liberty Bonds and the Department of Labor, under the writer's direction, sold the war idea in 1917 and 1918.

Such a campaign could be based honestly and fearlessly on the following three self-evident facts:

1. That deflation from the 1929 levels was necessary before any corrective agencies could help the situation. This is why the efforts of President Hoover, the Federal Reserve Bank and other potent interests have heretofore been in vain. This deflation, however, has now taken place. A normal consumption index, based at 100 for 1925 and which climbed up to 119 in 1929 is now down to 56, or down to twenty years ago. Hence, proper steps now can be taken with the feeling that definite results can be obtained today where similar efforts would have been useless heretofore.

Steps Toward Normalcy

2. That all attempts at artificial price-fixing—or attempts to inflate the currency—are of no avail. Such plans are like giving a hot-water bag or a dose of dope to a man suffering from hunger. The nation needs today only orders for goods. This means that more efforts must be given to selling, advertising and research. Advertising must be encouraged in every possible way. Only by such plans can we hope to increase purchasing power.

3. Purchasing power comes from a changed desire within the hearts of people. It is not more money that is needed today. There is practically as much money in the country today as five years ago. The difficulty is that this money is stagnant and is not normally circulating.

If the government would spend two millions a month with newspapers, magazines and billboards to prove the above facts to the American people, business could be brought back to normal within twelve months. Every dollar the government would spend in such an educational campaign would bring back tenfold in tax receipts alone.

The concrete plan which business men recommend is as follows:

First, have President-elect Roosevelt appoint a committee of five backed by a congressional appropriation of $30,000,000 which shall inaugurate a nation-wide educational campaign to show the American people the necessity of speeding up the circulation of money. This money should be spent through present advertising mediums and paid for at regular rates.

Second, have the Department of Commerce secure from all concerns employing over fifty persons monthly statistics on sales and advertising appropriations from 1929 to date and for each month hereafter reimburse said firms for the expense of such work up to $500 per year. The purpose of this would be to get manufacturers and others "sales conscious" and make sure that each individual firm is doing its share to speed up the circulation of money. The Department should make a study of the entire problem of selling, both at home and abroad, and recommend such steps as shall bring distribution in line with existing production.

Such a procedure as above outlined would both bring back prosperity and answer the Technocrats, because they exist only on account of our present faulty system of distribution. When distribution gets back to normal, you will hear nothing more from Technocracy for a while.

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Tammany's Own

Continued from page 17

electorate, nor as ready to follow pretty noises. The thing to do was to draw up a schedule of economy and be sure to write it so that the law would bar the way to complete fulfillment. Reduce salaries if need be, but fire nobody who was good for as many as three votes—his own and at least two dependents or retainers.

There is a disposition in New York's newspaper offices to laugh at the Honorable John Patrick O'Brien, whom Mr. Curry chose to be the city's mayor for the unexpired year of Mr. Walker's term. They should realize that the man merits sympathy.

Mr. O'Brien's Dilemma

Mr. O'Brien's campaign was syrupy with solicitude for the poor; there was a tear around every corner of every word he uttered in his appeal for votes. He wants to succeed himself but knows he can't unless Mr. Curry is pleased with his conduct. He yearns to endear himself to the populace and knows he can't unless something materially more than baffling exhortations and elephantine gestures come of his bellowed pledges to reduce municipal overhead. And Mr. Curry knows if he can't renominate Mr. O'Brien and elect him that he, the Boss of Tammany Hall, will lose control. What a life!

After all, it wasn't wholly Tammany's fault. The very people—the taxpaying voters—who were now pouring maledictions upon the hard-working Mr. Curry and his collaborating ministers had permitted Tammany to attain to its current proportions. The situation wasn't peculiar to Tammany nor New York. Look at Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and the rest of them. Look at the United States government. Or at Europe. People don't vote for their better interests; they support the side that sounds good even if they don't understand it. If you want to scare people off, tell them the truth; it is much too unpleasant to tolerate.

So Tammany came out of its huddle with promises of reform which, unless they are radically different from similar promises made in times of stress in the past, will prove to be about as trustworthy as an inaugural speech.

Let's see what has happened to bring Tammany Hall to the lamentable situation of a ship that hadn't sense enough to stop before it reached the shore.

From the records we gather that in 1898, when the five boroughs were consolidated into Greater New York City, the budget for the greater city was $70,175,896. The roster of city employees was modest, even maidenly, there being fewer than ten thousand patriots manning the machine. The population was very little more than two millions. And even then there were a large number of citizens complaining that they were not getting seventy million dollars' worth of government.

And even Tammany's leaders—some of them anyway—believed that there were too many people on the pay roll. What, they grouched, was the value of a gold mine if everyone was allowed to dig? Moreover Tammany was not then so concerned with the vote-retrieving talents of the individual city workers; the harbor was always choked with immigrants ready to be made citizens overnight at two dollars a head and be hauled forthwith to the polls.

Thus in 1909, the budget had mounted to $156,545,148. The population was four and a half million. There were 80,000 stalwarts on the pay roll. Of course no Tammany administration ever compared with Mr. Walker's for openheartedness. Mr. Walker was apt to put you on the pay roll to get rid of you.

In 1921 the pay roll contained a mere 90,027 names. When Mr. Walker took office, to repeat, the list was just about 116,000. And then Tammany set forth upon the battering spree that has fetched her to her current headache. Before Mr. Walker quit, the old town budget had been increased nearly $150,000,000 and, as you know, he had 148,506 people working for him. "Good morning, Mr. Commissioner. I'm sending a chap around to see you. Nice lad. He's a whale of a secretary. What? You have a secretary? Well, what's a secretary? Have another. Make him your social secretary. Nothing like a social secretary to do your running around for you and to see that none of your enemies are slipping grease under your heels. See you later, old lad."

Murphy, McCooey, McCabe and McCall,
Them's the Boys for Tammany Hall,
Out for the Jobs and getting them all—
Aaron J. Levy, go Bragh!

Before Mr. Walker had quit stuffing New York's municipal buildings with new hands, the city had one employee for every forty-seven residents. It cost the city $1,734,000 a day to support the Walker régime, about $900,000 of which went into the pay envelopes of the employees. One hates to go statistical like this but if you'll look it over for a moment you may get a kick out of it no matter where you live. During Mr. Walker's last year as mayor, Tammany Hall charged the city $631,366,000 for governing it. There are still people in New York mean enough to say that it wasn't worth it. While the per capita cost of city government in the United States in 1932 (exclusive of New York) was forty-one dollars, Tammany charged ninety.

Change Promised

But that's that. There's nothing to be done about it now. A change is promised, although one suspects that it is going to take more than a sugar-bowl chin to bring it about. So, sticking to the facts we have, let's look over this municipal rodeo—these 148,506 hired men of the world's second largest city.

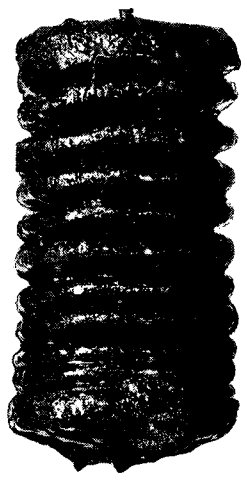
We shall travel as fast as possible, although speed will be a bit difficult in a jam like this. Of course some of these bureaus haven't anything at all to do with running the city; the reason for their existence vanished long ago. But nobody ever is removed for such trivial reason. It's like Washington—the stupendous Federal plant—that way.

But here in New York you might take a hasty look at the offices of the city clerks, for example. There are four hundred and forty-nine ladies and gentlemen there and, unless it is absolutely imperative that you enter, you had better pass on quietly because if you aren't a good broken-field runner you'll be trampled to death. It's something like the sheriffs' offices, where three hundred and seventy-eight husky Tammanyites hold forth.

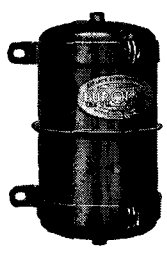
Just why there should be sheriffs, undersheriffs, deputy sheriffs, assistant deputy sheriffs, special assistant deputy sheriffs and all their secretaries, cashiers, flag-wavers, cheer-leaders, is something you'll have to find out for yourself; the office has about as much place in the modern scheme of

(Continued on page 42)

THE
INSIDE STORY
OF
ENGINE TROUBLE
and how to prevent it



Here is what is found in the old Purolator cartridge the garage man takes off.



Here is the inner structure of the new Purolator cartridge he puts on your car.

Beneath the outer shell of a Purolator cartridge is a convincing story of automotive progress.

Look at the inner elements of these two Purolator Oil Filter cartridges. The one, a filter which has been in service for 8,000 miles . . . cram-full of dirt, grit, metal particles and hard carbon . . . filled with enough deadly sludge to wreck the cylinder walls, bearings, pistons and gears of the best motor made. The other, a crisp, clean element . . . the kind which is sealed in the new cartridge the garageman puts on . . . reliable protection that keeps motor oil pure and effective, your engine running smoothly.

These elements are exactly as they were removed from their shells. The sludge-filled cartridge was taken from a fine make of car after 8,000 miles of ordinary driving. Your Purolator is in this same condition when that distance is reached. If you care to see for yourself, ask your garageman to cut open the old shell he removes, the next time you re-cartridge.

The Purolator Oil Filter is engine insurance of the safest, most inexpensive kind. Don't let yours lapse. Have Purolator-protection renewed at your garage after every 8,000 miles of driving. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

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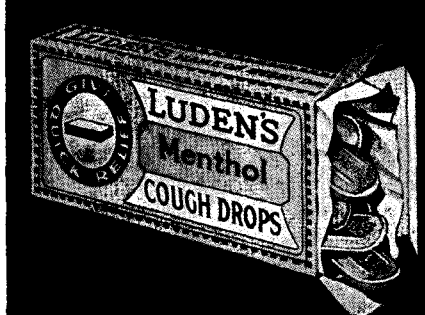
You can rely on this PRESCRIPTION for Quickest Cough Relief

Compounded in the world's largest cough drop laboratories, Luden's Secret Formula contains eleven medicinal ingredients, approved by the United States Pharmacopoeia.

Yes, you can always depend on Luden's Menthol Cough Drops to relieve coughing, quickly and pleasantly.



LUDEN'S 5c

(Continued from page 41)

city government as a whistle in a cathedral spire—not that that has anything to do with it.

No, they are not preparing to take a mob scene for the movies over there. You, a stranger, would ask that. Those offices contain the city's lawyers. It is the Law Department and the gentlemen you see are corporation counsel, first assistant corporation counsel, plain assistant corporation counsel (shoals of them), deputy assistant corporation counsel, junior assistant corporation counsel, special counsel and their trains of clerks and secretaries and typists. These ladies and gentlemen, all expertly trained to defend the city against suits and what-not, are forever alert against the citizen who would interfere with the easy flow of New York's government. Of course most of the other city departments have their own legal staffs and the district attorneys' offices with their combined staffs of three hundred and ninety-four take care of all criminal cases, great and small, except where there is something really big to investigate and prosecute—something like official corruption or ineptitude. In such contingencies the city has to hire outside legal talent. Sam Seabury, for example. But everybody seems quite busy in the corporation's law offices, the hottest topic of conversation this morning being whether anybody is going to be fired off that pay roll in the interests of budget-balancing.

A Fine Body of Men

Yonder is the Board of Aldermen's gathering place—a beautiful room in the only beautiful public building in the city, the City Hall. Those gentlemen sitting in the chairs with their feet on the desks are not aldermen. The aldermen are out about their personal affairs and there are citizens unpatriotic enough to wish that they would stay out. The men you see are merely the aldermen's sergeants-at-arms, eleven of them. And a fine body of men they are too, some of the most competent Tammany captains in the city, drawing from $2,280 to $3,720 for being sergeants-at-arms. Of course any retired policeman whose feet are no longer up to pounding the pavements could do the work of the lot of them; but only reformers and ingrates like Al Smith talk like that.

If you are interested in titles we might stop at the Department of Parks for a moment. There are really five such departments, one for each borough. One department for all wouldn't do, of course, because each borough has its own political machine. And that is why, probably, the Park Department requires so many arborists, foresters, automobile enginemen, chief engineers, assistant engineers, consulting engineers, transitmen, draftsmen, junior draftsmen, inspectors of masonry, engineering inspectors, assistant engineering inspectors, junior engineering inspectors, school farm attendants, attendants, caretakers, climbers and pruners, watchmen, sign painters, house painters, assistant house painters, letterers, tinsmiths, wheelwrights, assistant wheelwrights, horseshoers, varnishers, gardeners, assistant gardeners, junior gardeners, carriage painters, steamroller engineers, auto lawn-mower engineers, harness makers, house smiths, hostlers and gardener-nurserymen. The titles are taken straight from the list. We ignore scores more because we haven't time; but an awful thought goes on with us: suppose one of those sign painters were to be asked to do some lettering? What would the letterers say? Or suppose an arborist or an arboriculturist (almost forgot those chaps) caught a forester or a climber and pruner up one of his trees?

If you watch carefully you will notice that most of the departments have their own finance divisions as well as their own lawyers. If we had time we might try to learn why the city's magnificent Department of Finance doesn't look after the monetary affairs of the whole business. But we would only get into an argument. The city still has a chamberlain, for example. His department receives rents and other revenues and turns them over to the Department of Finance—the comptroller—to count or something. But all these extra finance and law bureaus must have been very necessary to the conduct of the affairs of the city because Tammany has been building them up all the time, increasing the pay roll and wondering whether it would be all right to call a man a deputy junior assistant deputy auditor. Some fellows are pretty touchy about what they're called even if the job does pay $3,500 a year.

But we shan't quibble about the city chamberlain's office. It is a good old Tammany legend and hardly anyone knows we have one. Very few people know what the chamberlain would do if we did need one, just as one of the Tammany district leaders told me that in his opinion we didn't need a Department of City Planning either, although we have one costing nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

And of course if you go poking about the departments like this you are bound to get pretty tired, even bewildered. But now and then you'll be so surprised that you'll forget that your feet hurt.

For example, there are two huge departments looking after the city's water supply. There's the Board of Water Supply bristling with auditors, secretaries, assistant secretaries and confidential secretaries (but no junior confidential secretaries), hostlers, chemists, geologists, architectural draftsmen, mechanical draftsmen, junior mechanical draftsmen, structural steel draftsmen, junior structural steel draftsmen, structural draftsmen, junior structural draftsmen, and so on and on with juniors enough for all. And assistant juniors—some of whom have grandchildren. And then there is the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity. Here you have pipe calkers and machinists' helpers, water inspectors and waste preventers, house painters and blacksmiths, riggers and watershed inspectors, gate tenders, coal samplers and flag men. But these are in the minority.

Suppose Something Should Happen

They should have plenty to do, too. For every mechanic who is actively employed in seeing to it that New York gets all the water it wants there are dozens of clerks and desk thinkers who (quoting one of the pipe calkers) spend their time "wondering what would happen if something happened to the water supply."

But you get the idea. Any survey of Tammany's bulwarking bureaucracy that has any pretense to completeness would fill your library. The lists bulge with carriage trimmers, rammers, chuckers, fitters, turnstile repairers, pile-driving engineers, wipers, armature winders, Monday clerks and week-end inspectors. There are dock testers and junior piccolo players. Here's your chance to meet revolving-door openers and basket inspectors, to say nothing of pushcart measurers and air gaugers. And chauffeur's attendants, too. Lots of people you never suspected. Coatroom keepers and guest checkers, dried-beef inspectors (and confidential secretaries to same), track designers, crossing sweepers and tunnel draftsmen, sump tenders and schedule writers, hose menders and assistant junior hospital helpers. And in front of them, behind them and on either side, in appalling numbers you have clerks, clerks, clerks and inspectors by the battalion, all inspecting one another.

But we must end this soon. Too bad too, because somebody ought to find out what all those watchmen do. The watchmen clump about in every city department, watching front doors, back doors, real estate record vaults, the pillars of the Municipal Building, the carpets, the curtains, the mirrors, the skylights and one another. None is required to watch much; Tammany sees to it that not much of value is left lying around.

And laborers. The job has nothing to do with the accepted meaning of the word. Laborers carry records from one counter to another—and leave them there for other laborers to pick up and hand to custodians who turn them over to assistant custodians and junior assistant custodians to drop on the floor near the shelves where laborers pick them up and return them to their proper places when they have time. Laborers carry firemen's uniforms to the pressing shop and carry them back. Laborers accompany dock inspectors to the water front and carry back the news that the inspector has inspected his section of the dock and will report in due time. Laborers everywhere doing all sorts of odd jobs—occasionally. Tammany merely ran out of titles and called them laborers. They get anywhere from four to ten dollars a day according to their value to the district leaders or captains who are their patrons.

The City's Pets

But we are gradually getting rid of our horses. (Here's progress.) Tammany did not keep those horses in the Sanitation Department because it loved animals. But if it got rid of the horses after the department was wholly motorized what would all those hostlers, carriage painters, wheelwrights, junior wheelwrights, harness makers, assistant harness makers, stablemen, horseshoers and horse clipper operators do for a living? And how about those contracts for feed for the horses? So we still have a few horses, kept for alibis, costing the city $43,873 in labor charges and $68,000 for feed, to say nothing of $25,000 for those incidentals without which no horse can look his master in the face.

And you'll have to call on your own imagination to discover what Voting Machine Custodians—squads of them—do between elections. Perhaps they spend their time oiling the only levers Tammany cares about, letting damp nature have her will with the others.

Yet they may do things that we little suspect, like clerks of the Works. The city hires twenty-five or thirty clerks of the Works, depending upon our needs. They never appear in public unless one of the departments is erecting a building. They're variously paid—the scale running from $3,500 to $5,000 a year, whereas Voting Machine Custodians receive only $3,000.

There is scarcely an end to it. We have piano experts, experts on court opinions, special real estate appraisers, emergency research assistants, naval constructors and stenographer-reporters who are wholly independent of departments and bureaus.

Nowhere is anything done with that simple directness that is supposed to save so much time and achieve such speedy results. If a sewer gets temperamental in the Bronx, an inspector is sent to the scene. Not any inspector, mind you, but a certain inspector who has political jurisdiction in that sector. He reports what everybody in the immediate vicinity and anybody in the city who reads a newspaper already knows—that there is something wrong

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with the sewer. Whereupon an engineer or so takes up the job, directing in due course that the street should be broken and an excavation be made that the pipe be exposed for inspection.

After considerable communications between bureaus, and plenty of clerical labor, a large company of welders, pipe fitters, inspectors, laddermen, crane operators, handymen and overseers arrive and a couple of them go down the hole and mend the pipe. There was once an engineer who did not work for the city—just a taxpayer—who watched one of these operations and discovered that the city had paid $2,560 in labor alone to do a job that required precisely six hours of work extending over a period of two weeks.

A Job with the City

Now that Jimmy Walker has gone, they are trying to blame him for all this excess of city employees. He may resent it. He may mention it in his memoirs. He was not the only mayor who didn't care what became of city jobs as long as there were people around to make jobs for.

One of his predecessors, a man with none of Mr. Walker's flair, verve and charm, wrote a book about himself not long ago. It still wants publishing. But he sent the manuscript to a publisher who returned it.

"Look here," said His Honor, "how would you like a nice job with the city? It won't interfere with your publishing business at all. It will pay, say seven thousand dollars a year, your name will be on the door of your office and you will be required to appear at your office one day a week only—say Thursdays, for a couple of hours. I think it will be necessary for you to do that. But don't rush your decision. Think it over, sir, think it over."

Playfully His Honor tucked the rejected manuscript under the publisher's arm as they separated.

"And now," he beamed, "I do wish you'd read my story again. I'm sure you overlooked something."

Of Me I Sing

Continued from page 27

in the course of this production that he told me he was writing an opera for me. One never believed a word Massenet said. He would halt you at the most inopportune times and tell you with an exact shade of concentrated sincerity that no one had such gifts as yours; that his forthcoming opera was for you and you alone. And then, the next day, all your anticipation would pass into the custody of disappointment and chagrin when some kind confrère would inform you that he had met Massenet who had said gleefully, looking like a wily old fox:

"She thinks she will play in my next opera. She thinks—she thinks."

Finally, this time, the expectation came true, for Massenet, arriving at the theater one afternoon, told me he had just completed the opera Chérubin for me.

It was the story of a boy of seventeen, a youthful Don Juan, with utterly charming music. The première of Chérubin was given at Monte Carlo in the exquisite small opera house designed by the celebrated Charles Garnier.

It is one of the rules of the principality that when a new opera is played there, the composer is housed at the Prince's Palace at Monaco. There is a special suite at his disposal, and after the presentation a very elaborate dinner is served in his honor at the palace which the whole company attends, along with the many other guests the Prince has chosen to ask. Any human being whose destiny it is to be before the public has tucked apart in his mind stirring and skyrocketing events that nothing will ever erase. These are not always the ones that brought the most fame. Chérubin was not world-wide in its success; but that season will always swing high because of a certain keen ecstasy of living.

It came from the headiness and beauty of the physical senses. One *feels* so at Monte Carlo. Everyone touches life here so lightly and disdainfully, constantly poised for flight. The air gallops with its madness to be gay. Never again will the world see Monte Carlo as it was in the period before the earth changed its face.

The company, some of whom were Henri Cain, the librettist, Lina Cavalieri, Margaret Carré, Maurice Rénaud and myself, left for the palace after the presentation to join Massenet and his wife.

Monaco is the smallest kingdom in the world, and the etiquette at this court was just as severe and heavy as was found then at the Imperial Court of Germany; none of the lightness and intimacy that was offered at the British court circle. Everyone had to stand in the salon until the Prince entered, and then all were obliged to curtsy. Prince Albert of Monaco was a great prince, and loved passionately his little kingdom. He had a face that was full of strong reminders of his ancestry, the Grimaldi. It was dour, forbidding and grim. He was a terribly morose man.

That dinner was the most uncomfortable I ever sat through. No one was permitted to speak unless the Prince addressed him, which he did but rarely. The pauses were arid and awful. Massenet, opposite me, shook his head sadly. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who was at my right, made of his long, elegant face a death mask, closing his eyes in agony during one of them—at which I laughed aloud.

Finally, when the ordeal was ended, Prince Albert came over to me, saying: "Have you seen my principality at night, Mlle. Garden? Come, let me show you something."

I followed him out of the palace up a small, stone staircase cut into the huge rock with splinter-like slits in its walls, up and still up, on to a tiny sentry box placed on a high tower, than which there is nothing more memorable in all Europe.

"The Grimaldi fought upon these stairs in the ninth century. Yes, these same stairs; and the Phœnicians climbed over this rock two thousand years before Christ."

Royalty Incognito

Pride of race, the nobility of an illustrious past, had smoothed out all his austerity.

"Look!" he cried loudly.

Shout? He had a right to shout. The ancient pile on which Monaco stands rears itself steeply straight out of the sea like a rocky ejaculation with an air of determined immortality, and four thousand years have not made a dent in it.

Below us, the whole Côte d'Azur looked as though some mad or intoxicated jeweler had hurled basket upon basket of diamonds on miles and miles

(Continued on page 44)

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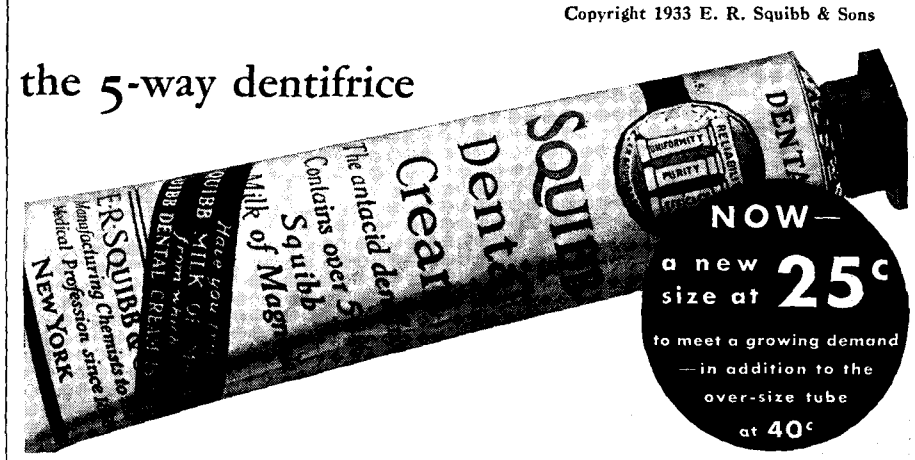

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FREEZONE

(Continued from page 43)

of pale blue velvet, and had dropped the largest brilliant of them all at Monte Carlo, which blazed at our feet in all its golden strength. It was one of the most dramatic and thrilling sights I have ever looked on.

Perhaps one of the most significantly intimate personal successes of my career was the opera Aphrodite, written for me by Camille Erlanger. This play was what in France one calls a *fureur*.

When it was put into rehearsal, the whole house was immediately subscribed for throughout its entire run, with standing room only to be bought.

On this certain night, after twenty-four curtain calls, someone knocked on my dressing-room door. My maid answered, telling me it was Prince Orloff. When he was admitted he said to me:

"Lord R—, an old friend of yours, is outside. He wishes to make to you his congratulations."

"Go away!" I said. "You know I see no one after singing. All Paris is full of old friends who wish to come backstage to congratulate me. Go away!"

"Come, Mary. You do not remember this gentleman's name, but you will his face."

Orloff's eyes were full of a secret amusement, so I went toward the door and opened it, and stood almost petrified as I looked into the smiling countenance of King Edward VII. He told me he had crossed the Channel incognito, and ended by saying gallantly: "I did not come to hear Aphrodite. I came to see Mary Garden."

I had no cause to disbelieve him, as the whole British royal family had but a tepid regard for music, and only gave opera their support because it was traditional to do so.

Salomé is Banned

The opening of Massenet's Thaïs in America was one of the few times in my career I have ever disappointed an audience. My hoarseness came on suddenly owing to a change of climate, so it was impossible to announce the postponement until the audience arrived at the theater.

That first night in America! Traffic was held up for hours with its tangled vehicles and street-car lines, and the furiously disappointed men and women in no amiable mood. If singers would only realize that they don't go out before tender-hearted people! They appear before icebergs, beings with about as much mercy as jungle cats, audiences who have paid money to hear the best, and who expect the best—who will rip you up the back if they do not receive it.

The most notable achievement of my singing career, the one that caused more disturbance than any other, that brought more victory, that gathered in more war trophies, was the much discussed Salomé.

Salomé was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, with but one performance, and was never presented again. The ecclesiastical element supporting the institution opposed it, so Pierpont Morgan said later.

No one thinks the crucifixion of Jesus sacrilegious when produced by players, nor do they the Lord's Last Supper. The story of Herod and Salomé is part of the New Testament and a vital part of the history of the world. In my third season in America it was agreed it should be produced. Oscar Hammerstein had more regard for a great record of art than to let it be lost because of a quibble over theology.

On the opening night at the Manhattan five thousand were in the house and half as many in the street, and Hammerstein came back to my dressing-room smiling broadly to tell me it was found necessary to call out the police squad.

Some seasons later Salomé was brought to Chicago, but after three presentations there an injunction was brought to prohibit it. Then occurred one of those situations that one might find in a Chaplin comedy. Police authorities were called in to give a verdict on a work of art. Viewing life from an attitude formulated amid crime and human indignities, they banned it.

I had studied the rôle with a passion and fidelity to truth that gave me no rest. I had kept Salomé ablaze for months and months so that the awakened mind could make something real of her.

She came forth from that mind constant and fine, an interpretation true to its Judean times, barbaric and savage only. The frantic sexual unrest certain critics saw in it was only the result of their own dislocated thinking.

I sang it as a work of genius of a famous composer, and no one has ever accused me of singing for notoriety. Massenet wrote his Hérodiade on the same theme; that opera has never been found offensive.

Immediately after that first season's production of the Strauss opera, I returned to the Opéra in Paris to fulfill another contract and, as in the past, the decision of what to sing on my première was left to me. I told Marsarger I would give Paris Salomé. He answered that all was not well between the administration and Richard Strauss and the latter would never consent.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "I am going to see Strauss, and I am going to sing Salomé."

That night I left for Munich, and, on arriving there, immediately sent a note to Strauss, who resided a short distance outside the city. An hour or so later he arrived at my hotel. The first thing I said to him, after the usual amenities had passed, was:

"Forget your difficulty with the Grand Opéra, because I want to sing Salomé, and I am going to take back to Paris your permission to do so."

He smiled, and, without an instant's hesitation, sat down at my desk and wrote three lines on a piece of paper that paved the road for that dynamic evening at the Opéra that Paris will not soon forget, certainly to be remembered by me as the greatest first night of my life.

Everything I had ever worked for, every small unregarded effort, every pull, every conflict, every Gethsemane, was here at this hour wrought into something so faultless that deep within me was the certainty that moments of ecstasy like this are brief and rare.

It was the day after that an American journalist asked me the interminable question of why I never married, and my answer was, "Give me a man who can thrill me as last night's audience did, and I'll marry him."

In this reply lies, perhaps, the true reason for my still being Mary Garden.

A Triumphant Discovery

A few years ago at my villa in Beaulieu, a friend of mine asked if I would accompany him to Nice to the Casino where a small company of singers were playing. The opera I heard that night was Resurrection.

As I listened to it, I took fire from it. Mediocre though the singers were, it trod its gripping march from first to last act with undertones of confused and dismayed humanity that made it one of the finest music dramas ever heard.

I barely slept that night—the vision gave me no peace. The next day I cabled the Chicago Opera Company:

"Have just heard opera dramatic and vital to fit our needs. Think it can be purchased at a reasonable sum."

The answer came back immediately: "If you think so, buy the rights."

Without a second's loss of time I left for Paris to hunt for the composer, Alfano, who lived there. I soon found him. He was an Italian who had come to France very young and who had written Resurrection twenty-seven years before. Think of it! Not even twenty-seven years could extinguish its tragic clearness.

The contract with him was quickly arranged, and from that sensational first night in Chicago—which clanked and galloped with triumph and victory, as all good operas should, and which stands in my mind with Salomé as one of the few sweeping experiences that ever had the faculty of lifting my two feet off the earth—it was produced in every large opera house in Europe. I know at once what the public wants. It is a flair with me. I have always been so.

Fine moments in life, if you will notice, make their appearance in circumstances that bless not alone yourself but others, and the divine compensation in this acclaim was that, after twenty-seven years of unavailing struggle and poverty, it gave Alfano independence.

A Drama of Chance

In the mighty hands of destiny, whose mysterious processes seem so mercurial to our blind eyes, lay the frustration of my creating two operas. First in 1924, when Carré called me into his office and gave me the score of Der Rosenkavalier, saying Strauss had written it expressly with a view to my playing it, which the war obstructed. The second was the opera which seemed so imminent the last time I saw Claude Debussy and he told me he was writing the music for Romeo and Juliet. There would have come forth a miracle of tone! But the promise was never fulfilled. All the years I knew Debussy, he made a powerful effort to reconcile the mortal with the immortal, but in the struggle the human, with its urges, its desires, its demands, won the victory.

From the moment when he left his young wife's side and, wrapped in that mountainlike calm that was his, stepped out from that harborage where he had accomplished so much, into that far remove of worldly possessions and wealth that became his smoke screen, he wrote no more music, at least nothing that will live.

That separation killed Lilli Debussy—almost—but what lay in that strong and debonair spirit the cruelty of a Debussy could never destroy.

When it became known, a few seasons ago, that once more I was engaged to sing Mélisande at the Comique, I received a letter from the widow of Debussy asking if she could come to me after the first night's performance.

Chance is the most powerful producer of dramatic situations in the world. Lilli Debussy was standing in my dressing-room. She had bought two seats, one for herself and one for the dead. She had just finished saying to me, "Claude is here tonight. The whole house is filled with him. He was here, right here next to me," when Debussy's widow was ushered into the room.

There they were—the first woman, who had lived with him through the early glorious productive days, young, electric, her gallant spirit as untouched as her face—and the second woman, whose material possessions, unconscious as she was of it, had made sterile those last years, standing like a ruin leaning heavily on the arm of a son by her first marriage. As they stood there, they might have been two symbols—one of the time when Claude Debussy was serving Mammon and the other when Claude Debussy was serving God.

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Amateur Bride

Continued from page 25

Meg, and in that determination had lain her salvation. By no other method could she have played the game he was playing with any chance of an even break. Tacitly she accepted all the rules and presently began to feel sufficiently at ease to enjoy the sport for its own sake. Though it seemed so tranquil on the surface, it never failed to stir her to excitement within. She came to look forward to their daily encounter and, once it was over, she was driven to falling back on her inexpert knitting as the next best occupation. She attacked its problems with stubborn determination.

SHE was thus occupied early Thursday afternoon when the door opened well ahead of the customary hour and a dapper little man entered, accompanied by a young blond giant. She had never seen the larger person, but immediately recognized Lord Ashby in the smaller. Her fingers stopped moving and she felt the blood begin to rise in a wave to her cheeks. What should she do? For an instant she felt panicky and even considered running away, but flight had never been natural to her. Instead, she met Ashby's startled gaze with a straight, steady look. He stared at her, frankly disconcerted, his brows gathering in a puzzled frown. But his first question reassured her.

"Where's Meg?"

"I'm Meg," said Margaret.

"Oh! Are you really? A new one, eh?" He studied her critically, still with that puzzled knot between his eyes. "And not so bad—not so bad. Well, Dodson, this is Meg; and Meg, this is Dodson Cecil, my godson." The youth grunted and Meg nodded. "Give him a rye eye-opener out of John Wright's private bottle, because if he can stand up to that, I won't have to worry about him from now on."

It seemed to Margaret that upon mentioning the name of John Wright Ashby had shot a shrewd look to her face, but she turned from it so quickly that neither could she be sure nor had the look had time to make any discovery. Her composure restored, she faced about and placed glasses and a bottle on the counter.

"Are you having the same, sir?" she asked.

"Ashby is my name," said Ashby, "and that's what the other Meg used to call me. Yes; I hate the stuff but I'll take it this once by way of playing fair with Dodson."

Margaret returned to her knitting. At first Ashby showed no interest, but finally his gaze was drawn to her fingers and from that moment he stared with slowly increasing horror.

"What on earth do you think you're doing?" he asked.

"Knitting," said Margaret.

"Knitting? Do you call that knitting? Who taught you? Not Meg!"

"No. Nobody taught me. She left this, and since I had so little to do, I thought I might as well learn. I took out the stitches, then I tried to put them back, then I took them out again, and now I'm—"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Ashby. "Here, give me the bally thing. Clear out, Dodson. Go and take a walk."

Mr. Cecil deserted his drink with relief and went to the door in three strides. Ashby seized on the knitting and gave the needles a flip. With one wide sweep of his arm he unraveled everything she had done and set to work. For a moment his fingers flew until he had finished a round. There he stopped short and began a slow-motion demonstration which could not have been exceeded for expertness, clarity or patience.

"Watch me," he said. "Do you get that? Now watch again."

Margaret's first inclination had been to burst into laughter at the sight of any man knitting, let alone a British peer. But fortunately she controlled the impulse. Had she given way to it, never would she have forgiven herself, for in a moment the feat Ashby was performing began to loom in her mind as a sheer pillar of courage. Possibly many other men could knit, but who else among them would dare perform in a bar at a mining camp?

"You do it very well," she murmured, "Better than anybody else I ever watched."

"Invalided back from the Marne," explained Ashby. "Taught sixty-eight thousand girls how to knit, four hundred of them at one sitting. Now watch —watch this."

But Margaret scarcely heard, for she was no longer thinking about the knitting. Her heart had begun to pound in her breast and she was wondering if she could speak without choking. She was remembering the one act in her life of which she was ashamed above all others. How could she have been so blind to the simple and genuine? She laid her hands, hot and trembling, on his fingers.

"Doddy," she murmured thickly.

The knitting tumbled to the floor as his eyes flashed to her face. "So it was you—it is you—was you—" he stammered. "What am I trying to say anyway? Haw!"

"Never mind," she said, holding his hands tightly in both of hers; "it's what I say that matters. Please, please forgive me. I've longed for a chance to ask you to forgive me."

"For what?"

"For the most inexcusable exhibition of rudeness any woman was ever guilty of. I was nervous and distracted, worn to a frayed edge, but even that wasn't any excuse for what I did."

"My dear child," said Ashby, "how amazing! I feel as if I'd been hit by a dozen bricks at once. In the first place, you're lovely—about ten times lovelier than when I first took you for one of the handsomest bits I'd ever seen. In the next place, you can't imagine the jolt of joy it gave me when you said 'Doddy' in that perfectly ripping manner. Finally, my dear, what the devil are you doing here?"

"YOU haven't told me whether you forgive me."

"Of course I forgive you. It wasn't you who pulled that boner—it was somebody else, somebody we've both forgotten forever and ever. Tell me quickly now, before I burst or somebody comes in. Were you—are you—were you or weren't you Mrs. John Wright?"

"I was, but I don't know whether I am now or not."

"What happened?" asked Ashby, abruptly serious.

"I left him."

"Haw!" laughed Ashby, throwing back his head. Then he looked at her shrewdly and his eyes began to twinkle. "Fancy that, now! Left John Wright! Well, my dear, only a really clever woman could think of leaving Jack by coming to the Dos Picos!"

Margaret laughed and frowned at the same time. "It was on account of Meg," she explained. "I wanted to be like Meg."

(Continued on page 46)

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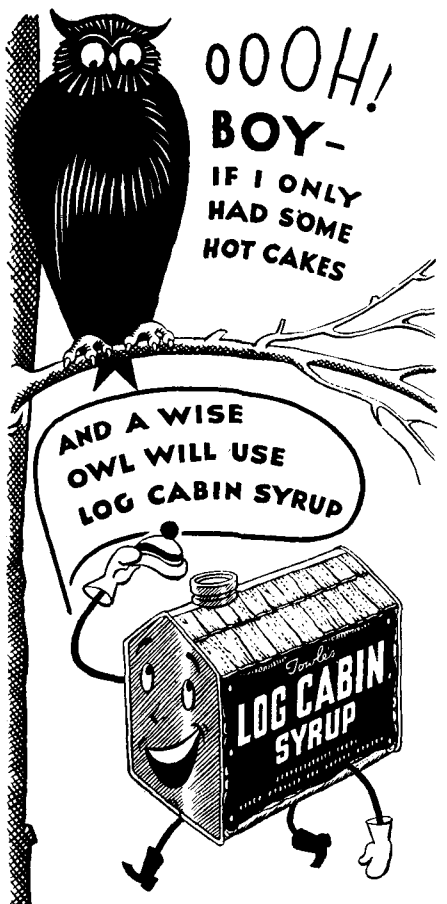

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(Continued from page 45)

"Eh? What? Like Meg, eh?"

"Yes. John was always talking about her. He seemed to think she was the nearest approach to the perfect woman, and perhaps he was about right."

"Did you meet her?"

"Of course. I got her to let me take her place."

"How long ago?"

"A week ago today."

"Thursday, eh? Was John here?"

"Yes."

Ashby scowled. "Who bought the key?"

"Mr. Matlock—Larry Matlock."

"But Jack is still here!" exclaimed Ashby.

"I know," said Margaret. "That's—that's what makes it so—so funny. I don't know what it means and I thought perhaps you could—"

"FUNNY?" said Ashby. "My dear, there are people who are curious but I'm not one of them. I know a man who lost four fingers and a thumb from his right hand simply by being curious. I came here looking for Jack Wright and expecting to stay three or four days, but after this jolly little chat with you, can you guess what I'm going to do?"

"No," said Margaret.

"I'm a coward, my dear—a rank, quick-thinking coward. I'm going to slip through that door, find my unsuspecting godson, and together we're going to depart for the outside—*pronto*, as they put it locally."

"No!" cried Margaret. "Please, oh, please!" she begged with sudden tears in her eyes. "Doddy, please stay! I'm afraid—you've made me afraid." She threw up her head. "Anyway, you're too late. I hear them coming."

Ashby hastily withdrew to the most shadowy corner of the room. Scarcely was he settled when the door opened to admit Brown and Smith, soon to be followed by Wright, accompanied by Bower. Again there was an interval before Flint appeared and immediately Margaret was struck by the change in his bearing. He came in slowly, stood within the door for a moment, as if in doubt, and then advanced uncertainly toward his accustomed stool.

"Howdy, Flint," said Margaret. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"No! I'm not," he answered shortly, but proceeded to light up as usual.

Convinced that nobody suffering from any serious complaint would dream of attempting to smoke Flint's brand of tobacco, she turned her attention to the rest of the room. Flint was not the only one who was acting strangely. The atmosphere of the entire place seemed charged and soon she herself began to come within the range of the seismic influence. What had become of the air of monotonous peace of which she had complained? Doddy had warned her and she felt like a fool for not having foreseen the event for herself. This was Thursday, and she alone in that company had not given it a thought!

Margaret herself began to grow nervous, more nervous than Flint had ever thought of being. She studied John Wright's face for some lead, but studied in vain. Nobody present could help her arrive at a decision; she must do it for and by herself. Her eyes turned to Flint; he refused to meet them. Finally they went to the private door where she saw the glint of the key, forgotten in the lock. Busying herself with matters behind the bar, she got possession of it without being noticed and returned to her place. Beneath the counter she held it tightly pressed between her hands. They were hot—feverishly hot and dry.

Increasingly she felt she was being put to some test. By whom? By John, or by these other men, friends yesterday, strangers today? Her blood beat in her temples and to her amazement she could feel its throb in her wrists and throat as well. She must make up her mind. Something had to be done, and it was now or never. Slowly, deliberately, she slid the key along the counter until it touched Flint's elbow. He started as if she had pricked him with a needle, recovered himself, and looked down. He stared at the key for a long time, his face slowly registering all the changes between dismay and a final reluctant determination.

"I have a key," he said without preliminaries, in a voice that seemed to roll soddenly across the instantaneous silence. "A small new key. What am I offered for this key?"

Smith gasped and tried to shout, but articulation failed him. Brown, losing his balance, sent the piano stool bounding across the floor, scrambled to his feet and sat down heavily, overwhelmed with shame. Bower leaned forward, his brows knitted, his thin lips working as if preparing to speak. Wright watched all these gyrations with a sardonic glint in his eyes. Suddenly, from the shadows, came a fresh voice, not at all perturbed:

"One hundred pounds in good old English gold."

Wright sprang to his feet, his face convulsed; for anything else he had been prepared, but not for Doddy's voice. He half turned toward the back of the room, then caught himself up short, swung around, strode to the bar and tossed a sheaf of banknotes into Flint's lap.

"Ten thousand dollars," he said, his tone suppressed but the words falling with the force of three blows from a hammer.

"You have heard the bid, gentlemen," whispered Flint hoarsely, as he crumpled the notes in his hand without attempting to count them. "Any advance? Going once—"

MARGARET was trembling violently. She was afraid—for the first time in her life fear held her in its cold vise. In desperation she raised her eyes to John's and instantly strength began to flow back into her. His were twinkling as she had not seen them twinkle for a long time. It was like the return of an old friend, half forgotten but arriving in the nick of time as a friend should. Then, before she knew what was happening, his hands were under her arms and she was being lifted over the counter. Already the men, Ashby in the lead, were making for the street.

Immediately they were gone a sort of awkwardness seemed to overtake Wright and transmitted itself to Margaret. They stood holding hands like two children, shy at finding themselves suddenly alone. Her hand was hot and trembling. He lifted it and looked at it curiously as if it were strange to him. Then, bending slowly, he kissed the center of its palm, folded her fingers over the kiss and held them fast. The gesture had a strange effect on her. Its simplicity alone would have moved her, but there was something far deeper, something that came to her like an echo of a happiness glimpsed but never quite seized. Abruptly she realized what it was. He whom she had always thought of as brutal was the gentlest man she had ever known or ever would know.

The conviction stirred depths within her never before aroused. A flame crept through her body with mounting speed. Everything cold, everything hard within her, seemed to melt before its rush. She raised her eyes to John's face—new eyes that had never seen him before, nor he them. He looked down into them, deeper and deeper, and began to tremble. His hands moved uncertainly, touched her arms and then drew away.

"Margaret," he whispered, almost inarticulate, "what is it? What's happened?"

SHE did not answer at once. Instead, with her gaze still immersed in his, her hands crept up until her arms were around his neck. Her head dropped against him. Deliberately she closed her eyes as if in an effort to increase the intensity of the words she spoke.

"I love you," she said. "I love you as I never hoped to love any human being—as I never knew anybody could love or be loved."

Even in that moment he committed no violence, though his strength came smoothly to his aid, lifting her to his own level and holding her there with one arm as firmly as if she stood on rock. His other hand raised her face and he peered into it with a puzzled earnestness which struck straight at her heart.

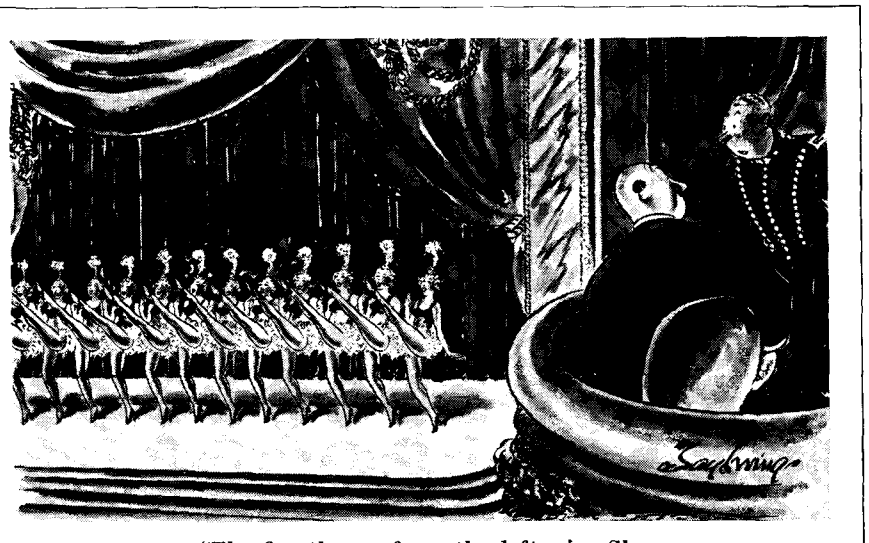
"Why? What have I done? Why am I any different?"

She shook her head from side to side and a slow smile began to pull at her lips.

"I don't know how it happened and I don't care. I only know that I love you, John, with heart, soul and body. Don't ever let me go—don't ever stop loving me again."

He held her with both arms so tightly she felt her bones might break, but that if they did, she could yet laugh. A light was flaming in his eyes and face—a light that once seen is never forgotten. His lips came close to hers and as they touched the fire that was in his veins became the fire in hers. No division, no thought of this is I and that is you. They two were one, with no need for argument or explanation.

THE END



"The fourth one from the left, sir. She wants to know was it her you winked at?" *Jay Irving*

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A Cop never Quits

Continued from page 15

funny man you are!" she said. "Always thinking about your job. Seen burglars? Not me."

"Headquarters bulletin reports that Kid Lorch is operating in this district," he said, his words flowing freely, now that he was on familiar ground. "Said Lorch is an expert burglar, carries arms, and every precaution must be exercised in arresting him. I saw him in a line-up once—a big gorilla with all gold teeth. Have you seen a party answering to that description—Miss Lucy?"

"Thank goodness, no."

"If you do, report him to me."

"Sure."

They had reached a subway station.

"Well, I got to run along," the girl said. "It makes Mr. Belper cross when I'm late for a date. So long, Mr. Haffy. I'll be seeing you."

FIRST, Officer Haffy felt a wave of wrath at the reptilian Belper. Then his ire abated at the remembrance of that "I'll be seeing you." It was a cant phrase, trite and tongue-worn, to be taken no more literally than "Dear Sir" and "Yours sincerely," but to Officer Haffy the words pulsed with poetry and promise; and, so great is the magic of romance, he did not bark at a motorist who flagrantly passed a red light, but chided him gently.

Yes, he would be seeing her. But then what? Suppose they sat, alone together, in the kitchen at Number 144 Cherry-tree Place, which was her drawing-room. Could he hope to charm her by quoting descriptions of missing persons and fugitives from justice? For an hour; perhaps two. Would he then be able to broach a more vital subject? By dint of sad experience he knew he would not. How could he, clumsy, unprepossessing, hesitant, compare with the glib and beauteous Belper?

For several days he did not see Lucy. The only progress he made in his wooing was to learn her full name. It was Lucy Nesbit. He gleaned this from the laundryman, after a touch of the third degree. When next he met her and she said "Good afternoon, Officer," he was able to reply "Good afternoon, Miss Nesbit," and, or at least so it seemed to the infatuated Haffy, she was pleased.

So, as a lone warrior marches against a fortress, Officer Haffy, in civilian attire marched upon Number 144 Cherry-tree Place, the next night. Lucy opened the basement door. She gave out a little sound of surprise at seeing him.

"Nobody home," she said. But her smile was cordial. "The folks have all gone to Atlantic City for the week-end, and they took the brat, thank goodness."

"I want to see you," said Officer Haffy, thickly.

"Well now, think of that!" she said. "But I haven't seen any suspicious characters or burglars or anything."

She had on a light, flowered party dress; her hair was done a new, fetching way; her eyes were dancing; and the net result of her bewitching appearance was to make Officer Haffy sickeningly aware of his own. Bogeyman. His rehearsed avowal of his love stuck in his larynx.

"I'd ask you in, Mr. Haffy," he heard her say, "but a gentleman friend is coming soon to spend the evening."

"Oh," said Officer Haffy, brokenly.

"He's bringing his banjo," she said.

"Oh," said Officer Haffy, and turned away.

He plodded along through a misty night.

As he moved through one of Brooklyn's minor fruit streets, a commercial thoroughfare deserted at that hour, his trained eyes saw something one should not see in a business office presumably closed for the day. What he saw was the thin, luminous shaft that issues from a flashlight. It was moving furtively about the office. Officer Haffy made a swift and soundless examination of the front door. The lock had been cut out expertly. He peered through the window, watching that creeping ray. The bulky man behind the flash was stealing cautiously across the floor, and for an instant a beam from the street-lamp fell across his face. It showed a peninsula jaw illuminated by a set of gleaming gold teeth; and by these tokens Officer Haffy knew that the man inside was the redoubtable Kid Lorch, engaged in the practice of his larcenous art.

Broken heart and all, Officer Haffy smiled. Here, made to order, was the purging action which his desolated spirit craved. He reached round for his revolver and then recalled that he had left it in his locker lest it make him look lumpy to Lucy Nesbit. He wished he had it, but he didn't; and he didn't much care, anyhow, what happened to him now. He thrust open the door and bounded toward Kid Lorch. At the second bound the Kid whipped out his gun. At the fourth, he fired; at the sixth, Officer Haffy was on him and they went down in a snarling, clawing heap like the feline stars in a jungle film.

Officer Haffy clamped onto the Kid's pistol wrist with his left hand, and with his right drove six-inch uppercuts against the Kid's sturdy chin. The Kid did the best he could; but after nine minutes of spirited combat he lay prone, weaponless and woozy, with Officer Haffy standing over him, the captured revolver in his hand. He was a hundred-per-cent policeman now.

"By rights, I oughta plug you, you uncensored descendant of a bloodhound," said Officer Haffy, to quote him loosely. "Shooting me in the shoulder!"

HE BENT on the prostrate yegg a look so horrendous that the Kid shuddered away from it.

"Lucky for you, bozo, it's only a two-cent cut," said Officer Haffy, "and don't bother me none. But the idea riles me, just the same. Well, I guess the boys up at the station-house will learn you that cops ain't targets. Get me?"

The Kid's face showed plainly that he got him.

"Aw, geez," the Kid whined, "I didn't know you was a bull."

"I suppose if I'd had my unie on you'd have kissed me," said Officer Haffy, ironically. "Listen, mug, I know your record. Four years ago you fired at a cop over in Jersey. You missed; but the boys have been waiting for you ever since."

"Aw, geez, gimme a break, can't you?" whimpered the Kid.

Officer Haffy stood regarding him. Creases of thought furrowed Officer Haffy's speckled brow. After some minutes he said, "Listen, rat, you got the works coming to you. Ain't that right?"

The Kid nodded miserably.

"Well, listen," Haffy said. "I'll get the boys to go easy with you. You stand the rap for this job—but no rough stuff. Your slug just grazed me, and I'll tell the boys I cut myself opening a can of beans."

The kid blinked.

"What'll it cost?" he grunted.

"Not a buck. But you got to do what

(Continued on page 48)

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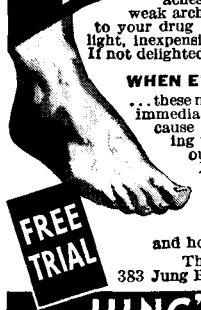

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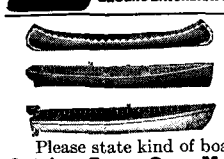

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(Continued from page 47)

I tell you to do; and no funny business, or you'll go for an indoor buggy ride that'll jar all them jewelry-store teeth outa your head. Understand?"

The kid indicated that he understood.

DONALD BELPER had just played Kiss Me Again, on his banjo, and had begun to pick at Sweet Mystery of Life, when the clump of feet on the floor above interrupted him.

"Say, Lucy, I thought we were alone in the house," he said, testily.

Lucy Nesbit listened and grew pale.

"Golly, Don," she said, "it must be burglars or something."

Mr. Belper showed signs of panic.

"Don't stand there posing, stupid," said Lucy Nesbit. "Do something."

"Yeah?" said young Mr. Belper in a faint voice. "Like what?"

The feet were coming down the stairs that led to the kitchen. They brought the burly form and evil face of Kid Lorch into the room.

"Keep your lips buttoned, you two dopes," he rasped, "or I'll rip your gizzards out."

Lucy faced him. "Get out of here, you big stiff," she said. She turned to Belper. "Throw him out, Don," she said; but Belper did not hear her for he had gone away from there by way of the window, which he did not pause to open. A tinkle of glass, the scurry of frightened feet, and Belper was gone, and Lucy was left alone with the Kid.

"Where do they keep the jack?" the Kid demanded.

"I won't tell you," said Lucy Nesbit.

"Then I'll choke it out of you," said Kid Lorch, and stretched out a pair of hairy hands.

It was then that Officer Haffy made a well-timed entrance and fell upon the Kid. Officer Haffy was in uniform now, and most businesslike. The struggle was brief, but dramatic. It ended in the best traditions of melodrama, with Virtue (Officer Haffy) triumphant over Vice (Kid Lorch).

"Now come along with me, mug," said Officer Haffy. He turned to Lucy. "And you, too, Miss Nesbit."

His tone was polite but strictly official.

"But, Mr. Haffy, I haven't done anything," quavered Lucy.

"I must take you as a material witness," said Officer Haffy. "It is my duty. Kindly get your hat and coat."

He herded his prisoners outside. They started for the station-house. None of them spoke. The Kid looked resigned. Lucy looked dismayed. Officer Haffy looked like a policeman. And so to the police station.

The desk sergeant greeted the Kid with sardonic joviality. Officer Haffy whispered some words into the sergeant's ear.

"All right," the sergeant agreed. "If he'll talk we'll treat him pretty. What's the dame done?"

"Material witness," said Officer Haffy. "I'm holding her—myself, personally. Please come with me, miss."

He led Lucy from the station, leaving an astonished sergeant gaping after him. He put her in a taxi.

"But I haven't done anything," Lucy kept saying.

"Yes, you have," said Officer Haffy and would say no more.

Presently they reached the apartment house on Apple Row. With gentle firmness he conducted her to his hope-chest flat. He turned on a single light in the living-room chandelier, placed a chair under it, said, "Sit down, please," and stepped back. Lucy looked about her, puzzled.

"This is a sweet little place," she said. "Is it a new kind of jail or something?"

"I'm asking the questions here, if you don't mind," said Officer Haffy, in the quiet tones of authority.

"Say, is this some kind of third degree or something?" queried Lucy. He nodded.

"Now tell me something," he said. "Do you love that Belper?"

"I like him," she said. "That is, I did like him. But he ran out on me when I needed him tonight. He's through."

"You don't love him then?"

"No. He was just a boy with a cute line who took me places. I couldn't love a grasshopper like that. Too pretty."

Officer Haffy spoke from down deep in his chest as if the words had been stored there a long time and were hard to get out:

"Lucy Nesbit," he said, "could you love an ugly man?"

"I guess so. But I don't know any ugly men."

"Now don't stall, please. You know me."

She looked at him standing there, and saw his eager, adoring eyes.

"Why, Bill Haffy," she said, "I think you've got a nice face. I like it."

"You're not just saying that?" he said.

"I am saying it," she said, "because I mean it."

"Listen, Lucy," he began, then stopped, the old shyness attacking him.

"I'm listening, Bill," she said, and her smile and her eyes gave him courage to go on.

"A cop never quits," he said, loudly.

"What?"

"That's what they say," said Officer Haffy. "I meant to say it to myself to buck me up, see?"

"I see. Well, don't quit."

He cleared his throat, patted his shield, and said, "Anything you say from now on can be used in evidence against you. Understand?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "Now tell me: What have I done?"

"All right. It's this way, Lucy: you've made me fall in love with you, that's what you've done."

"If I have, Bill, I'm not sorry."

"What? Say that again, will you, Lucy?"

"I mean I'm glad if you love me."

OFFICER HAFFY forgot he was a policeman, forgot his face, forgot all the old barriers.

"I do love you, Lucy," he said. "I can't help it, any more than I can help my face. I mean I don't want to help it—loving you I mean—not my face—you see I mean I love you—and, Lucy, please tell me straight if you love me. I want you to love me. I want to marry you and have you live here and be happy and I got to know, so answer yes or no—"

The words came out in a flood.

Lucy stood up and held out both hands to him.

"Guilty," she said.

"You mean you do love me?"

"Yes."

"Face and all?"

She took Officer Haffy's face between her hands and kissed it.

Who Saved O'Kelly?

Continued from page 19

"And it's to be divided in three shares when I get it?" said Grogan.

"Three equal shares," said Gallagher.

Grogan's eyes, that were tiny and quick like a pig's, glinted.

"Is it oaths we'll be swearing to all this?" he asked. "And jail if we're discovered?"

"What danger of that?" urged Seumas. "We swear to the best of our memory and make our memory do its best. Isn't that simple?"

"It is," said Grogan, his eyes still glinting.

They planned that Grogan should come to Ardnacrusha in the morning and there be posted with what fresh information they could gather regarding the saving of Gerald O'Kelly from drowning.

"I'll find out something about this town of Quincy from Jerry Cunningham, the grocer, that has a son in the States," said Seumas. "Then we can agree on the story to be told."

Back at Cahil's that night they were alarmed to discover that the American had been scouring the country all day and had not returned to dinner. Waiting in the taproom, they conferred in a corner, and other men of the town wondered what might be ready to happen with Gallagher and Flaherty laying heads together.

Finally, the American came in. They met him in the hallway and told him how they had found his man. He heard everything they had to tell and at the end he said:

"That may well be. It sounds probable. Can you get this Grogan to come here tomorrow or shall I go to Limerick and see him?"

"I'll send him a telegram from the post office," said Seumas.

"That will be the thing," said Gallagher.

"And you come with him to Judge Carmody's office," said the American. "If this is the man, things can be legally arranged."

SEUMAS went away whistling, with Gallagher by his side.

"This Grogan has a big head," said Gallagher. "But not much in it. We must tell him carefully what to say."

"He'll spout his tale like an actor, me boy," bragged Flaherty.

That is exactly what Grogan did, although not like a finished actor. In Judge Carmody's office with the judge a little disinclined to believe them as they spoke to the American of Grogan's heroism, Grogan and Flaherty and Gallagher recounted how one day the O'Kelly was working on a dock in Quincy, Massachusetts, outside of Boston, and he had an altercation with a man that worked for him, and they came to blows and Gerald O'Kelly was pushed in the river. Then Grogan, working on the dock, too, in those days before he took to slapping men down in the prize ring for money and being slapped down himself, jumped off the dock and saved O'Kelly from drowning, for O'Kelly couldn't swim an inch.

"Right smart memories you and Gallagher have," said Judge Carmody to Seumas. "Wonderfully they revive."

"Since meeting with Grogan, I recall it all," said Seumas. "The O'Kelly himself told me the story."

"And me, too," said Gallagher.

The lawyer Durkin, tapping a pencil on the desk between making notes, stood up and took Judge Carmody to a window, where they talked. Grogan was grinning at the success of his tale and,

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under the table Judge Carmody used for business, he gripped the other men's knees in his huge hands to show them how pleased he was with the proceedings. After a while the American and the judge returned to the table.

"I'm inclined to believe you're the man I'm looking for, Mr. Grogan," said the American. "However," he added, "as a sign of good faith it will be necessary for the three of you to make affidavits to this story."

"That we expected," Seumas simpered.

"And also to post a bond," said Durkin. "Judge Carmody will bear me out in this."

"Indeed," said the judge.

"You mean we have to put up money?" asked Flaherty.

"As evidence of good faith, of course," said Durkin. "And under the American law a claim of this kind must be backed by a bond. Two hundred pounds will do."

"I have no money like that," said Gallagher.

"Nor I," said Seumas.

"That isn't true," Judge Carmody put in. "You, Gallagher, I don't know about. But Seumas, I know, has money."

"It's of no consequence who puts up the money," said Durkin, impatiently. "But whoever does will be paid first out of whatever money the O'Kelly legacy may be."

SEUMAS bit on his pipe and looked craftily from face to face.

"Why can't whatever money comes be paid to Judge Carmody and let him divide it among us?" asked Gallagher, while Grogan remained silent.

"Whist!" said Seumas, quickly. "If the money's paid to me, I'll post the bond—and in cash, too," he bragged.

"But I'll be wanting quick what's due me," said Grogan.

"Whatever is anybody's due I'll see he gets," said Judge Carmody. "Or I'll invoke the law."

It was then agreed that Flaherty get the money from the bank and meet them in Cahil's public. He came there later, a hand clasped tightly across his coat where the bank notes were in a breast pocket. He took minutes to count two hundred pounds out on the table. Judge Carmody recounted this and passed it to the American.

"You'll get a receipt for this," said Durkin, "and the affidavits will be drawn."

"I'll leave the money in Judge Carmody's hands, and only his," barked Seumas.

The American seemed angered by this. But Judge Carmody took up the money.

"How am I protected," the American demanded, "if these men are mistaken? I'll have the bond money before I proceed."

Judge Carmody took a long, legal envelope and packed the bank notes in it.

"They will make their statements," said the judge, with authority, "and post the bond with a court as required by law. It will be my court."

"And if it turns out their story is wrong about this man Grogan's being the man I seek, the bond money's forfeit?" asked the American.

"Of course," said Judge Carmody.

"Forfeit to what and when?" demanded Flaherty.

"Why should you care, Seumas," asked the judge, "if you're telling the truth about this man Grogan?"

Seumas spluttered, but the judge swept objections aside. He had his writing man sent for and to him he made Seumas first tell his story about Grogan's heroism in saving the O'Kelly. While Flaherty did this, the American disappeared. But he came back as Judge Carmody read Flaherty's statement to him for Seumas to sign, and the writing man waited to take down the statements of Gallagher and Grogan.

"It is finished?" the American asked eagerly.

"Is what finished?" asked Judge Carmody.

"The statement by Flaherty," said the American.

"It is," said the judge.

"And signed?"

"And signed," said the judge.

All watched the American as he took and read the statement. His face clouded.

"It's right, save in one particular," said the American — and Seumas beamed. "I have here," said the American, tapping an inside coat pocket, "the late Mr. O'Kelly's sworn statement regarding his rescue from the river. He was pushed in the water by one man and pulled out by another."

"And here is the man that pulled him out," said Seumas Flaherty—pointing to Grogan, who blinked and blushed.

"You were there when the O'Kelly almost drowned?" the American asked Grogan.

"I was," mumbled Grogan.

"A stupid question," flared Flaherty. "Haven't we all sworn to that?"

The American lawyer smiled sharply.

"Then, my friend," he said to Grogan, "the law in America is looking for you. For while the O'Kelly left a legacy to the man who pulled him from the river, he also left money as a reward for the man who should find the man that pushed him in.

"I've already discovered the man that saved him, and paid him his legacy. Now, you're the self-confessed man that pushed him in the river—so, in the name of the law, Judge Carmody, I ask this man's arrest, and these others for perjury."

There was terrific commotion as Grogan bellowed and bolted from the room, smacking Seumas Flaherty down that tried to stop him. Men—and women—chased Grogan down the street but he was fast of foot that day if never before or since.

When all the disturbance had died down, it was found the American had likewise departed. So Seumas Flaherty came tearing into Judge Carmody's court, where the American had last been seen—Seumas demanding his money back that was up in a bond.

THE judge paid no heed to Flaherty's shouting, until Gallagher, whom he had sent for, was brought in. Then he said:

"It is swindling all the way around that's been attempted. You, Gallagher, and of course you, Flaherty. That American. He's gone—"

"And with my money," stammered Flaherty. "He's a thief—and I'll swear Gallagher put him up to this."

"Keep your swearing for other places," said the judge sternly.

"Now," the judge went on, "I have this bond money and it will be divided equally between you and Gallagher, to settle all matters between you two. And henceforth there'll be an end to trickery or I'll put the law against you both."

Seumas growled and Gallagher blustered. But the judge took them both where their emotions could be eased—to the taproom at Cahil's.

The judge ordered sherry for himself and old whisky for them—which was a rare treat for men who bought for themselves nothing but porter, and tasted few other liquors save at weddings or wakes.

"An end to bickering and grudges," said the judge.

"Yer health, Seumas," said Gallagher, lifting his glass.

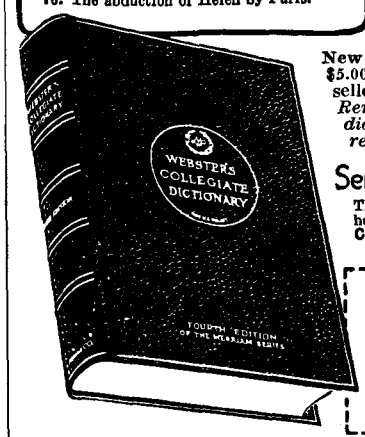
Seumas spluttered over the drink.

The Questions

1. What planet is usually called the evening star?
2. Where is Mammoth Cave?
3. Why is December so named?
4. How does the rattlesnake sound its rattle?
5. Who was Kublai Khan?
6. What are aborigines?
7. Where was Napoleon born?
8. What is an amphibian in aeronautics?
9. Alaska was sold to the U. S. by what country?
10. What caused the Trojan War?

The Answers

1. Venus.
2. Kentucky.
3. From Latin "decem" meaning "ten," this being the tenth month among the early Romans.
4. By shaking the horny interlocking joints at the end of its tail.
5. Founder of the Mongol dynasty of China.
6. Earliest known inhabitants of a country.
7. Corsica.
8. Airplane designed to rise from and alight on either land or water.
9. Russia.
10. The abduction of Helen by Paris.



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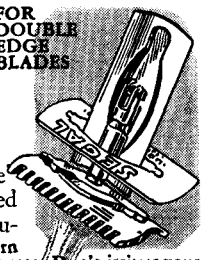

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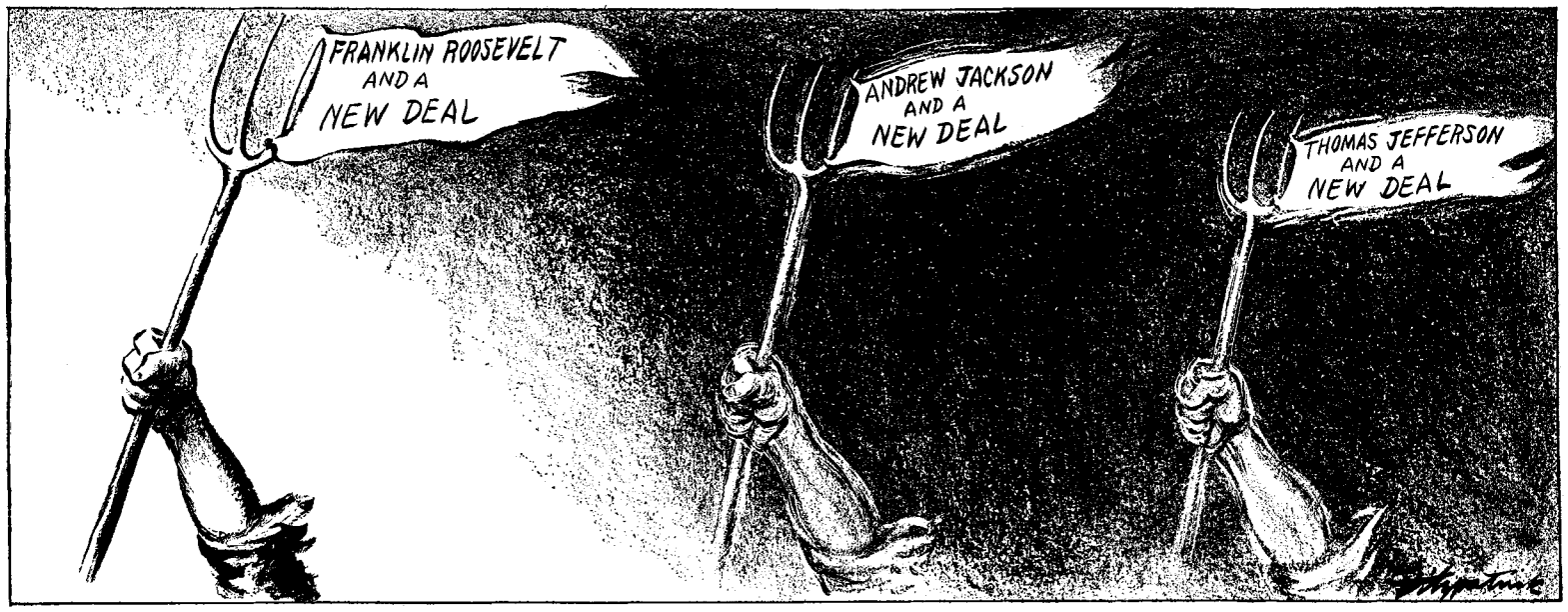

The New Deal

THE shadows of two great men will hover around the steps of the Capitol as within a few days Franklin Delano Roosevelt takes up the responsibility of office.

It was no ordinary election which bestowed presidential authority upon New York's genial governor. Thomas Jefferson, patron saint of all Democrats, liked to describe his election as "the great revolution of 1800." A similar revolution twenty-eight years later put Andrew Jackson in the White House. The same political forces elected Franklin Roosevelt.

Straight through our history has run a sharp line of cleavage between East and West. When Jefferson was its spokesman the West reached no farther than the Alleghenies, but the spirit was the same. When "Old Hickory" was in power, the Mississippi marked the Western boundary. But then, as now, the up-country men were arrayed against the Eastern city interests and even in those years the broad divisions were as we now know them.

The formal issues have of course changed, but the emotions and instincts which move men are much the same. The same kind of Americans who put their faith in the radical Jefferson and the agrarian Jackson now look to the liberal Roosevelt for relief and assurance. Fundamentally Mr. Roosevelt, like his predecessors, was chosen because farmers and men of small property wanted what we now call a "new deal."

Not often in this country has the Western farmer vote been so completely victorious in a presidential election. Certainly not since the Civil War have the farmers elected a President. The Populist tide of the eighties and nineties rose and receded without placing a candidate in the White House. William Jennings Bryan almost made it but the fear of unsound money defeated him. Wilson was friendly to the West and to agriculture but he had no Populist leanings. For the rest, until now the East has been in the saddle.

During the next four years our political center of gravity will be in the agricultural West. Mr. Roosevelt, even though he is a New Yorker and a Harvard graduate, is truly the representative of Western sentiment. Whoever wants to know what the United States is going to do during the next four years must accordingly pay strict attention to the Western opinion.

In many fundamentals the Roosevelt policies will differ from those for which Mr. Hoover has stood. We are, however, in a transitional period. Few intelligent men and women of any party or section imagine that important innovations can or should be avoided. Consequently, the East is not opposing the program of the new administration.

In some affairs, as, for example, our attitude toward Japanese aggression in China, there is in fact no difference of opinion between parties. Americans generally have viewed with regret the Chinese adventures of the Japanese military party.

Except in matters of tariff and foreign trade, American party differences vanish at the coast line. As to tariffs, despite the lack of logic or consistency in the votes of representatives and senators, there are basic differences.

Throughout our history farmers have exported large portions of their crops. Right now Mr. Roosevelt is expected to undertake negotiations which will lead to the extension of foreign markets for American agricultural products.

In order to recover these markets, profound revisions must be made in tariffs. This will be done, unquestionably. It will also be done prudently.

The big effort of the Roosevelt administration will be to restore the balance between farmers and city men. The domestic allotment plan of paying bounties on crops consumed in the United States, the extension of foreign markets, the adjustment of farm debts and many other items of suggested legislation are but details of this larger program.

There will be no opposition, certainly no frankly expressed opposition, to the goal the President-elect is seeking. There will undoubtedly be much detailed objection to the various measures proposed to accomplish this broad result. While everybody wants the farmer to have more money, anybody whose business is touched by the domestic allotment plan or by tariff revision may be expected to howl.

Still, all the measures which reasonably promise to increase the farmer's income will be given sympathetic consideration by the new President. This will arouse controversy but, in so far as the measures adopted do relieve the farmer, they will also benefit the nation. The agrarian revolution of 1933 will be a peaceful one.

The real controversy will come over the measures to reform what Thomas Jefferson and others to this day call "the money power." After the experience of the last three years, however, resistance to changes in banking, investment and speculative practices is much less vigorous.

Too many banks failed. The contrast between the British record of no failures and our epidemic is glaring enough to suggest even to the most conservative the need for change. Curiously, however, the record of the local banks in the country districts and in the West is the worst page in our banking history. New England has had relatively few bank failures. The losses in the Middle West have been appalling.

No President and no Congress alone can remedy this situation. Real reform must come from the states and from the banking fraternity. The national administration can, however, by revision of the Federal Reserve Act and the national banking laws, compel very important changes.

It is safe to guess that this will be done. Nobody will long oppose laws which make banks safe or investments more secure.

Just three times in our history have American farmers elected a President of their own choosing. Jefferson and Jackson each marked an era. Roosevelt, too, has come as one chapter is finished and a new page is to be begun. At this, the very eve of his inauguration, all the nation wishes him well. May he succeed in the great undertaking!

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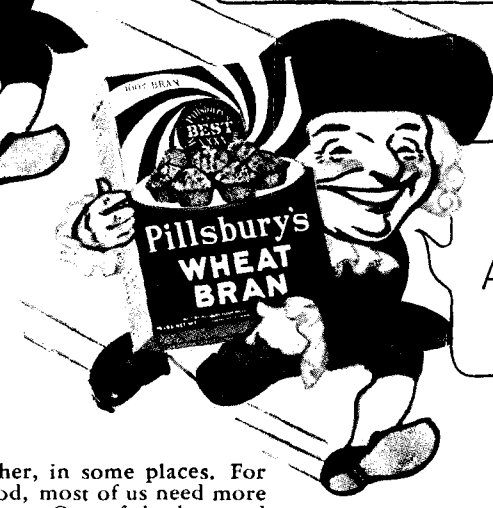

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